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IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

Vol. 1. DECEMBER, 1889. No. 1.

*"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."* —HEINE.

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The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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Among the Leading Contributors for the January ARENA will be

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The Fallacy of License.

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Dramatic Criticism.

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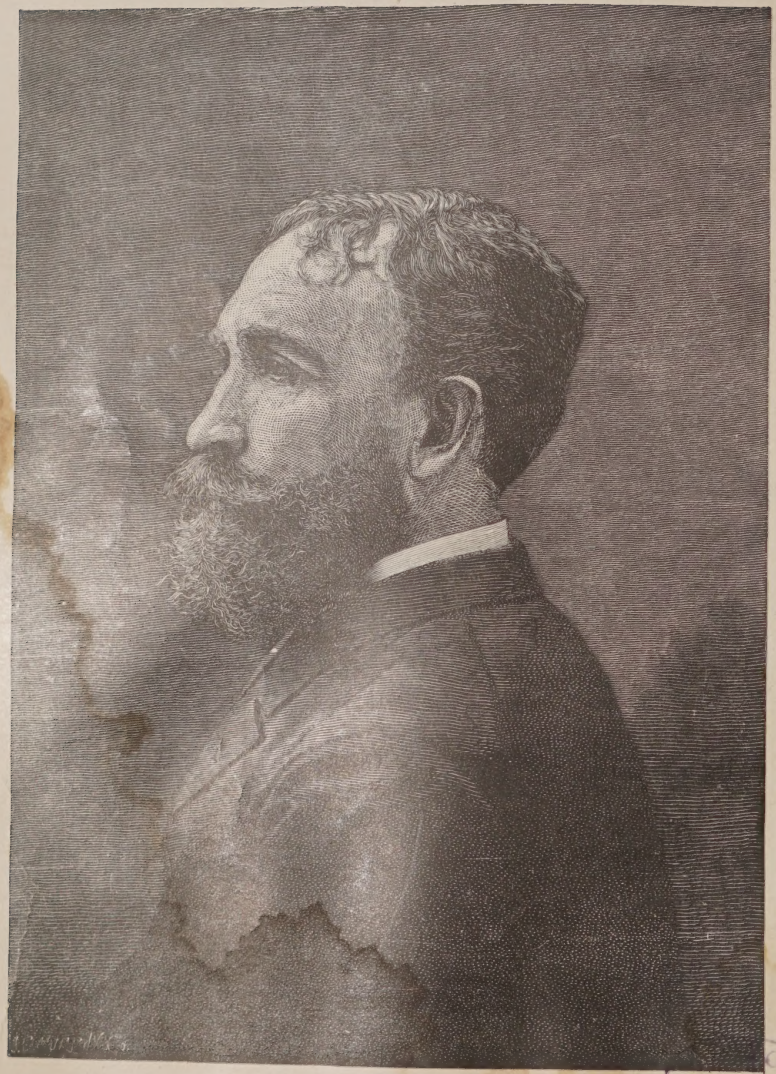

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THE ARENA.

No. I.

DECEMBER, 1889.

AGENCIES THAT ARE WORKING A REVOLUTION IN THEOLOGY.

BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, UNITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

THE fact that we are in the midst of a great theological change is unquestioned. But the causes that work to produce this change, how radical they are, and how far-reaching are likely to be their results—these are points concerning which there is much confusion of thought and wide difference of opinion.

At the outset, it may be well to note a few surface indications. During the Middle Ages, all the philosophy and science of the civilized world, as well as its art and music, were subservient to the Church, and dared to think and work only within the limits of its dogmas. Now there is a great gulf between them, and no philosopher or scientist stops even to consider the Church's attitude toward any discovery or speculation. Even three hundred years ago the Church held nearly all Europe in its grasp. To-day the one country which is most loyal to the papacy is Spain; and it is outside the current of European life and least civilized of all. In all the rest the political influence of the Holy Father is broken, education is in other hands, and the whole drift of popular life is the other way. In his own city the Pope pro-

claims himself a prisoner, shuts himself up like a petulant child while a statue of one of the Church's old time victims is unveiled so near that the shouts of the multitude wake even the echoes of the very Vatican. A curious position this for one who shares the councils and wields the power of the Almighty!

In Protestant lands the drift of things is hardly less striking. Berlin grows from a small town to a city of nearly two millions, and meantime nobody thinks of the need of new churches to keep pace with the growth of population. At last the government wakes up and orders the building of five hundred at once! Evidently somebody thinks somebody else ought to go to church. Meantime, however, let it be noted that this may not indicate a lack of interest in religion. The printing-press reveals the fact to be quite the other way. But it does mean pretty plainly that the kind of religion offered does not meet any great popular hunger.

The established Church of Scotland is permeated with doubt; it is restless, like a field in spring, with the sprouting of new ideas that protest against last year's formulated and withering growths.

In conversation with a London clergyman I find him preaching to his people the work of our American Unitarian pulpits. He tells me he defies his bishop at every turn. He refuses to follow the authorized order as to the Prayer Book and the creeds. He asks what the bishop is to do about it, and says he can only interdict his preaching, which would result in giving him a "tremendous" audience. When I asked him why they do not change the Prayer Book into conformity with their real beliefs he says: "They dare not touch it"; and intimates that there is so little real agreement that they are afraid to open the question. It is like an old house. If they begin repairs it may end in a new building. When I questioned as to the mental condition of the younger clergy, I was told that many resolutely stop thinking and lose themselves in practical work, while others are such outright agnostics that, if they left the Church even the most radical dissenting bodies would hardly find a place for them. So, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's spirit, they try to look upon the Prayer Book as poetry and figure of speech and thus keep their restless consciences quiet.

In this country a young Episcopal clergyman writes: "When we say of Jesus, 'Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and went to the place of departed spirits,' *we simply mean* to declare our belief in the facts of his history, *whatever they are*." [The italics are mine.] And for this extraordinary bit of Pickwickianism I have not heard that any ecclesiastical authority has even questioned him. While in general convention assembled in the city of New York two tendencies are manifested. One section would drop the words "Protestant Episcopal," and declare that it is "The Church" — the one and only — the other would revise the Prayer Book so as to bring it more into accord with the discovered truth of things.

In the old Puritan Church in New England a serious split is threatened. Its leading theological seminary is under suspicion of heresy. Its Board of Foreign Missions is in such doctrinal antagonism to many of its strong churches as to threaten its financial support; while old Dr. Phelps, in *The Congregationalist*, sounds his note of warning as to the neglect into which what may perhaps be called its very fundamental doctrine has fallen.

In many places the reason given for not forming Unitarian churches, or attending those already formed, is that "our minister" is about as liberal as anybody's and so the need of anything else is not felt.

The result of all this is two-fold. On the one hand, large numbers of people, who believe in the importance of religion, seem to be afraid that it is dying, and they wish to tighten up the creeds, or rush back into old-time institutions in order to get away from the air of the modern world. On the other hand, other large numbers, identifying religion with its out-worn clothing, think all religion to be superstition, and so hope that it is dying.

But both the fears of the one class and the hopes of the other seem to me without any adequate foundation. Nothing very strange is taking place. It only means that the world is growing; that is all. Only a stationary world can have a stationary religion; and a stationary world is not the kind of world we happen to be living in. If anybody is to blame for the disturbance, the upheavals, the reconstructions, it certainly is not the critics who only tell us what they see,

nor the scientific men who only open their eyes and report what they have discovered. If the fault is anywhere, it must surely be referred back to Him who chose to make a world in which people should learn the truth about things gradually, instead of one filled with perfectly wise persons all at once. All that is taking place is the inevitable result of the twin facts that the world is growing wiser and is growing better. It would indeed be a discouraging circumstance if all the doubters turned out to be wicked people; but, as a matter of fact, the very wisest and best persons in the world are found as ready to question the old theology as they are to question any other outgrown thing.

The causes, then, of the theological changes that are going on, are to be sought for in this one grand and hopeful fact that the world is growing. It is not the ignorant and the vicious whose opinions are disturbing the adherents of the old theology. It is the philosophers, the scientists, and the critics of whom the priesthood are in fear. Let us now look a little more particularly at this phenomenon of world-growth and note some of its principal phases.

In the first place, it is important to consider the enormous modern growth of the world on its physical side. Without doing this one might wonder as to why these changes in thought are so concentrated and cumulative in these later times. But with this in mind, it will be seen that they could not have come before, as well as that they must come now. It needed the inventions of the printing-press, of gunpowder, of steamboat and railway and telegraph, in order that the whole world might be open to exploration. Unknown regions are always the home of mystery. And people have always fancied that all sorts of strange happenings might be going on beyond walls over which they could not climb. But now all lands are visited, all languages are studied, all manuscripts are collected and all scriptures are read. The ruins and relics of antiquity have surrendered their secrets. Religions have been studied in their origins and lines of development. And, beyond our little planet, the universe has been reduced to order and many of its mighty laws comprehended.

At last then, and in our day, for the first time in the world's history, adequate materials of knowledge have been gathered for the forming of rational opinions on some of the

great problems, and the "thoughts of men are widened" to a comprehension of them.

Out of this condition of things has been born the first cause to be noted among those which are producing the theological changes through which we are passing. This is the science of *historical and literary criticism.* It used to be considered a virtue to believe. It is so considered still, provided what we believe is the truth. If not, it is a virtue to disbelieve. And if we do not know, the only virtue is in doubt — keeping the mind in a state of suspense until we do know. It is criticism that has brought us to this.

Looking at it as a literary production only, the authoress of Robert Elsmere had a right to make her hero's change of opinion turn on any consideration she pleased, provided only that it is an adequate one. But as a picture of the present age it is singularly deficient, though I have not seen this made anything of by those who have so voluminously discussed it. Robert is influenced entirely by questions of criticism. He does not seem to be troubled by anything else. To my mind, however, this is only one of three or four great causes, either one of which might equally well have served the novelist's turn. So, as I said, the book is singularly deficient when looked at as a picture of the times. But it is good and sufficient so far as it goes. Let us note the motives which induced the revolution in Elsmere's mind.

He was making a careful and first-hand study of a certain historical period, during which he found himself obliged to note certain things. He awoke to the fact that the people in that age were very credulous; that they readily believed all sorts of wonders on hearsay evidence without feeling called on to investigate or demand proof; and he was compelled to subject the statements of the old chroniclers to the tests of probability as established by our knowledge of human nature and the uniformity of natural laws. Then he began to note that this critical method was not usually applied to the study of Biblical times and records, and asked himself why. To this query he found no satisfactory answer. When he began thus to study the Scriptures, he found himself, as an honest student, compelled to regard them as human productions, containing all sorts of human errors and reflecting the manners and actions not only of the age that produced them, but also

their crude, theological conceptions and their low ideas of morality. Such was the result, in his mind, of the methods of modern critical enquiry. And to this result must it come in the case of every honest and unbiased student.

Let us note a few facts that a careful critical inquiry has established. In the first place, the Biblical books are almost wholly anonymous. Nobody knows, concerning most of them, either when, where, or by whom they were written. The people who, in old times, undertook to vouch for them did not know nearly so much about them as we do to-day. It is discovered that the reasons for accepting them were wholly traditional, or superstitious, or fanciful, without one trace of rational criticism such as would be applied at the present time. For example, one of the Church fathers thinks there can be neither more nor less than four gospels, because there are four quarters of the heavens and four winds. This is a fair specimen of what they called reasoning.

We know also, concerning these books, that the very oldest manuscripts do not reach the time of the events recorded by several centuries; and we do not know that any proper care was taken to transmit them without change. Indeed there is more than a suspicion that party-spirit and religious bigotry have left traces on them. The gospels, with one possible exception, are the work of several men — traditions and growths instead of true histories, or history in the proper sense of that word. The one exception is of late origin and is a theological treatise rather than a biography. Then we have learned that, in those days people easily believed and reported whatever was supposed to be fitted for edification and were not troubled by questions of historical accuracy. Admiring wonder was much busier than the spirit of investigation. There is no reason in the wide world, except a purely traditional one, for supposing any book ever written to have been infallibly inspired. Religious reverence even forbids us to believe it; for the books are full of errors and contradictions, while the moral tone of many parts of them is such as to make it impiety in us to credit them to a just or loving God.

It is getting to be more and more impossible for the honest and serious-minded student to set the Bible apart from all other books or treat it as the source of infallible knowledge on any subject. It will be easily seen, then, that

this alone has created for us a theological world unknown to our fathers and compels us to look out with new eyes over the universe of God.

The next to be noted among the causes of the theological changes we are passing through is the *new conception of the universe* that has been given to us by the discoveries of physical science.

It is not merely the size or the kind of universe in which the imaginations of the fathers lived; nor is it chiefly the mistakes of the Bible writers as to its creation,—God's purpose and plan in it all—that we need to consider. These alone indeed are quite enough to discredit the old-time teachings of the Church. But it is the new thought of God that these physical changes compel us to hold which is the matter of most importance.

Men picture the universe as well as their mental powers and their means of investigation enable them to do. The only evil about it was that they should take their childish dreams to be the revelation of the infinite verities. It was a very small world, hardly larger than we now know the orbit of the moon to be. The earth was at the centre, a flat surface surrounded by the ocean stream, "fixed upon the seas and established upon the floods." Ps. xxiv. 2. Or if they dared to think of it as a sphere, it was still the centre of all things, and inhabited only on its upper side. Beneath it was hell and just above the blue dome was heaven. The sun, the moon, the stars—all these existed only to light and warm the earth. God sat upon His throne in heaven, surrounded by His celestial court and attended by innumerable angels. He governed the earth as a king governs a province of his empire. He was supposed to issue such decrees as He pleased, attaching to their obedience or disobedience such rewards and penalties as seemed good in His sight. Men had no rights as against the almighty despot. If one dared to question, the swift answer was: "Who art thou that repliest against God?" The men of the old time had no idea of any Divine order in the government of the world. Indeed the natural order was evil; the devil was "the God of this world." It had rebelled and chosen him as its ruler, and the purpose of God was to save out of it an elect few. Devils came and went at their will, tempting men. But to those who turned away from their evil surroundings and chose God for their king, He

sent His swift angels in answer to their prayers to help and deliver them. Arbitrary decrees and miraculous interference ruled. And when the probationary use of the system had been wrought out, the world was to be destroyed and only heaven and hell remain forever.

It was in the midst of thoughts like these that the old theology took shape. But what has happened? Modern discoveries have demonstrated that this whole scheme of things—rational enough to the thought of the childhood world—is as unreal as a dream of the night. Our earth is only one little planet in one little system; and of such systems there are millions. Of the physical universe we can conceive neither beginning nor end nor limit in space. To our thought it is infinite. Our little earth was not specially created for any such purpose as the old theology presupposes, and is not governed after any such method. In a universe such as we now know this to be, it is incongruous even to absurdity to think of God as a localized, outlined Being setting forth His arbitrary decrees like a celestial Kaiser.

We must think of God as the infinite spirit and life, "Who is in all and through all." There are no laws of God except the natural laws of the universe and those that reveal themselves in the nature and development of man. There are no penalties except those that are inextricably intertwined in the order of things—the law of cause and effect. Miracles become unbelievable, not because anyone can "prove" that such a thing never happened, but because we cannot think of God as absurd or contradictory, as tearing down with one hand what He is eternally building with the other. Since the laws of the universe are the very presence and activity of God, and since He is perfectly wise, we cannot think of Him as reduced to the necessity of interfering with His own work in order to carry out His own plans. If then, one comprehends a little the new universe in which the intelligent modern man is living, the whole old-time scheme of things dissolves and fades away as completely as our childhood notions disappear in the presence of the grown-up realities of life. They are not so much disproved as they are outgrown and seen to be impossible. As it is only by remaining a child that one can continue to live in the magic world of fairyland, so it is only by getting out of the nineteenth century and living in the dreamland of the

fifteenth that one can retain an honest and intelligent adherence to the system of things that have no place in the world of to-day.

There is one other cause of theological change which is alone sufficient to work a revolution. And this has grown out of still other scientific discoveries. It is our new knowledge as to *the age of the earth coupled with the antiquity, origin, and nature of man.* It is time that someone came to the relief of the belabored and much abused Moses. So far as we know, he had neither opinions nor knowledge on the subject of the creation of the world or the origin or fall of man. It is well known to all competent scholars that he had no hand in composing the five books traditionally ascribed to him. It is also well known that the Jews did not attempt to tell any story of Eden or the Fall until after they had borrowed it in the days of their captivity. So, after all, these things are only pagan traditions which the ignorance of later times incorporated in the Jewish records and then set up on high as a Divine revelation. There is no more reasonable basis for them than there is for the stories of Hercules or one of the tales of the Arabian nights. And yet they have been made to stand in the way of the world's knowledge, have been made the means of darkening human minds, oppressing human hearts and kindling fires for the burning of brave and noble men for ages.

It has been proved beyond question that the earth is hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years old. So thoroughly is this established that the Biblical interpreters have been compelled to stretch the "days" of Genesis and try to turn them into indefinitely prolonged "periods" of time. Yet Genesis says "day," with "morning and evening." And it is mere word-juggling to try to make it say anything else.

But not only this; not only is the earth very old; it is now settled, beyond intelligent controversy, that man has lived here not six thousand years, but probably two hundred thousand at least.

And, once more, when we look for "Adam" the first man, we do not find him the perfect creature of the old theology in Eden. Eden has taken its place with the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," with "El Dorado," with the "Happy Valley," with the "Age of Gold," with "Aladin's Lamp" and the

"Magic Carpet," in the land "East of the sun and west of the Moon." And the first man is found in the jungle close on the border of the animal world. Without fire, without clothes, without tools or weapons, he starts on his upward long and weary journey. In the light of these discoveries the utterly baseless tradition of the fall becomes absurd. No fall, but on the other hand, the ascent of man, is what now appears. Beginning at the lowest, man was never so high as he is to-day. Led by the Divine hand he is growing to recognition of, and into likeness to his "Father in Heaven." Child of the Infinite Spirit, his destiny is an eternal progress towards the infinite perfection.

The fact is blinked perpetually and shuffled out of sight, but it must be insisted on more and more, by all honest and serious thinkers, that this one fact is the death-blow of the old theology. That theology would never have existed but for the supposed fact — now known to be no fact at all— of the fall of Man. Its one, sole, age-long purpose has been to "save" men from this "fall." In the light of to-day then "the plan of salvation" has no rational excuse for continued existence one day more. Of course it will exist for a good while longer. Inertia, prejudice, bigotry, fear, vested interests, tradition, habit,—these are always the friends of established institutions. But, "the stars in their courses," intelligence, light, love, truth, God, all these fight for the better future. And by and by the world will look back on these things and wonder that they were endured so long.

Still another cause of theological change is in the *growth of the moral nature of man.*

The rise of modern Unitarianism was indeed a critical movement on one side of it; but it was far more a moral movement. It was a protest against the moral subjection of man to an imaginary tyranny established in the heavens and feared as Divine. We find it difficult to understand the mental attitude of a noble, gentle, loving soul like Jonathan Edwards or St. Augustine. And yet, we have to recognize the anomaly, the apparent contradiction. Men can grow up under a system and become so mentally biased by it that they do not see how it outrages all the finer, higher instincts of their own natures. So it is nothing against the sense of human justice and love of good men to-day that they can believe in and defend a system of government,

supposed to exist in heaven, that they would hate and fight if it were paralleled on earth. So, as commonplace as the truth ought to be, it struck many men like a flash of revelation when John Stuart Mill exclaimed that he would not believe in or worship as goodness in heaven, what he could not regard as goodness on earth.

Yet, if one dares to think, he will see that the whole scheme of salvation embodied in the orthodox creed, is — judged by any human standards of goodness, — even hideously unjust and cruel. And yet, we are asked to admire it as a manifestation of the infinite pity. The pathetic, human figure of Jesus, patiently teaching and patiently dying, blinds us to the horror of the scheme of which he is made a part.

Created innocent, indeed, but of necessity without experience; left to the mercy of a superhuman tempter; made the representative of a countless race of descendants; condemned with all his children to eternal pain; left to wander the earth, for the most part ignorant of his condition or destiny, even to this day; the offer of salvation made to a few, but so made that even the most of them cannot see or accept its claims; the helpless, hopeless millions sinking hourly into hell; — such is the picture of man as contained in the creed. Looked at in the light of human justice, it seems like a nightmare, a madman's fancies or the plottings of an Inferno.

And if, as though we were rebelling against God, Paul asks us as if "the potter" has not "power over the clay," we reply, doubtless he has power. But we are not clay alone. And even if God has power to make one of us for honor and another for dishonor, He has not the right. He has the right to lead us through any process of sorrow or discipline necessary to fit us for a nobler career. But Infinite wisdom and Infinite power are Infinite obligation. And any God worthy the name is under the highest conceivable obligation to see to it that every soul He chooses to create shall find the boon of life, — given unsought — a good and not an evil. Sometime, somewhere, however far off, to all good must come, or else all talk of a good God is mockery and delusion.

Among barbarians it may be conceded that the bloody and cruel chief has a right to torture and kill for the gratification of his whim. But, thank God, we have outgrown

that. And gloze it over as they will, it is barbarism still that dominates the printed creeds. But the amazed human conscience will not longer accept it. We ask the old question, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" And the reply to this must be the destruction of the old theology. For when the arbitrary hell goes the arbitrary salvation must go with it. The revolt against the old ideas then, does not mean that the world is getting wicked, but precisely the opposite. It is getting too good any longer to worship a conception of God that is beneath its own moral level.

Along with this growth of the sense of justice has gone also a growth of tenderness which has wrought to a similar end. The human heart revolts, and will no longer bear conceptions to which it was once practically indifferent. It seems as though there must have been an immense increase in the nervous susceptibility of man. The barbaric man will cut and torture himself, as well as his enemies, in a way that we could not now endure. Delicate lords and fine ladies, in the middle ages, could keep a rival in some horrible dungeon for years without its seeming at all to interfere with their peace of mind. Either the imagination or the power of sympathy must have been less active and acute than they now are. So, in the olden times, it is not so very strange that they could endure pictures of the Divine wrath, such as we cannot now understand their ever having seriously believed.

One of the old church fathers, retorting in natural anger upon the persecutors of the Christians, seems to delight in painting the torments to which he expects to see them subjected in hell. He exclaims, "How shall I exult, how laugh!" And he goes on at length to picture their impotent and helpless agonies, while he, a delighted spectator, looks down upon them from his heights of bliss. In contrast with this, take the attitude of the noble and tender-hearted Dr. Albert Barnes. He was indeed a Presbyterian and felt compelled to accept the doctrine of eternal pain. But this is the way he felt about it: —"I have read to some extent what good and wise men have written; I have looked at their theories and explanations, I have endeavored to weigh their arguments; for my whole soul pants for light and relief on these questions. But I get neither; and in the distress and anguish of my own spirit, I confess that I have no

light whatever. I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewed with the dying and the dead, and why men must suffer to all eternity. I have never yet seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind; nor have I an explanation to offer, or a thought to suggest, that would be of relief to you. . . . When I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow-citizens, — when I look upon the whole race, all involved in this sin and danger; and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet that He does not do it,— I am struck dumb. It is all *dark*, *dark*, *dark* to my soul, and I cannot disguise it."

So does the doctrine strike the tender heart of a noble man, who yet feels obliged to accept it. But when in the fuller light of our new revelation from God, we are released from all even supposed necessity of thinking thus, how gladly will we escape from the fumes of this nightmare Inferno, and climb up into the fresh air and under the blue skies of our Father.

Only one other force, at work in producing the great theological change of the modern world, is there space for now. I refer to the movement called *Spiritualism*. At present I do not even raise the question as to whether the claims of the spiritualists are true. No matter, for my present purpose, whether they are or not. The belief is at work in the case of thousands and so is supplanting the beliefs that held the field before. And the great peculiarity and importance of it, as contrasted with the most of the causes already mentioned, is that it makes its chief appeal to love and hope, and not so much to the intellect. So it reaches and suddenly converts multitudes that mere abstract arguments would not touch.

Perhaps the chief power at work in the conquests of early Christianity was its promise of victory over death. And so mighty was this for a time that it made tender women strong even in the presence of wild beasts in the arena, and turned the torture chamber and the stake into the very gates of heaven. But all this is now only a far-away tradition; and Paul's triumph-cry, "To die is gain," even when it falls on professedly Christian ears, finds little response in the hearts of those who mourn "even as others who have no hope." But to such as these comes this new voice. It claims to be the

call of friends who have just passed over. It has declared that death is only another birth,— "a consummation devoutly to be wished." To such as are believers, it does indeed abolish death and give back the lost. No wonder then that wistful eyes look longingly towards it, and broken hearts are greedy for its promised balm.

Where it is accepted the old faith fades away, because no place for it is left. The new supplants the old. So it does not so much disprove the old theology as it dissolves and dissipates it. Then it is curious for the student of these things to note that none of the "spirits" are "orthodox." I have been greatly struck by the observation of this strange fact. Perhaps this largely accounts for the bitter opposition of the old churches. Without some such consideration it would seem unaccountable that believers in apparently the same kind of happenings long ago should so denounce the possibility of their ever happening again.

Such then are some of the causes of the great theological changes the world is passing through. What is to be the outcome? Is religion dying? No more than it means death for the life within to burst the chrysalis, to take to itself wings and be at home in God's upper sunshine and air. No more than it means death for childhood to put away childish things and enter man's estate. A grander faith in God, a larger trust in man, a higher type of religious thought and life, a nobler outlook for the future,— these are some of the things it means. It is not faith, but the lack of it, that is displayed by those who dare not fearlessly face the search for truth and take the consequences of investigation. The real infidelity to-day is to be found with those who stand with their backs to the sunrise, and see no reality except in the shadows of the night that is passing away. God is in the power that is wheeling the earth into the new day; and that day is one of such promise as the weary old world has never seen.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION:

OR THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE CHRIST—WHAT IS IT, AND WHERE FOUND?*

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

It is a strange fate that has befallen all great religions which have been published to the world. No one can become a student of these noble, and as I believe, inspired, efforts to educate man, and not be filled with inexpressible sadness; for in every case he is brought face to face with the fact that these religions have never had a fair chance on the earth, the reason being that they have never been proclaimed rightly, never had the proper expression given to their animating spirit.

The religion of Confucius, as Confucius conceived and expressed it, was a thing of beauty and of power. It had in it both the energy and the benevolence of the skies. If it did not come from the inspiration of God, then I know not how to account for it, nor for the order and quiet, the comfort and peace, the industry and temperance, which for so many centuries it has given to so large a portion of the human race. But all of us know that pure Confucianism died with Confucius; that scarcely had he passed, before the truth that he proclaimed and lived began to be formulated into a system and organized into a structure so inert, so complex and cumbersome, so inelastic and unresponsive to spiritual energies, that what was vital and truly divine in his teachings was made comparatively inefficient. The spirituality and effectiveness of the Master's wisdom and piety were buried and lost under the mass of formalism which his followers, with the best intent, piled upon them.

The same remark holds good of Buddha. Contemplated through the deep and dense haze of mysticism which speedily

*The above magnificent address, delivered by Mr. Murray at Music Hall, Boston, Nov. 17, 1889, has been copyrighted by the Arena Publishing Company, and can be obtained in complete form only from us.

gathered around it. Buddhism shines dimly, with a fickle and shifting light, like a star nearly hidden by enveloping mists. But that a star is there, and that, measured by the purity and potency of its rays, it is a star of no mean magnitude — no reverent student of religion who has studied Oriental piety can doubt. The so-called mysticism of Buddhism is no greater than the mysticism of Theological Christianity, and arose doubtless from the same source — the intermeddling of many little and uninspired human minds with the plain utterance of a great and divinely inspired one.

Of Zoroaster the same holds true. It is a pity that his conceptions of truth can never be clearly known to us, for here and there the student comes across a fragment suggestive of such exquisite beauty, that he can but wonder what must have been the glory of the whole. It may be that progressive discoveries and advancing scholarship will yet make the world acquainted with the vital and originating elements of this religion, from which the Jews, and through their Scriptures we, have derived so much that is fine and spiritual in our conceptions of God. But even now scholarship has ascertained enough to know that no author of a religion has ever delved deeper into the deep things of God, or risen on steadier wing higher toward the stars, than did this great religionist of the Persian race. Indeed, any one whose mind is so far taught as to be sensitive to the losses which truth has met in its stormy history, can but mourn that we have not a clear knowledge of the authors of these ancient religions, the high quality of their personality, and the connection of their intelligence with that divine and divinely sympathetic intelligence whence they derived both the gift of their natures and the inspiration of their efforts.

Now the same fate which befell all these ancient religions has befallen Christianity. No sooner had the Master departed, than his religion became a matter of dispute between his followers. Peter had his views of its adaptations, and Paul his. Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome had separate gospels and separate interpretations. The early churches were ignorant, and the early teachers opinionated. The blind were leaders of the blind, and they both fell into a ditch. On the one hand, the Jewish wing of the church were determined that the simple faith of Jesus should be made to harmonize with the symbolism of Judaistic rites. On the

other, the Gentile wing were equally determined to fashion it into adaptations to the philosophic opinions of the Romans and the Greeks. While a third party—and a most influential one—strove to influence it in the direction of Alexandrian thought and speculation. From these three sources, and from each equally, perhaps, came misunderstanding and error. He who came to introduce a new and blessed habit of life, a sweet and holy manner of thought and conduct, redeeming the world collectively by reforming the world individually, was dragged from this high level, and compelled to occupy a far lower plane — a plane on which he was made to appear and to be but the author of one more religion to be added to the many already known on the earth. The vital power of the man Jesus was encased within the rigid enclosure of human rites, forms, and ceremonies, until he was so smothered by them that the outbreathing of his divine individualism was so far checked that his followers received little inspiration from it. The letter which killeth was exalted, while the spirit which giveth life was debased. And in this way a loss which can never be compassed even by human imagination fell upon the Church. It was in the spiritual realm as great a disaster as would befall the physical if between the earth and the sun some vast, opaque body should be wheeled, and remain a steady fixture.

All this was bad enough, but a worse fortune followed. The Roman Empire, already deep in its moral and intellectual decadence, blind with ignorance and loaded with vices, filled with all manner of impurities, and tottering on the verge of an ignominious grave, adopted Christianity as a state religion. By this act a wide door was opened for the incoming of errors numberless and of influences most fatal. Imperial Rome fell, and was buried in her own mud; and Papal Rome arose, thrust up as by volcanic action from the old imperial ooze. Then came that long period known to us of modern times as the Dark Ages — a period of inconceivable ignorance, violence, and brutality. Then letters died like a flower on a stalk whose root can find no nourishment. Then the followers of the Man of Peace became followers of war. Then the bishops of the Church became worldly magnates, and, sword in hand, fought each other for holy office and holy precedence. Then mighty prelates led armies to battle, and waged war in the interests of Satan. Then was the Church filled

with contentions, cruelty, and all uncleanliness, and men were elected to the Papal chair who were too ignorant to write their names. Then were the anathemas of God bought and sold, and curses pronounced in the interests of lowest intrigue. Then within the Church were held great councils, packed with partisans as are our political caucuses with us, and dogmas and doctrines under which Christianity groans to-day imposed upon the Church by the scantiest majorities, through fraud and threat. He who will place himself on the boundary of the twelfth century and turn his gaze back to the fourth, will behold with amazement, nay, with horror, the condition of the world during those eight hundred years, and the depths into which the Christian Church was sunk. He will no more wonder that for a period Christianity was lost. He will no more wonder that the Christian system to-day is one of truth and error mingled, of strength and weakness joined; but he will, rather, wonder that Christianity was ever rediscovered, and be amazed that so much of truth and of strength still abides in the system. Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople — how much of error, of misconception of the Master's mission, and of devilish opposition to the man Jesus and to his plan of saving the race, these historic names and places represent! Speaking in the interest of truth and piety, I marvel that there is anything of either left to us or in us as a heritage and an inspiration, when I behold the monstrous theological impositions piled upon us by these bad and mad centuries, during which, you will remember, the theological expression of Christianity was formulated and riveted upon the Church.

You are acquainted with theology, with that which is preached and that which is discreetly left in silence unpreached. I need not enumerate to you the monstrous opinions of this and that individual, and this and that age, which have been foisted upon the Christian faith. The dogmas of the Papal Church are no more divergent from the simple truth, as Jesus proclaimed it, than are many doctrines held in the past by those who protested against the errors of Rome. Every religion has had its origin of evil, no better and no worse than ours. That man is inclined to sin we all know, but how he came to be so inclined no one knows, and all speculation as to it is vain, or worse than vain. The doctrine of bodily resur-

rection is as old as the world, but of it no one knows anything. It must be relegated to the realm of the imagination. The Egyptians fancied that they had fortified themselves against the contingencies of mortality, and embalmed the bodies of their honored and their loved for eternity. But he who has seen the very same bodies preserved by that art, which was the flower of their piety, transported across oceans and ground up into dust, as are animal bones, in the mills which supply modern agriculture with its fertilizers for the grass crop and for turnips, must be impressed with the folly of human speculation. The doctrine of hell, as a place where the wicked are physically tortured, has been taught in the Church and insisted on by the ablest of Christian teachers as an essential part of the Christian scheme. That vulgarization of spiritual conceptions is now being relegated to the limbo into which are flung the cast-off garments of vagabond theories. The moral responsibility of irresponsible infants, with the swift consignment of them to eternal perdition, has not been so long dead that its funeral has, as yet, in all the churches been attended. The hopeful thing about it is, the hideous doctrine goes to its grave unfollowed by a single mourner. The doctrine of the confessional — that dreadful thumb-screw which gave and gives an awful knowledge of the secrets of life and of families to pure and evil-minded priests alike; the dogma of marriage as a sacrament and not as a voluntary contract, which wrenches from the hands of the State a wise and benevolent control over the lives of its subjects and the birth and education of children; these, and a long list of other dogmas and theories, half right, half wrong, good, bad, or neither, or simply foolish; — but why go over the long list? Why take my breath, or your time, to enumerate the multitude of errors, theories, speculations, which have been piled like Ossa upon Pelion, a mighty mass, upon the Divine Man and his teachings, our Master and our Lord as we Christians call him, until he himself, and the sweet, simple truths he taught, have almost been buried out of mortal sight for these fifteen hundred years? And because I would tunnel down through the superincumbent mass of human fiction piled upon him, hoping to find the real man himself, the actual spirit of his life and the genuine substance of his teaching, I am looked upon with suspicion by you who bear his name and reverence his memory.

You see, then, what my mind, from a sense of duty to itself and to those who may seek guidance from me, does, touching this matter of theological Christianity. It throws overboard the monstrous accumulations of human guesses and judgments, opinions and inferences, interpretations and conclusions, which, by the ignorant and the learned, the good and the evil alike, have been heaped upon the life which covered but a few years and the sayings which filled but a few pages, of the Man known to us as Jesus of Nazareth, and who was indeed the Christ, and who did indeed, as I believe, found a Christianity, but no such Christianity as his disciples fabricated in his name, and which we, with modifications, have to-day.

I wish you all to bear in mind, and especially you who are of minor years, that I am only giving you my opinions, and my opinions may be wrong. Years, with their increase of knowledge and broadening of the mental vision, teach modesty, and give birth to a certain timidity when speaking on great and difficult themes. But in this I am happily placed and conditioned,—viz., I am untrammelled by professionalism; I am connected with no school of interpretation. I have a profound reverence for the religion of my fathers, and an inexpressible admiration for and faith in the Man who founded that religion. My mind is unapproachable to any influence save that high one which springs from honesty of purpose and a desire to assist you to live rightly. But still, being human, and hence partial in knowledge and imperfect of understanding, I am liable to err, and hence you must trust to your own intelligence, and to the intelligence of others wiser, perhaps, than I, and sit in judgment on what I say without fear or favor.

In order to appreciate the failure of Christianity, you must remember what it proposed to do. *It undertook to convert the world.* It was to be a *world religion.* To this end it was tolerant of the world. There was not a man living, of any faith, of any cult, of any race, that might not have sat at the feet of Jesus and listened to his teachings without offence. The tolerance of Jesus, considering that he was Jewish born and educated, was so phenomenal as to be finely suggestive. What other Jew ever rose above race, religion, the influence of his age and his political surroundings, and took his stand on the high level of universal brotherhood?

Such unprecedented conduct starts interrogation. Whence is this Jew—a hearer might exclaim—who rises thus above his race, his age, his tribe, his family, and speaks of all races as if he were one with them all, knit closely to them in fraternal bonds? Nor did he in his "sayings" put himself into intellectual opposition to men, whatever might be their faith, their religion, or their politics. To those whose eyes, colored with cunning, see everything of their own hue and shade, this characteristic of Jesus might seem artful and adroit, like their own evasive shrewdness; but to him of honest nature, and whose eyes reflect objects truthfully, the tolerance and magnanimity of Jesus mark him as a being endowed with such intelligence and affection that he apprehended his fraternal connection with all races. That Jesus believed himself to have such universal connection with mankind I accept as a biographical fact. That he came to teach a piety that might be received as a habit of life by all men, whatever might be their mental beliefs, I have no doubt. That he believed himself to be the embodiment and impersonation of a divine energy and a restorative influence capable of redeeming the race, as a race, from error and sin, I make no question. And if Christianity has not done this for the race, then is the founder of it suffering to-day the pangs of chagrin and disappointment; and I can fancy him as saying, in whatever sphere he may now be, as he contemplates the dreadful condition of things on the earth,—its wars, its murders, its drunkenness, its pauperism, its ignorance, its impieties,—"It is not my fault. I took to that earth the reformative energies of heaven, and in my sayings I did so plainly teach men truth, and in my life I did give them such an example, that all men who heard my sayings and got knowledge of my life should have been irresistibly drawn to me and my way of living. And if they have not been, then is it not because I did not teach and live rightly, but because my teachings and my life have not been put rightly before the people."

Now, as I believe, this imagined exclamation of Jesus, as he contemplates the world to-day, is an accurate and exhaustive statement of the case. His teachings and his life have never been put rightly before the people. Broadly put, his system of redemption has never been rightly apprehended by the mass of his nominal followers, and is not to-day.

But before I give you the reasons for this judgment, I ask you all to mark the moral condition of the world— of the *civilized* world— and to recall that nearly two thousand years have passed since Jesus lived. He came to bring peace to the world, and the world is filled with war. Look at the so-called Christian nations. Their boundaries bristle with bayonets as a well-trimmed hedge with thorns. He came to introduce the era of forgivingness. What nation or race has learned the lesson? He came to redeem society from selfishness. But when was society ever more selfish than now? Men, under the reign of his ideas, were to love God with all their hearts, and their neighbors as themselves. Where will you find a community thus inspired? His followers were to be lowly-minded and humble. Look at their robes, their mitres, their crowns, their signet-rings, their titles of honor, and their thirst for these. The old earth is earthy still; the human race is human still. The perfection of heaven is still confined to heaven. The divinity of the skies still keeps its throne above the stars. The perfectness of God is not in man, nor His royalty enthroned at the head of nations. Two thousand years have passed, and Christianity has not triumphed.

To this same conclusion many other men have come, some with the flippancy of irreverence, some with the groan of sadness, others yet with the moan of despair. I share with them the conclusion, but I do not share with them the resultant feeling. No one of any gravity of mind could ever be flippant, standing in front of such a conclusion; and the reason that I do not despond or despair is, because, while Christianity as it is known and applied, has failed, the real Christianity, the *religion of Jesus himself*, has not failed, for it has never been tried! And I firmly believe, when it is known and tried of men, that it will prove as successful as the great founder of it, and heaven in him, anticipated and foretold that it would be.

I have often been asked to give my thought on this subject to the public, and I have refrained; and some have said this and some that, in accounting for my silence. But the real reason for my silence was that the public were not ready for it. Outside of the church, irreverent wit and eloquence, reasoning from a false premise and to a false conclusion, were winning the average hearer not only from piety, but

from the reverence of it. Amid the laughter and cheers of the audience, Christianity was made the target against which the shafts of wit and satire were launched with a precision and vigor that made the target ring. I find no pleasure in such archery. I feather no such arrows. I set them to no such string. Even an erroneous religion seems to me better than no religion. Ignorant piety is better than no piety, and the blunders of the saintly, whether of priest or people, are to me a matter for tears rather than for laughter. I know that the iconoclast has his place and duty. I know that the idols which ignorance and error have fashioned must be smitten from their pedestals, and that to stop forever the utterances of false oracles even the semblance of a God may be properly shattered. But, owing to some quality of reverence in me, my hand grasps reluctantly the hammer of smiting, and I shrink from dealing a blow at a mouth which I know to be falsely prophetic, lest through it, amid volumes of error, there might sometime have issued for man's help some message of divine truth. Thus stood it outside the Church. The debate was of a character which forbade me to join in it.

If I looked within the Church, I saw no opportunity for my expression. The progressive thought of the Church stood in its pulpits, silent, stricken with those two dreadful afflictions, politic dumbness and the ague of fear. There was knowledge, but no speech. There was studentship, but no courage. So stood it with the progressive wing of the Church, until Andover, travailing as if pregnant with a mountain, brought forth a mouse! At the same time the retrogressive wing of the Church was hurrying backward as fast as its aged legs could carry it, vainly striving as it staggered along to carry the Church with it on its back. The one party did not believe the old dogmas, but lacked the honesty and courage to say so. The other party did believe them, and were belligerent in their defence. In such a condition of things there was no reason to think that any word that might be calmly spoken by myself, or by anyone outside of the Church, would receive kindly attention. Not until the laity itself should become aroused and alarmed at the peril to the Church, and the popular inefficiency of Christianity as expressed by the Church and its doctrines, and begin to think and welcome the utterance of anyone that

was thinking, would there come to me either an opportunity or a duty to join in the discussion. For he who speaks when the hour is not fit, when the people are not ready to listen, speaks in vain.

Your presence here to-night proves that we have come to a better time; that you are ready to listen to the opinion of anyone who is thoughtful and sincere, even as those who are anxious about things as they are, and more anxious about things as they are to be, — and therefore — with your permission, — I will give you my idea of the Christ and Christianity; of the man Jesus, and his mission as it appeared unto him while on the earth. And I will do this as one who feels he does not speak in vain.

Where, then, friends, shall we find Christianity, and who shall teach us of it? Where shall the earnest soul, the devout mind, the affectionate heart, go for that full instruction, that perfect enlightenment, which shall make us wise with the knowledge of eternal life? Shall we go to Andover, to New Haven, to Princeton? Shall we go to Edwards, Calvin, Luther, or to Augustine, or Peter, or Paul? Well, should you go to these, you would undoubtedly get some idea of it, a few hints, and some shadowy conceptions. But you would be very silly to go to such sources of information when the one perfect and adequate source is nigh and accessible to you, to wit: the founder of Christianity himself.

Will you please note, that this is no new or strange rule that I observe myself and ask you to observe, but the one that all sensible men follow in seeking accurate knowledge of people, places, and things. If you desire to know how the Eiffel tower looks, you can read what people have said about it, or you can go and see it. The latter way is the sure way. If you would have knowledge of Niagara, you can buy two or three books in which it is described, or you can visit it yourself. I fancy no one would say that the latter way is not the best way. If you desired to understand Mr. Gladstone's system of finance, would you come to me to teach you, or go to Mr. Gladstone himself? In brief, the rule which you and all the world should follow in seeking correct knowledge is, to go to the fountain-head of it — the last and highest source of authority.

Now, in reference to this matter of the teachings and mission of Jesus, the last and highest authority is Jesus him-

self. To him, then, and to him alone, should we go. Mark the emphasis. To him *alone*, I say. For why should we go to any other one? Did he not understand himself and his mission better than any other? Will anyone dare say that Paul understood it as well as he,—Paul, who never saw or heard Jesus, who was, as he himself said, "as one born out of time," and who declared that he was not fit to touch the latchet of his shoe? Is this the man to elevate, as a teacher of Christianity, above the level of the Master himself; and out of his mouth take doctrine and dogma, as if he spoke with a knowledge and authority equal to the Master's? Or will anyone dare tell us that Peter is equal, as an authority as to what Christianity is, to the Christ?—Peter, who was the worst of all the disciples save Judas; who so little understood the Master's mission that he thought it could be advanced by force; whose loyalty was so thin that he could desert and deny his Master in the pinch of his life, and who would stand co-sharer of the eternal infamy of Judas were it not haply recorded that he repented of his treachery unto tears. Would anyone dare tell us to go to such a follower of a great man to learn of him, when the great man himself was willing to explain all things to us himself? The idea is preposterous.

Nor have I ever met with any man—not even a professor of theology—who has ever dared to suggest that Jesus did not fully explain himself and his mission, but left his plan of salvation in the condition of a house half builded when he died. Nor have I ever met anyone who has ever dared to hint that Jesus had hazy and indistinct views of his mission, or expressed himself so imperfectly that those who heard him got hazy and indistinct views of it. On the other hand, it is the concurrent opinion of mankind that Jesus knew perfectly who he was, what he was, and what he came to do; and that he did speak in explanation of himself, his life, and his mission in so plain and simple a fashion, that every man who heard could understand him. On this opinion I stand, and thus standing I say, that it is not in the writings of Paul or Peter, nor in those of ancient worthies, nor modern theologians, that we are to find Christianity defined and enforced. But in the words and life of the Master himself alone shall we find it perfectly expressed.

I do not forget that many who are reverent and scholarly have grave doubts touching the truthfulness of many passages

contained in those scraps of ancient writing known to us as the Four Gospels. To a certain degree I sympathize with them in their feelings, and I take it that no one of even moderate scholarly research would to-day repeat the old-time pious bravado in eulogy of the "unimpeachableness of the records." I admit that the records, in respect to certain passages which have been considered by Christians of prime value, cannot answer the interrogations of the student. Of certain other passages there is no doubt that they are gross fabrications, foisted bodily into the text. It is beyond doubt true, that Jesus in his conversations was wretchedly reported, and that the imperfection of human memory, the unreliableness of undisciplined human memory, marred the sequence of his sayings, and lessened the value of the record. Nevertheless, while as reports of his conversations the Gospels are wofully faulty, and as biographies, samples of wretched workmanship, they do still give the honest seeker a clear understanding of the Man, of his mission, as he himself understood it, and of that force or energy or influence — call it what you may—on which he relied for success. In brief, the Gospels have given me, and will give anyone, a perfect conception of Christianity as it stood expressed, embodied, individualized in the person, the spirit, and the action of the Christ. And my conception of it thus derived, is as follows:

Jesus did not come to introduce a new religion into the world, if by religion you mean a system of formulated truths. He did not come to establish a new philosophy; to publish a creed, by the acceptance or non-acceptance of which men were to be for him or against him; to declare a new theology to take the place of those theologies passing into decadence; nor to revive a dying or dead ecclesiasticism, or to inaugurate a new one. There was nothing ecclesiastical in Jesus; there was nothing theological in him; there was nothing philosophical in him—and everybody knows it. If you want theology, if you want philosophy, if you want ecclesiasticism, do not go to Jesus of Nazareth, for you will not find them in him, in his acts, or in his teachings. You may think that, being the author of a religion, you ought to be able to find these in him, but your thinking so will make no difference with the fact; and the fact is, that Jesus of Nazareth cared nothing about theology or philosophy, and never dreamed that he

should be the founder of a vast ecclesiasticism. He never came to do any such work as this, and had no wish to. What he did come to do, and what he did do, *was to introduce a new habit of feeling and conduct among men, and to persuade them to adopt a new habit of life.*

When he was born, a new manner of living, not a new manner of thinking, was born. When he was born, a new life, and not a new creed, appeared for men's guidance; and by imitating the life, and not by believing a creed, were men to be saved. He did not take knowledge of men by what they believed, but by what they did. "By their deeds ye shall know them," said he. He did not ask men to believe in any form of truth; he said: "Believe in me, and you shall be saved." Have faith in and copy my personality; incorporate my spirit in your body; let the affection of my heart make its genial abode in your bosom, and you shall be saved. The disciple was to leave father and mother, and follow him. The ancestral habits, the effects of heredity, the perpetuated characteristics of blood, the family selfishness, the pride of race,—these were to be displaced, shoved aside, killed in them, that they might be free from them as he was free.

Such is my conception of the Christianity of the Christ. I believe it to have been his own conception of it, for if he had any other conception of it, his conduct was most strange and unaccountable. But if his idea was to establish a religion of heart, and not of mind, — of love and life, and not of thought and creed, — then was his conduct in perfect harmony with his purpose.

For, if his religion was to be the religion of life, then in order that men might apprehend it rightly, it must be lived; lived by himself, for only so might they from him get either the right idea, or inspiration of it, and he become Master unto them. It is not because Jesus taught me the knowledge which may be expressed in words that I am so much beholden to him, — for much that was truest and best in his speech had been said before him; and the sermon on the mount, the prayer that bears his name, and many of his sweetest and wisest sayings, had in substance been spoken by lips that had been dust a thousand years before Abraham lived. There was no more truth in the world when he was in it than before he came, for the great Spirit whom we call God was always in it, and through lips and lives of chosen

and saintly ones he was always telling men of himself and the way to be like him. Indeed, the old, old past is murmurous with the deepest knowledge and the highest wisdom, and the farther one listens backward the more the sweet murmurings are multiplied, so that the most cautious student might without shame believe the story of our most ancient Book, that in the beginning of the race God was personally in the world, and counselled with men as a father counsels with children, face to face. That this was so, I credit, — and that whatever other woful wrecks the storms of time have wrought for human loss, no wreck has been so dire, no loss so great, as the wreck of that union which once joined man to the great Spirit, and the loss of that knowledge, with its resultant virtue, which he taught the race in the beginning. But in this I am beholden to him as to no other being that ever lived, and to a degree I may never express in speech. He did show me the way of life by living such a life himself, that I know just how to live myself, so that I may have life everlasting. For this mortal life is but as a seed, and each seed bringeth forth after its kind; and as is the life here to you and to me, so shall our lives be hereafter. This I do verily believe, and for this knowledge, the knowledge of the true life and how to attain it, we are beyond doubt indebted to Jesus of Nazareth.

Hence, as his religion was a religion of life, and only by living it should the world ever be able to get accurate knowledge of it, it was incumbent upon him to live it himself from end to end. Nor might there be any passage skipped or omitted but he must live it through, not dodging or shrinking from anything that might befall, or shunning any experience, whether sweet or bitter, — and hence the bitterest cup of all might not pass from him as he prayed it might, for his religion was to be a religion of life; and hence, that it might not be incomplete, the life which was to be the soul — the perfect, the glorious expression of it — must be lived to its concluding agony, and the cup be drained to its dregs. So was it done.

A religion thus characterized and thus inspired has in its favor at the start not only universal adaptations, but a universal commendation to men, — for, first of all, it escapes those limitations which the opposition of racial thought and customs heaves up in its path. The Oriental differs from

the Occidental mind. Nations and peoples differ in their laws, their tastes, and their customs. The majority of men have ever been, and perhaps will always be, too ignorant to understand a religion which requires intellect to explain and intellect to accept; and hence, if a religion is to be universal, it must consist of elements and principles that are acceptable to all peoples and races, and that can be understood by the ignorant just as well as by the learned. And only a religion of life, in which the way of salvation is found in the corrected habits of life, and not in habits of thought or mental conceptions of truth, meets this necessity. And this can be said of the religion of Christ as he lived it. The man of the East and the man of the West can accept it with equal readiness. The slave can be its follower as truly as the master; and even he who cannot read and write can walk the road it paves for his feet as easily and as quickly as the priest or the savant. I know of no other religion of which this can be said with truth, and hence the Founder of it must ever hold the highest place in the gratitude and affection of mankind.

Standing on this high level of thought, looking through the clear atmosphere of calm and reflective studentship of this great theme, one beholds how far removed in nature and effect is the Christianity of the schools from the Christianity of the Christ. The Christianity of the schools is a vast system of intellectualism. It is a huge attempt of the human mind, laboring through eighteen centuries, to make man understand God and his relation to him. The effort is a failure, and will ever be. God is a spirit. No one hath seen Him at any time. In ancient times, when men were reverent, He had no name among them. Instead of the old reverence, we are impertinently inquisitive. Our theologians boldly analyze Him into His religious elements as a chemist does a known substance. Our children are taught the schedule of His virtues, and our boys can glibly rattle off the list of His attributes. I marvel that any reverence is left to a people among whom the holy mysteries have been so vulgarized. The Jewish boy, when in reading or speaking he came to the name of the Deity, laid his finger upon his mouth and emphasized it by his silence. The boy of to-day utters it as a meaningless monosyllable, or hurls it like a missile at his little comrade with whom he is quarrelling. Do not think,

friends, that these changes from old to new are not significant, or that the saying of the Roman orator is not as applicable to us as it was to his own countrymen, when he exclaimed: "The people who do not reverence their gods will be deserted of them."

Vain is the attempt to bring men to God through the portals of the mind. They are too small for the soul to pass out, or for God to pass in through them. Vain are the attempted definitions of God which the schools have taught, and vainer yet their attempt to make man understand those definitions. Vain the attempt to erect a temple of salvation on knowledge and grace, when it must be founded, if founded at all, on grace and life. Vain the effort to make men think alike,—to put one measurement on equal weights, to see truth from one and the same point of view. The Christianity of the Schools seeks to do these impossible things. You know the result. Instead of peace, it has caused war. Instead of promoting union, it has been the parent of divisions. It has estranged brother from brother, roughened the tempers, embittered the speech, and made hostile the acts of mankind. It has broken the religious world into fragments, and made each little fragment think itself the whole. It has advertised its presence with the sound of quarrelling and contention, and marked its progress down the centuries with the tumults of war and the stains of blood. I restrain myself from enumeration. You are intelligent, and you know the awful count that might be urged against Theological Christianity. We will pass it by as those who wish that by so doing they might pass it into oblivion.

Now the Christianity of the Christ, in contradistinction from the Christianity of the Schools, does not attempt to teach one how to think, but simply how to live. It welcomes all thinkers, but not because they are thinkers. It favors no school of thought; it connects itself with no ecclesiasticism; it is joined to no philosophy; it depends for its advertisement upon the facility of no creed. It antagonizes no one, but welcomes with outstretched arms, to the companionship of its endeavors, its hopes, and its fruitions, those who would live rightly. The only people who have ever given it a fair trial are the Quakers; and the same magnificent success, both for themselves and their influence on others, might be made by every church, by every community, and by every nation who

would accept Christianity as the Quakers accept it, and live as they live.

I see no reason why progress in the moral world should be so slow, or the return for moral effort so pitifully small. If the Church would address her efforts, not in persuading men to adopt a certain set of opinions, but to adopt certain habits of life, she would find the work of conversion easy and rapid. In the light of my experience and observation, it is not hard to persuade men and women to live rightly, but it is hard to persuade them to think and believe as other people do. The drunkard can be persuaded to quit his cups a good deal easier than you can persuade him to think as the Prohibitionists do. Argument will never reform him, persuasion may. Men are mentally pugnacious, but affectionally submissive. Love, not logic, conquers. "If ye *love* me ye will keep my commandments," said the Master.

What a charm there is in individualism! Call up the face of him you love the best, and tell me why you love him. For his talents, for his manners, for his physical strength or grace? No, it is not for his gifts, however brilliant; for his qualities, however fine. In the last analysis, you love the *man*, the *mystery*; that unnameable force, vigor, grace, charm that is individual in him. Others may not read him, but you translate him easily. Blank to others, to you he is as a written message: you understand him, you interpret him, and over you he has that greatest of all powers — the power of sweetness.

Now, as I apprehend it, the power of Christianity as a religion is because it is a religion of the individual. In the case of Jesus, the power of his individualism was intense. He was filled with the magnetism of heaven; that magnetism which draws the weak toward the strong, turns the wicked toward the good, and the sinful toward the righteous. Men and women loved him instinctively. He was so abundant that he had affinity with all. He was the Bread of Life, and of him men ate and were filled. Jesus was a success because of his individualism. Continue this individualism in the world, and you will win the world. Christianity will succeed in the Christian, but not in the creed.

That Jesus comprehended the puissance of this force and put a right value upon individualism is beyond question. For, when he sent his followers forth, he charged them to

go to all the nations of the earth and disciple them in his name. Individuals were sent to bring individuals to an individual. His was to be a religion of personal connection of his followers with himself. They were not to persuade men to accept a certain form of belief, but to adopt a certain habit of life; to make his habit of feeling and living theirs, and thus through right conduct to enter into communion with him, and through him with the Father. This was the plan of missionary effort that he mapped out, and who will say that there has ever been a better one suggested? And not until the Church adopts it will the Christianity of the Christ be brought face to face once more with men, and be perceived of them as something not to debate and reject but to gladly accept.

Now, I hold that the system of life which Jesus of Nazareth taught has suffered to an inexpressible extent, by being interpreted and applied by other men than himself. He understood it perfectly; others have not understood it perfectly. The wisest expounder of his system, probably, was Paul, and he, with proper modesty, through all his writings, suggests his mental and spiritual inferiority to the Christ. He was great enough to sense the greater greatness of his Master. He was modest and honest enough to confess it. I therefore urge you, if you wish to know what the system of the Christ is, to go to your New Testament record and ascertain from his own lips what it is. He can tell you better than any other man. He can tell you so plainly that you cannot mistake, even if you are not gifted with great ability. Even if the condition of your life has denied you education, you can still—taught of him—become wise in the truth.

Furthermore, do not go expecting that his system is mysterious, for we often fail to see the simplicity of a thing by having a previous impression that it is profoundly complex. If you think that the system of Jesus is difficult, your thought will surely make it difficult. This is the old blunder which both Jew and Greek made nineteen centuries ago. To the Jew because of its simplicity it was a stumbling block, and to the Greek it was foolishness; and the reason that the Jew stumbled at it was because he had made up his mind that salvation must be something altogether different from what it is; and the Greek fell into the same pit of misunder-

standing. The ritualists of our day match the Jew, and the man of supreme culture types the æsthetic Greek. They cannot understand Christianity, because their minds are filled with exaggerated notions of it. They fail to see that plain, rough, unsmoothed planks make as safe a bridge as an arch of polished stone. They fail to see that enough is enough, and that anything added to what is sufficient is unessential.

If you will go to the Master himself, and not to his disciples, past or present, you will be struck as much by what is not in his system as by what is in it. You will find that the methods and provocations of intellectual culture are not in it. Born in connection with the richest literature of the world, a lineal descendant of an author whose works of genius really constituted the main glory of that literature, he nevertheless made no attempt to embellish or enrich his system with the vivid figures of poetry, or the sounding periods of eloquence. In an age when analysis was carried to its last extremity, when reverence for ancient opinions was universal, he never resorted to the one, nor bowed in submission to the other. He neither spoke like the Scribe, nor interpreted the law like the Pharisee; but he spoke in the plain, direct, emphatic utterance of a man who fully understood what he wanted to say, and knew that the simplest way of saying it was the best. It was this inner conviction of the truth of his message and the soundness of his own judgment that gave to his utterance an autocratic expression, which made him speak, as the record says, "not as the Scribes spake, but as one having authority."

You will moreover find not only the absence of intellectualization in his speech, but you will find the absence of any allusion to any branch of investigation into divine things, that does not directly concern man as he is in his present mortal state. The sayings of Jesus no more suggest speculative theology than do the ten commandments. A discussion of the decrees of God can as well be based on the Mosaic entablature, on the "shalls" and "shall nots" which govern correct living, as they can upon the words of Jesus. I do not say but that out of the words of Jesus and their possible suggestions many intellectual speculations as to the formal government of God naturally spring; but I do say that these speculations do not add any value whatsoever to the

system of Jesus itself. Technical theology has been of no practical benefit to man, so far as making him virtuous and happy represents a benefit. It has been an advantage to scholarship beyond doubt, but not to piety. It has made the professed followers of Jesus better students, but it has not made them better disciples.

I think one of the proofs of the fine wisdom of the Saviour is seen in his studiously keeping out of sight whatever would lead the minds of his followers in speculative directions. All questions of casuistry, such as the scribes and lawyers were continually tempting him to discuss, he brushed aside as incompatible with the object of his mission. He was not a religious theorist; he was a plain, practical man, seeking practical results. He did not come to establish a school of theology, nor to build up a new philosophy, nor to advertise himself as a great logician. He came simply to establish divine connections with men, to teach the race virtue, and to implant in their souls the germ of simple piety. His intellect was not a showy intellect. He never bothered himself about the Tyndalls and Huxleys of his day. He did not waste his breath in "harmonizing" the first chapter of Genesis with the then prevalent cosmogony. Had he done so, how funny it would have read to-day! Of science and scientists as such he said not a word. He acted as if he felt assured that these things would settle themselves. His own mind was large enough to know that great minds have great liberties, and that it is vain to fetter the feet of those erratic men whose irregular wanderings bring them face to face with discoveries of truth that bless the world. He felt that in teaching the elements of morality, and in implanting in human hearts the germ of true piety, he was constructing a fulcrum by which, using the ages for his leverage, he would finally lift the world. In brief, the system of Jesus, friends, is a system which teaches you how to live rightly. The whole scope and object of it is to show you how to become better men and better women, nobler husbands, truer wives, happier children, more loving parents, warmer friends. I ask you if that is not enough? What more can you with reason ask of a religious system? Why do you in your thoughts go beyond this, as if this were insufficient? Why engage in speculations which concern studentship, as if they were vitally connected with piety? Why burden Christian-

ity with a theology, when it is in fact a system of life, a system of spiritual growth, a system whose object is to make all men amiable?

For one I feel that it is time that the Church should quit her philosophic vagaries, and come back to the starting-point as it is marked out in the gospel. She has been spinning around the circumference of speculative theology long enough. The present generation are mentally giddy, and can barely keep their balance. The system of divergence has engaged our attention too long. The pride of difference and the habit of difference, one with another, as Christians, are working mischief in the brotherhood. We must focalize, and the point of our focalization, spiritually, must be Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. I know that this brings humility to the intellect; and humility of intellect is just what the Church at the present time lacks.

I know that this will interfere with the making of many noted reputations; for all reputations that are based upon the explanation of religion as a profound mystery, will find the foundation swept from under them when religion is seen to be no mystery at all, but a plain, simple way of living. When progressive and what is known as radical rationalism on the one hand, and orthodox profundity on the other, are looked upon as ornamental excursionists into the realm of Christian living, and not as *bona fide* inhabitants of it, the first step will have been taken toward the bringing of Christianity back to that open and easily apprehended position in which the words of Christ planted it, and in which the desires of his heart evidently intended it to remain. I presume that no idea was farther from the mind of Jesus, the carpenter's son, than that he was saying things which it would take twenty seminaries to make a man understand. I presume that he lived with the feeling, and died in the full belief, that his system of life, as explained by himself, was so plain and simple that it would forever remain self-interpreting. I presume that in his all-embracing and sympathetic consciousness he felt that he had spoken down to the level of the slave; and that the slave, reading his words by the light of a pine knot, sitting on the earthen floor of his cabin, would receive into his soul as full and as blessed a faith, and be able to show in his life as perfect an example, as the scholar who reads his Testament in a room

whose four sides are covered from floor to ceiling a foot deep with books.

There is nothing like getting down to the simples in a matter which has been made so complex as religion. A great many teachers have taught Christianity in the stalk, in the branches, in its multifarious twig-tracery and interlacing, rather than in the root. This may be said to have been the error, the great characteristic error, of Christian teaching. Let us try to keep ourselves down to the root of the matter; and the root of Christianity is life—the life that Christ lived.

The doctrines that stand connected with it are not the main thing; they are only connections. That with which they stand connected is life. In themselves they are not important; in themselves they are not vital. They are branches ministered unto by the parent trunk out of which they grew, or rather which grew them out of itself. All the sap, all the strength and power and majesty, all the vital forces which feed them, are in the life. Doctrines should not be studied to throw light on Christ; Christ should be studied to throw light on the doctrine. The teachings do not reveal the man; the teacher illustrates the teaching. Even as the Scripture saith, "He who doeth the truth cometh to the light." One day, lived as Jesus lived, gives to the mind of the disciple a truer spiritual insight into Christianity, as to what it is and what its powers are, than a year's study of the best books men have ever written about it.

Here the lead touches bottom; and the bottom is sand—sand, solid and firm, white and clean—over which, without ebb or flow, the pure water of truth, transparent from all eternity, has stood revealing it and itself.

I ask you to note that Jesus never encouraged speculation. He held the scope of his teachings to a few great cardinal principles. He taught a system of morals, and not a system of theology; and so simple and direct were his teachings, and so few were the topics authoritatively touched upon by him, that it left, so far as feeling and living go, no chance for differences among his followers. Hence his professed followers, in study, in pulpit, in council, in conclave, have had to go beyond what he said, in order to find material for speculation and antagonism. The scholars of the church have had to invent a theology in order to find work for their craft and matter for contention.

Yea, they have had to leave the crystalline and polished plane of Gospel truth in front of the Master's throne, and rush out into the streets of worldly and uninspired construction, that they might find material for their barricades, and stones with which to fight each other. They have been compelled to stretch the texts of Scripture to a length of significance beyond which the Master emphasized them, in order that they might differ. They have had to assume knowledge which Jesus never taught, in order that they might dictate doctrinally to the churches. They have practiced the art, and the knavery, too, which are almost invariably connected with inference, when prompted by prejudice or demanded for the purposes of power and inferred this or that from the text, which the text did not, in and of itself, plainly interpreted, warrant. How to account for it I know not. But I know, and all history sustains the assertion that I am to make,—I know there is a certain class of men so constructed in their temperament, that the moment they become religionists, that very moment they become bigots and tyrants. Hence they make that sin which is not sin. They erect standards of measurement which Jesus never set up. They impose conditions which Jesus never hinted at. They spy on human nature with a suspiciousness precisely the opposite of the frank confidence which Jesus had in man. They demand assent to purely human dicta, as if the utterances of dogmatism were divine; and so unblushing are they in this, that they absolutely compose their creed without an inspired word in it from beginning to end, and then demand that all men who would be called Christians by them shall bow down to it mentally, as men do to a supreme utterance. Nay, more. They fabricate a system, or a dozen systems, of theology, not one of which will harmonize with the others, and then elaborate a plan of education by which the young men of the churches are made special advocates and defenders of these systems, thereby sectionalizing and making antagonistic the growing piety of the world.

Furthermore, while professing to honor the Bible, they actually degrade it, in that they treat it no longer as adequate, but needing to be supplemented by their additional wisdom, or, worse yet, use it as a convenient arsenal from which they can supply themselves and their students with

the argumentative ordinance needed by them to defend their own little mud walls. A proposition is laid down or an opinion advanced; they call it a doctrine. And then the Word of God is ransacked from Genesis to Revelation to find texts to uphold it. Thus persecution is fed, thus the fagot lighted and the rack manipulated. Thus theological systems are upheld, and thus, in order to popularize the opinion of a Dr. Tyler on the one hand, and of a Dr. Taylor on the other, the piety of Connecticut was taxed forty years ago to establish and support one theological seminary at East Windsor and another at New Haven—needed by Jesus no more than a man needs two thumbs on one hand, or two heads on his neck.

The authority of Jesus is to me one with the authority of God, because he was one in feeling with God. His knowledge was divine knowledge, his motive a divine motive, his love a divine love, and hence his authority is divine. He speaks to us not in what men say he meant, but in words that he actually used; and no slighting of Scripture can be greater than that which supplements the text with human inference, as if the text were insufficient to express itself. No, friends, never mind what men say Jesus meant by this or that, but read yourselves what he said. Do you say, I cannot understand what he said? If you do, I reply that you say what I would not dare utter against the great teacher of human salvation. His words seem plain to me, at least since I have studied them in their own luminous light, and not through the obscure and shadowy explanations of uninspired scholarship. They not only seem plain to me, but they have seemed plain to thousands and millions that knew no other book save their Bible, and never dreamed that they needed any other book to explain them. The ignorant man, barely able to spell out the words of the Master, has, nevertheless, with many an awkward motion of pointed finger and with laughable mispronunciations, spelled himself into a wisdom finer and sweeter in its satisfying grace than the classic culture that yonder famous university can give her scholars. Ask that poor slave woman, as she lies in her cabin dying, into whose darkened intellect the clear cold light of human knowledge never shone, if she can understand the words of Jesus; and over her face will come a look of astonishment, and into her eyes will shine a light that will part and dissipate, for an instant at least, the

film of death, which will make you ashamed of the silliness that tempted you to ask the question. And shall men bring to me a hundred volumes of theologic, catechetical, and expository writing, and pile them on my table, and, mentioning the high-sounding titles of their authors, tell me that you, a disciple of Jesus, with your New Testament in your hands, and the floor under you on which to kneel, cannot understand without the help of all these books what Christianity is? Ah, me! was ever pride so vast, was ever egotism so colossal, was ever human vanity so big with inflation, as this which the scholarship and scepticism of mediæval and modern piety, through commentary, and catechism, and theologic treatise, exhibit?

My friends, I have come to that time of life when a public man realizes how slight is the influence of the spoken word on human minds. An utterance which has been pondered for years, which has waited patiently for years to be invited, and which sums up and ends my life's last expression of my religious thought, has held your minds for an hour; and will lose them in an hour. As dies the sound of my voice in your ears, so will die the influence of my teaching in your lives. Nay, lift not your protesting hands. Say not, It is not—it is not so. I know the orator's force, and alas! I know, too, his fate; and if he is not vain, and is earnest for great things, his sadness is the greatest sadness among men, for he must mourn, at life's decline, a life spent in vain.

But it may be that the closing passage, with its crowning thought—crowning a crumbling structure—may fare better, and be remembered by you when I am gone, and the voice you have kindly borne with sounds no more. And hence I give this as my closing sentiment:—

The word which should be sent along the lines of moral effort and zone the earth with its authority, clear and strong as a bugle note when blown by competent lips, is,—*Simplify your teachings and unite your efforts.* Feeble is the voice which sends it from this platform to-night, and short the distance to which its tones will penetrate; but, as I live and as my soul liveth, do I believe that sooner or later, by the Church making herself the mouth of God, or by some messenger sent from heaven, charged, so to speak, or through the opening heavens, from the mouth of Christ himself, too impatient with our blunderings to keep silent longer, that word will be sent forth. It

may not be in my time; it may not be in your time. The youngest in this audience may go to his grave before it is spoken, but sometime ahead, I know not when, the command, I say, will go forth carrying victory in its utterance and triumph in its sound, and the Christianity of the Christ shall be the only Christianity proclaimed on the earth.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER, BOSTON.

No one can deny that a vast progress has been made in the last few years in the science of meteorology, and although the weather predictions do not always come true, people have become accustomed of late to look first of all, when they take up the morning paper, at the place which is reserved for the weather indications.

The success of the weather bureau, however, is not due to some novel discovery or to some newly-invented instrument; it is due to the painstaking and laborious observations, to which the officers in charge devote day and night with a punctuality that has no equal in any other profession. They must watch with careful minuteness the changes in the barometer and thermometer; they must note down the most trifling deviations in the temperature of both air and water; they must follow the traces of a rain storm from the time a telegram informed them of its birth in some region thousands of miles away, until its force is spent in the last few drops of a sunshower in some other part of the globe. If they had not watched these trifling occurrences; if they had not been mindful of the smallest changes that happened in nature; if they had grown tired for one moment of the innumerable details of which their work is composed, they would have never been able to reach the results which they have obtained, nor would they have become able to predict the weather with such a degree of accuracy, or to inspire the public with confidence in their predictions.

As in nature so in the life of humanity, even in the life of an individual, all catastrophies can be and must be traced back to events so small and so trifling in their origin that they either escape observation or are considered of too little importance to demand much attention. The success of a

man in life has been due in the majority of cases to his keen observation of these small occurrences, and he has ever become a great statesman, who has been able to read the signs of the times, collect a large number of trifling facts, readily grasp their import and relative bearing, draw from them logical conclusions as to the result to which they necessarily lead, and to take such preparatory steps as would turn the coming events to serve his plans. The statesman must be a prophet; without the gift of prophecy he will either remain a mere administrator of public affairs, a mere clog-wheel in the machinery of a commonwealth, or he will lead his country to destruction.

There is a little cloud gathering on the sky of our national life, so small that it hardly deserves the appellation of a cloud, so diminutive that it either escapes observation entirely or is dismissed as being too insignificant to challenge attention. Still this cloud may grow, and sooner or later cover our political sky; it may become the receptacle of all the religious animosities which have been suppressed and kept at bay for the last fifty years by the strong spirit of toleration, the child of the science of the modern age; it may discharge this animosity, as does a cloud its electricity, in streaks of fire; and the damage done to such places, which such a lightning should happen to strike, as well as the tumult caused by the roaring thunder, that harmless as it is in itself, still strikes terror into the hearts of men, are surely both undesirable and unpleasant. The prudent observer ought to take cognizance even of such most trifling occurrences. If the cloud should be no more than a vapor that will dissolve into air before it is able to do harm, so much the better; but if it should be a genuine cloud, if it should not dissolve at an early stage into a spray of fructifying rain; if, furthermore, it should be beyond human power to prevent the breaking forth of the thunder storm; men, warned in time, could at least guard their houses by the application of lightning-rods, postpone a pleasure trip to a time when they might be sure of pleasant weather, and provide themselves with rubber cloaks and umbrellas in case they should be obliged to leave their habitations on that day.

About a year ago the very first indications of the formation of that cloud were noticed here in Boston, and although this city felt the shadow cast over it at the time, the country

beyond the city limits and the world in general paid little if any attention to this storm in the tea-pot.

A teacher in one of the schools of Boston, supported, as he thought, by a foot-note in the authorized text-book, had given to the history of the Reformation such a version as did not please but rather was offensive to the boys, born and brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. A charge was brought against the teacher, and after a thorough examination of the facts, and serious discussions, he was censured to the extent that he was given other branches to teach than history, and another history was substituted for the offending text-book. These proceedings aroused at that time the ire and indignation of a great many citizens of the Protestant persuasion. Public meetings were held, the local press was flooded with open letters treating the question *pro* and *con*, and efforts were made to show the displeasure of these citizens with the acts of the School Board at the annual election. The outgoing members, whether they were innocent or not in the matter, failed to be re-elected and were replaced by such men as could be expected to represent better the sentiments of their constituency than did their predecessors.

Almost a year has passed since, and still the question itself has remained in *statu quo;* the animosity between the two contesting parties has not yet subsided; and while the teachers who teach history have taken the hint and become more careful in their statements before their classes, the text-book question has not yet been solved and no book has been found as yet to suit all parties and at the same time recommend itself to educators by a proper arrangement of the material or by its adaptation to the wants of the school. The little cloud has rather assumed larger dimensions and the questions have arisen:

1. Can a text-book of history be written that will be free from bias so as to give satisfaction to all sects without obscuring truth?

2. For what purposes and ends shall history be taught in public schools?

3. Which would be the proper and most successful method by which to teach this branch of knowledge?

4. Is it, after all, absolutely necessary that history shall be taught in the public schools, or could this study be dispensed with?

I.

If the time has not yet arrived, it is sure to come, when people will break through the superstition that there is such a thing as infallible history, as they did break through the bonds of other dogmas. People seem to believe as yet in the infallibility of history, as once they did in the infallibility of the Bible. They imagine that history is a kind of book in which by some imaginary authority, under some imaginary supervision, the truth and nothing but the truth concerning all human affairs has been collected. They imagine that the facts are entered in its pages at the time when they occur, as a bookkeeper enters a bill at the moment the order is filled. They imagine that no error could ever have crept into this book, or that if one has happened to smuggle itself into its pages it would soon be discovered and eliminated by means of some automatic arrangement. But is not all this the mere product of imagination? If we do not know how history happened to be written in the past, why do we not notice how it is written in the present? Have people in former ages known more than we do? Have they been more just and less biased? If we, in our days, aided by our modern inventions, cannot obtain a true photograph of the events as they appear and disappear in life, how can former ages be trusted as reliable witnesses? The history of an event has never been written at the time when it occurred, and very rarely by eye-witnesses. Long after a king had lived, long after a war had been waged, people began to describe what that king had accomplished, or what the causes and results of the war had been. It must, furthermore, be borne in mind, that history has always been written by the successful party. The exclamation of Brennus, "Vae Victis!" has ever found its adaptation in history. Not alone that the defeated has always been described as wicked, and therefore deserving of the fate that has over-reached them, they have never been allowed to say a word in self-defence. Hence we find that, in all cases, when a government succeeded in suppressing a revolt, the participants in it were stigmatized as rebels, but that whenever the revolting party was successful and tore the reins of government out of the hands of the former rulers, its leaders were praised as heroes and held out as such to the emulation of all generations to come. So often were their virtue, their genius,

and their unselfishness extolled, that sight was lost entirely of their faults and failings, and finally they came to be considered immaculate in all their deeds and infallible in all their opinions. Still their success had been many times trembling in the balance; many times they escaped defeat only by a hair's breadth. If this or that order of their opponents had been properly executed; if a traitor had not in proper time given notice of an important move; if a rainstorm had not opportunely delayed the advance of a hostile column; if the passion for some woman had not brought discord among the leaders of the opposing party; if there had not been a thousand such "Ifs," they would not have succeeded as they did, and history would read entirely differently had their opponents obtained the chance of writing it.

We ought rather to concede that there are very few facts which we can accept as, indeed, historically true.

To accept the stories of the ancient writers as authentic history, as a true, unbiassed description of the events of which they treat, well knowing that the documents have reached us not in their original form, on account of having passed through the hands of thousands of copyists, would be the same as to accept a narrative as authentically true after it has been told and retold by thousands of persons. Who finally were the writers, to whom we owe all our knowledge of history? Of some we do not even know the name; of others we cannot help suspecting that the given name was an assumed one, that of a man who had won some renown at his time, and of whom it was thought that his signature would lend greater authority to any document. Other books again were written by poets, who in their attachment to a king, to a royal house or to a party, gave to the events that had taken place within their own memory or that of their ancestors, such a version as would place their favorite in the most favorable light. Truth, finally, is many times relative. Two persons will describe the very same events in so entirely a different manner, as to make their reports contradict each other, and still both will be ready to confirm their statement by an oath, even to stake their lives on their testimony. There is not a judge on the bench, nor a lawyer in the courts, who has not had this experience with witnesses, and thus it is quite natural that the same event, the same historical fact, is told in an entirely dif-

ferent way by two people according to the point of view from which the writers have observed it. It is, therefore, an utter impossibility to write a text-book of history in such a style, as to satisfy all parties and denominations; because, while all demand that their opinions and sentiments shall be respected, they consider it an absolute necessity to inform the young student of both the outrages that have been committed against them by the opposing party, and of the utterly false position which their antagonists are holding. In the history of the Reformation (the crucial point of diversity between Catholics and Protestants), a Protestant writer would have to admit that it was not only a mistake to break away from the rule of Rome, but that it is still an error not to unite the whole Christian world under the Pontifical staff, unless he shows that all the causes which have led to the great schism are historically true, and that the conditions that warranted the separation have not yet changed. The Catholic writer on his part, must either admit the justice of all the claims made by the other side, and thus commit an act of religious suicide, or prove through the very same facts that the other side was utterly mistaken, and committed the most heinous outrage, by cutting the bonds which held it to the mother church. Both writers will make use of the same names, of the same facts, of the same events; both will make use of books and documents, which in their opinion bear excellent testimony, and are trustworthy authority; both will be led in their researches by a love for truth, and still they will be unable to arrive at other results than those mentioned above.

Matters have become still more minced through the fact, that neither of the two parties has gained a pronounced victory over the other, nor met with a clear defeat. If the Catholic Church had been successful, and had suppressed the Reformation, history would read to-day far different from what it does. Not a trace would have remained of that vast literature which has come from Protestant sources; the names of the leading men of the Reformation would have been either blotted from the records, or they would have been described as rebels, for whom no punishment was too severe. If the Protestant party had been able to destroy the Church and establish itself upon the ruins, history would again read otherwise than it does. Catholicism would

have been denounced by the victor as the last stage of Heathenism and the Pope as the last successor of the Pagan Pontifex Maximus. Neither of the two events, however, has happened, and the contestants have left the battle-field with sufficient strength to defend themselves behind their breastworks. Thus, instead of having but one history, we have now two, each of which claims to be the only truthful statement of the conditions that brought about the split. To write, therefore, a history that could satisfy both these parties, and at the same time not offend against truth, is a task as impossible as to take a bath without getting wet.

II.

No sooner do we become convinced that the word history does not stand for a book that has been written under special supervision, and that no automatic device has kept it free from mistakes and errors, but that the study of history rather means to scrutinize the statements made by all writers of a certain period in order to obtain a fair idea of how the events of that time have possibly taken place, than we become impressed that the ends and purposes for which history is to be taught in the public schools are far different from what they are generally accepted to be. The three purposes for which history has been taught may be summed up as follows: 1. That the young may know what has happened in this world of ours and especially in that country in which they live. 2. That they may learn to emulate the men of the past, who by their deeds have risen above the level of the masses and won renown for themselves and glory for their country. 3. That the student may learn to love his country still better from the information received through history, revealing as it does how others loved the same ground and either sacrificed their lives in its defence or devoted all their energy to the promotion of its welfare. In a word the study of history was to infuse the student with patriotism.

In countries in which the population is a homogeneous one, or where the government rests in the hands of some royal house, where even religious opinions have to meet the approval of the administration, the ends for which history was to be taught could be easily reached, and text-books easily written from which the young student would obtain

all that information which the government saw fit to bestow upon him. The text-books of history used in European countries not only extol the royal houses of the countries in which they are authorized, but royalty in general. They are one and all a narrative of the sequence of kings and dynasties or of the wars that have been waged by the ruling houses against one another. All these are, so to speak, the histories of the kings but not the history of the people. The memory of the young scholar is crammed with a number of anecdotes, a greater number of names of kings, and a still larger number of figures telling when this or that battle was fought, or this or that peace concluded. Most of these historical anecdotes, however, are untrue, and in after life the student finds great trouble to free his mind of them. The endless lists of names of kings as well as that of the battles which they have fought have no other value than to impress the juvenile mind with the idea that kings are made of different clay than ordinary people and that military glory should be the highest aspiration of manhood. In order to become a patriot and to show his love for his native soil, the absolute necessity is demonstrated to the student, of winning renown on the battle-field either by defending one's country against the attacks of enemies or by endeavoring to enlarge its domain by conquest.

In a country like ours, however, in which a great many nationalities are to be welded together by means of the public schools into one people; in a republic, like ours, which does not acknowledge royalty, but is established upon the principle that it is to be maintained by a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; in a land which clings to the doctrine that its administration shall not meddle with the home affairs of other nations and at the same time never allow a foreign government to interfere with its domestic transactions; in a country finally like ours which glories in its industrial and commercial enterprise rather than in its military renown, which has an army merely for the purpose of serving as a police force in the prairies, and a navy merely for the purpose of protecting its extended shores against some possible attack — in such a country must history be taught for far different purposes than such as are enumerated above.

There are but two aims which the study of history must try to reach in our schools. In the first place it must famil-

iarize the young student with the deeds, events, and personages that have become household words and which every person of culture is expected to know. This aim, however, is a subordinate one, and no great harm would come from it, if half the dead weight which now burdens the memory of the young student of history were thrown overboard. In the second place it ought to teach the pupil how to *read* history and if this end is reached the task of the school will be fulfilled. It would be absurd to say that it is the end of the study of arithmetic that the scholar may be able to solve all the problems given in his text-book, or that it is the end of the study of music that the student may be able to sing merely the songs contained in his singing book, or finally that it is the end of the study of reading that a pupil should be able to read merely the stories collected in his reader. Reading is taught that the child may be able to read anything laid before him; singing is taught with the end in view that the scholar may be able to sing at sight any piece of music that happens to reach him; arithmetic is taught with the hope that the pupil shall be able to solve any arithmetical problem life may turn up for him, and thus ought history be taught to enable a person to formulate for himself, out of the material which the literature of a certain age offers him, a fair picture of the political, social, or religious conditions of that period. He must learn, that in order to arrive at the truth, it is absolutely necessary to hear both sides of a story and if he wishes to inform himself concerning any event that has happened in the past, he must read the reports of as many witnesses as he possibly can obtain, must learn how to take their statements with a grain of salt and allow liberally for their prejudices, their passion, and even their ignorance. We expect of a person who is said to have studied geography with some good results, that, if we give him a good chart of a country, he will be able to read it and find his way from one given place to another, and thus we ought to demand of a student of history that he should find a historical truth for himself from the material which contemporary writers offer him. If we cannot reach this result, the study of history in our schools will not only remain a waste of time, but what is worse, every nationality and every religious sect will obtain the right of demanding that history should be taught in that

one-sided version which each gives to it. We ought not to teach *a* history but history, not a tale written for some purpose but the way and method by which we can arrive at an understanding of the events of a given age.

III.

When we have determined the end for which history is to be taught, the invention of methods by which good results can be accomplished will naturally follow. One depends upon the other. If history is to be taught for the two purposes which I have described above, and if, especially, it is intended to develop in the student the ability to judge for himself in his search for the truth, all text-books of an authoritative character will become useless. The teacher and not the text-book will then have to do the teaching. If a text-book is to be used in addition, it will merely take the place of a time and labor-saving machine; it will become a mere dictionary of names, dates, and facts, tabularized to give at one glance a bird's-eye view of the whole field of history. The teacher will divide time into periods and endeavor to give to the class some idea of how far mankind had risen by that time upon the ladder of civilization; of the current beliefs, opinions, and philosophies of that age; of the relation in which the nations stood to one another and to what extent the period of which he speaks was both the product of a previous one and the generator of the next. He will suggest to the class a number of books, written by men who lived at that time, from the perusal of which they can obtain still more light. Whereas it would be well-nigh impossible for the teacher to give a full list of the literature of every historical period or for the pupil to read all that might prove interesting, the teacher will select and recommend only such books as offer the most profitable reading to the pupil. He would, however, commit a great mistake if he suggested only such authors as express his own views. The teacher ought to be a conscientious man, a man to whom truth is dearer than all, and desiring to become successful as a teacher of history he would advise the class to read also such books as were written by the opponents of a certain measure, and especially by men who, although they belonged to the defeated party, although they were unsuccessful, still had the courage of their conviction to

speak what to them appeared the truth. A party or a sect which fears that its cause will be injured, or the minds of its adherents poisoned, if the young become informed of the arguments of its opponents or of the version which its antagonists give to a fact, displays a weakness in its cause and a fear that it cannot safely rest on its own merits. A cause, however, that cannot hold its own against all contestants deserves to be deserted.

If we have not yet such teachers we ought to raise them; if we cannot trust them to treat impartially points in history as yet contested, they ought not to be allowed to teach this branch of knowledge, and if a teacher is found so narrow that he makes his desk a pulpit from which to preach his own sectarian views, he ought to be dismissed at once. To sum up, history can be taught with success only when the following requirements are granted. Given, an intelligent teacher, who is well read, who is too broad to be bigoted or prejudiced, who takes good care to prepare himself thoroughly for every lesson he is to give, who is sufficiently eloquent to interest the class in the subject which he treats; a small text-book, written merely for the purpose of saving labor, and containing merely a set of tables in which names, dates, and facts are so well arranged as to be found at a moment's notice; a fair-sized library of historical works, by writers of all shades of opinions,—and the study of history will cease to be a bone of contention between the different denominations, which have come to live upon American ground in peace and harmony with one another, all agreeing that they have a right to disagree.

IV.

Supposing, however, that the ends to which the study of history might lead should not meet with the approbation of one or all sects; supposing that each should insist upon having its own version of history taught in the schools, because the knowledge of any other version harmful to the interest of that party or denomination; supposing that it would be impossible to find teachers at once capable and willing to teach history after the method delineated above; supposing, finally, that the number of books required for supplementary reading would entail too large an expense upon the schools, would it then matter much if the study of

history be dropped entirely from the plan of public school instruction?

There is no doubt but that, if the study of history should be abolished, there would be a gap in the education of the future citizens, and that a number of names and events would remain entirely unknown to him which he will continually meet afterwards. To be ignorant of them must brand him an ignoramus, and our public schools can ill afford to turn out young men and women after a ten years' course of instruction, without having given them at least a smattering of all that knowledge which is required of a person of culture. He would furthermore lack the thread which binds past, present and future together; all events of which he might hear would be to him pearls rolling about in disorder after the string has been cut. Yet if the choice be given to us between history *as it is taught at present* and *no* instruction in history *whatsoever;* if we were to decide whether we should incur the animosity of numbers of our citizens by compelling them to send their children to private institutions because history is taught in the public schools in a one-sided manner; or whether it may not be better policy to leave it to the individuals to inform themselves concerning matters of history the best they can, I think I should favor the latter course. When I speak of the larger number of our fellow citizens who think that history is not properly taught in our schools, I do not refer to the Catholics alone, nor to members of the Protestant denomination. I refer to that large class of people who form what may be called a silent church, who side with neither of the others; but who are justified in claiming the same rights the others claim.

The public schools are open to all citizens, no matter what their creed, and as it is well understood by all that the instruction of religion, wholesome as it otherwise might be, and necessary as in fact it is, must not be allowed a place in public school education, thus must history, which, to some extent, is interwoven with religion, either be taught in a way that gives offence to none, or dropped entirely from the plan of instruction, even at the risk of leaving the education of a child unfinished and incomplete. It is left to every denomination to train children privately in the principles of religion, and to every individual to find out for himself

all he can about religion; thus should it be left to every party or denomination to teach children what it thinks true history, granting to others the same privileges.

I admit that such a course would be, if taken, too radical, and I advise it only if no other way between Scylla and Charybdis can be found. If the method which would make the pupil his own judge in matters of history and would open his eyes to the inner light of history, is not an acceptable one; if the study of history is to be continued in the same worn-out ruts as before, offering merely to the student a number of anecdotes, the truth of which cannot be proven, or the names of a number of kings, who have done absolutely nothing to promote the welfare of humanity, or the dates of a number of battles from which the pupil can learn not more than that man is the most pugnacious and most blood-thirsty animal on earth; would it then matter much if at least those passages were cut out which touch upon religious matters?

The history of the Reformation could be omitted without any great loss to the student, and it might safely be left to him to seek information regarding this contested matter in his denomination or wherever else he can obtain it outside of the school-room. It would matter little if that period were not touched upon at all and the pupil were told by the teacher to fill the gap for himself as best he could.

Some means must be found to satisfy the just demands of all citizens. As long as we insist upon a system of public schools and recognizing their high value and efficiency, discourage the growth of private schools, so long will it remain a mere matter of justice to all, that the opinions which they hold in regard to some past events shall not be offended. It will be wise to take cognizance of the fact that people begin to show dissatisfaction with the present mode of teaching history, and it matters little whether these signs appeared first in Boston or somewhere else, whether Catholics objected, or whether the free religious or the infidels raised their voices against it. A complaint is seldom heard before it is made by a respectably large minority; it is, however, not the number of the complainants which entitles them to a hearing and to a rectification of matters, it is the justice of their claim. Apparently the contest that is waged between the parties is still localized, Boston being the centre of the agitation, and at present the whole question turns around the pivot of

what text-book shall be used in the schools of this city; but it is neither a question of text-books nor will it remain confined forever to this circle. It is a question of principle; it is a question of method, and unless a new method be introduced, unless history be taught for other ends than heretofore, no text-book will be found to suit all parties and the flames of the war will soon spread beyond the limits of this city.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," says the proverb; but it should also add, "provided it is administered in time." Let it be hoped that means will be adopted in time to prevent disruption and to save our public schools from becoming paralyzed by the spread of private ones.

DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS BY PROPER EDUCATION.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

THE words education and genius have heretofore stood far apart, in almost antipodal relations. The educated man was not supposed to have in consequence of his education anything that could be called genius. That was regarded as a divine fire, for which education did nothing; while the educated or learned man was recognized as being often dry and dull.

But what is true education? Is it not the cultivation and development of every faculty — of all that constitutes human perfection — of skill, knowledge, wisdom, grace, energy, efficiency, eloquence, self-control, patience, power, virtue, strength of body and strength of soul?

Is there anything in man which cannot be cultivated, and is it not the true purpose of education to discover each faculty and so strengthen it by exercise as to make it an overmatch for untrained faculties?

The trained musician, the trained mathematician, the trained swordsman, the trained hunter, the trained warrior who controls armies, the trained physician and trained engineer are all examples of the power of education to develop an immeasurable superiority over untrained native capacity. But familiar as this idea is, how few are there who fully realize the general truth which it expresses — that *there is nothing* in man which may not be cultivated to an extreme development, to a power which is astonishing and overwhelming to the untrained, and so marvelous indeed as to appear incredible until it has been successfully and frequently accomplished.

Who that looked on at the procession of a regiment of boys in the late centennial celebration of New York, moving with more automatic perfection than the armies of Napoleon, but participated in the common admiration and astonishment

at the results of training! Who that ever witnessed the performance of the champion American jumper would imagine that his capacities were due entirely to training, and that in his youth he had been so feeble as to be unable to walk alone without mechanical support.

How difficult is it for us who shiver in a cool breeze to realize the possibility of living without fire in houses built of snow alone, with a temperature fifty degrees below zero! It would be incredible but for the fact that we know it is done by the Esquimaux. Their training has made it possible for them to enjoy life in such conditions, and would make it possible for us.

The life of humanity is organized upon one plan alone — the product of Infinite wisdom — upon which plan every element of man may be developed toward the Divine standard of power and excellence, or may shrink back to imbecility, as Japanese gardeners dwarf the mightiest species of trees to ornament the table in flower-pots.

The dwarfing of humanity has been a very successful and a very simple process. It requires only the crushing of motherhood — the trampling down of woman by the lordly tyranny of man, which has dragged down India from its ancient wealth and power, to its present imbecile and impoverished condition.

Everywhere is the dwarfing process going on, to counterbalance the evolutionary progress of our race. In the world's great metropolis, we find the poverty, beggary, filth, and crime of the east side of London pulling down and undoing the work of progressive civilization as fast as it is built up on the West side. In every nation educational possibilities are continually realized — on one side in the saint and philosopher, on the other in the idiot and assassin, and "we the people" are responsible, for we hold and wield the powers and institutions that produce the results — on one side tending Godward, on the other tending to dwarfage toward annihilation. The All and the Nothing are beyond possibility, though enthusiasts have not hesitated to disregard barriers and assert the possibility of degeneration to annihilation, and on the other hand of union with the Infinite.

With these imaginary possibilities we have nothing to do when we are planning a practicable education; but we do require to rise above the humdrum idea of education, which

has no nobler source than the monotonous repetition of the old routine inherited from a remote and ignorant ancestry; — from universities which, even as late as the times of Goldsmith, followed so absurdly barbarous a system, that he pronounced it well calculated "to make a man a fool!" Those barbarisms no longer exist; but the cardinal conception still survives and dominates in the theory, that education has filled its mission when it *crams and polishes*, — when it accumulates knowledge, and gives power of graceful expression. This surviving idea was fully expressed by President Eliot of Harvard, in defining the ideal university as a place where one could learn everything.

LEARNING is not the chief function of an ideal educational institution, for learning is not development; learning by itself is a dead and monotonous affair, which utterly fails as an educational work — fails to make the world essentially better for its existence, fails as the Chinese system of education which rewards scholarship with the highest honors of government yet binds the nation to its stagnant past and makes it incapable of progress.*

The storing of the undeveloped mind with learning is simply giving the sceptre to memory which binds us to the past, while the true function of education — the function which educational systems have never realized — is to develop the GENIUS which leads us to the glorious future, and the CHARACTER which belongs to a higher social order, for nobler men must make a nobler society.

Education may be a blessing or a curse. The education of the street makes criminals, the education of schools makes bookworms, and the education patronized by sects makes benighted bigots, but the ideal education, the untried "NEW EDUCATION," makes manly men and accomplished women, fitted to fill and adorn any station in life, — so well equipped in virtue and capacity that their existence is the promise of a new social order.

The old education does not assume to develop or create

* This truth does not escape the attention of many educated men who feel that they have not been properly educated. The editor of the Kansas City *Journal* says: "The world has been taught in schools, colleges, universities, secular and religious, for ages, yet of all the inventions that have blessed mankind, all the principles and forces of nature discovered that have been the real Messiahs of the race, not a single one of them was born in any of these institutions. Yet a fact so pregnant, so instructive, has never arrested the attention of our teachers."

character, it MAY only sharpen the talents of the knave or the traitor. It does not assume to develop the constitution — it has often ruined it, and is still responsible not only for constitutional impairment, but for the alarming prevalence of MYOPIA, especially among the over-taught students of Germany, among whom myopia increases in prevalence as the education advances.

It does not assume to develop or establish health, but professes to be so unfriendly to health that a Harvard professor (Dr. Clarke) pronounced it unsafe for women to undergo the perils of a higher education. It does not cultivate the manly and noble sentiments which do justice to women, for it is only within a few years that women have been able, to some extent, to overcome University antagonism to their higher education, and force their way in medical schools where their first approach was repelled with something worse than disdain. It does not cultivate religion, for it is notorious that the progress of modern education is not only driving from the church its superstitious ignorance, but is also undermining its power and its faith, reducing it toward a system of rational moralism, without the life and warmth which make that moralism a blessing to society. The cool intellect of physical science has no sympathy with religious fervor, and no appreciation of the higher truths of religion, which rely upon sacred history, personal experience, and the intuitions of the soul; and this physical science is the dominant educational influence to-day.

The "New Education" is the opposite of the old. It assumes to develop character, to perfect the constitution, to consolidate the health, to elevate the moral or religious sentiments, to fit men and women for practical life and to DEVELOP GENIUS. The latter function is the subject of this paper. The word GENIUS is here used in its noblest sense to signify that combination of solid intellect and exalted ideality with the nobler emotions, which give sustaining, strong, aspiring character, leading to worthy achievement.

Genius, in this sense, is seldom the chief characteristic of any human being, but is widely if not infinitesimally diffused among progressively civilizing nations of the Caucasian stock, that bid fair to become fully civilized in a few more centuries.

When conspicuously developed in an individual it realizes the consequences of which Carlyle speaks, when God lets

loose a thinker on this planet. Genius recognizes no authority in precedent, but questions and criticises with a sharp destructive criticism, the accumulated habits, fashions, and institutions transmitted down from a remote ancestry, which it refuses to venerate. It is utterly intolerant of habit, which prescribes a fixed method in all things, instead of ascertaining the best method in each particular case. It is thus an eccentric and disturbing element, incompatible with the established order of society; born heir to the old conflict of that which is and that which should be; the old contest between the "still small voice" of reason and the multitudinous roar of national voices; the old conflict of barbarian races with their prophets and martyrs, as it was somewhat gloomily expressed by Bulwer when he spoke of "Love, Philanthropy, and Demagogy" as the never-ending sacrifice of the noble few to the ignoble many.

The man who is not thus in conflict with the age in which he lives may be pre-eminent in talent and the shrewd ambition that wins success, and "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning," for the mob or the oligarchy is as exacting a tyrant as the royal ruler, and tolerates as little independence under its sceptre. Great men as they are esteemed, and perhaps justly, are pliant courtiers of the generation in which they live — for they live in and for the present — in which their success is won; but genius does not belong to the present, for the present is interwoven with the past, of which it is an enlarged copy, while genius is identified with the future, which it is ever trying to realize in the present, and struggles with the present as the dawn struggles with the mists of night — as Christ struggled with Jewish barbarism, Socrates with Athenian superstition, and Bruno with intellectual and theological barbarism.*

* The outgrowth of the past by the present and future, the outgrowth of the old world by the new, in which philosophy is to become a potent reality, was well expressed by T. B. Wakeman in a letter to a young friend who thought of studying philosophy in Germany, as follows: "To crawl back to Europe to study philosphy, is too much like groping about in the Catacombs to find new life. To every one abreast with *Republicanism*, that is, to every true American, Europe is outgrown. Its grandeur in thought or action is of the past. Philosophy is the thought of the living world, as poetry is its emotion, and politics its action. The American Republic is a new environment, which must create its own feelings, thoughts, and activities. Why then should young America put himself or be put into the intellectual armor of the knights of the middle ages? The true answer is given by Gœthe, the European Positive Poet of the modern era, in lines never quoted too often on 'The United States,'—'America thou hast it better, than our Continent, the old.'"

Crushed or martyred in the present, but triumphant in the future, genius is the ever-present savior of mankind, the light that leads us onward — the glimmering on earth of that Divine wisdom which is ever revealing, but never revealed!

And has this God-like element anything to do with education, and with schoolhouses, or universities, which in the past have ever barred their doors, and even their windows against it? Can these doors be unbarred, and the old temples of memory and conservatism be made nurseries of the Divine element which is latent in all human souls? It would be wrong to doubt, for it seems to us an axiomatic truth that there is no element in man which is not capable of culture and development,— aye, even of that ultimate development which will make it the overmastering power, even as kleptomania and homicidal mania have been developed by wretched social institutions into ruling elements of character. May not genius in like manner be cultivated into absolute predominance?

Legitimate as the inference appears, it strikes the average thinker as a wild reverie, and he sees no method of introducing such a culture when the ground is already filled with the commonplace but indispensable elements of the old system, with its uninspiring text-books and vigorous drill of memory.

Let us then look at the practical side of the question, and see if there is an available method for the culture of genius.

As genius is the power that relies upon itself and explores the unknown in fearless independence, the first thing to be done in its culture is to commence the exercise of self-reliance and acquisition of knowledge by the independent power of the pupil. Let him begin as if on the assumption that he is a born genius and must live the life of original, self-reliant manhood, competent to live alone and to lead.

It is not proposed to pamper egotism by asserting the superiority of the juvenile pupil to his comrades and seniors, but to put him to work upon the problems which others have mastered and let him realize the modesty which is produced by the presence of apparently insurmountable obstacles and impenetrable mysteries, which he must resolutely attack and conquer, because they have long since been conquered by human energy, and he, as a human being, must not shrink from doing what others have done, learning what others have learned, and contributing his own fair share of labor, in enlarging the world's stock of knowledge.

He should not be fed with knowledge when he can gather knowledge for himself, nor guided along any road which he is competent to explore by the use of his own faculties. In his very infancy he must be made an independent observer and encouraged to learn, understand, and describe everything going on around him, by questioning him so critically that if his observation is incomplete or inaccurate he will be stimulated to make it complete and perfect.

INTERROGATION IS THE CHIEF AGENCY

of intellectual education, for its function is to compel thought; and it was wisely selected by Socrates for that purpose. From infancy to manhood it should ever be present as the driving and compelling power — compelling to observe, compelling to investigate, compelling to reason, and compelling to remember.

In studies for the profession of medicine, which have necessarily been under my observation, the exercises of the quizzing club among intelligent students have been as valuable as the services of the faculty in perfecting their knowledge.

Beginning in infancy, the pupil should be required to observe and to report upon everything within his sphere. No compulsion will be necessary. Ask him about everything, and listen with interest to his recital. Encourage him to describe the trees, the flowers, the weeds, the garden plants, the poultry and their habits, the animals and their characters, the labors of the garden, the dairy, the farm, the carpenter and hunter. In each conversation you will stimulate him to more critical and effective observation, by questions referring to something that he has overlooked. Ask him to report how the workmen built a fence, or how the carpenter constructed a box, or a wagon; and when he fully understands, ask him if he could not do the same, or something like it, and give him the opportunity of trying his skill. Encourage him with every facility or appliance for doing all that is possible in the way of useful achievement, and when his spontaneous ingenuity suggests a new way of doing anything, or criticises the old way, receive his suggestions with kindly appreciation.

Under such management he will learn more in the first four or five years of his life than in any similar subsequent period, for to him the world is new and every hour brings some

addition to his knowledge, or something to rouse his rational curiosity, which should receive unlimited encouragement.

The INTERROGATION which is to educate him should be his as much as yours. He will ask for facts beyond his reach and reasons which his limited knowledge cannot supply, and his questions should be met so cordially as to encourage him to continue asking.

When he asks of the moon and stars, of the origin of all things and the origin of his own life, he should be frankly and fully told, and he should thus learn when a problem is beyond his own solution how to extract the necessary knowledge from those who possess it.

Greatly will he be aided by having one or more intelligent companions near his own age, to assist and enliven his pursuit of knowledge. The maturity and vigor of thought which may thus be developed in children, and the great range of elementary scientific knowledge they may acquire would astonish any community.

The process is exactly the reverse of the old-fashioned method of stultifying the intellect under pretence of education, which destroys the capacity for thinking. I recollect well my experience over half a century ago with an intelligent girl, thoroughly trained in learning lessons by mere verbal memory, to whom my interrogative method, compelling her to think, seemed at first a mental torture; it was such a violation of her fixed habits.

It establishes at once the most cordial relations between teacher and pupil, and becomes even an intellectual stimulus to the teacher, whose labors are often depressingly monotonous in the old-fashioned school.

The method which I am presenting is not an untried theory, but one which has been eminently successful in proportion as it has been tried. It was the most valuable element in the success of PESTALOZZI, whose name is revered by all true educators, and in the system of FRŒBEL the father of the KINDERGARTEN.*

* Frœbel's method was illustrated by Madam Von M. Buelow as follows: "According to Frœbel's principle, which pursues the empirical way, the first knowledge of the child will come out of his own experience, and he learns to make his generalizations himself, and to reflect upon things in his own way. Only when a strictly individual apprehension of a thing is gained, can the precepts given by others later be really appropriated, and become flesh and blood. A real conviction, which is proof of a stable frame of mind, has

But I think the most remarkable example of its successful application was that of Mr. Ellis, of London, who carried the principle on to its highest results by making his pupils POLITICAL ECONOMISTS through the interrogative method, compelling them to fabricate their own political economy,—producing, in fact, a sounder system than those of the early writers on such subjects; and according to the testimony of Prof. Leverson (himself an able economist), few members of Parliament were better instructed in political economy than these poor boys in London. To state the case as briefly as possible, and show how he reached that result — he would take up for investigation the business or occupations of men by which they earn their living and accumulate wealth, asking the boys questions to develop their own understanding and knowledge of the subject, and, when necessary, supplying himself the items of knowledge beyond their reach. He would say, for example: men plough and sow, reap and mow, grind and bake to procure bread, or he would take up each of these operations and require them to tell what they knew of the methods of procuring bread, and raising grain, and of the connection of each operation with other occupations in the complex transactions of business. Getting thus an idea of the economical basis of society and wealth, he would ask how the men are supported while they are engaged in the work of ploughing, mowing, grinding, or baking; thus leading them to perceive that food and clothing to sustain them must have been procured by previous labor,— in other words, that capital must co-operate with labor — in which they learn that the *reproductive* consumption of industrial life is to be distinguished from *unproductive* consumption, and that the expenditures of an industrial capitalist are not to be compared as to beneficence with the selfish consumption of the wealthy and ostentatious, by which wealth is not increased, but destroyed — a simple and obvious truth which has often failed to be appreciated by persons considered intelligent.

The truth was developed by the catechising process, that

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its roots in the first individual experience of action. *This is the kernel of Frœbel's method that a way has been found to let the individual character of each one unfold itself in fixed freedom.* Frœbel says, "Let each one be a true growth out of himself." When shall we cease to fetter, enslave, or at least *stamp* humanity, nations, and individuals? "This is the point which has been least recognized hitherto."

men by pushing their own interest according to the natural laws of business, produce the greatest amount of wealth, and governmental interference with the natural course of intelligent industry produces injurious effects — a truth which many politicians have failed to realize.

In applying these principles to all sciences and arts, there is no difficulty in making the student develop for himself a great portion of the science and initiate for himself the processes of each art. We should give him the balls on an arithmetical frame or any convenient arrangement and set him to counting by ones, then by twos, threes, fours, and so on, until he is master of addition, doing all the work himself and by the same methods in principle carrying him through multiplication, division, subtraction and all other processes of arithmetic.

In geometry we should interest him to draw geometrical figures, study their properties and relations, and work out the demonstration of the propositions of Euclid for himself, in which, of course, varying degrees of assistance would be needed by different pupils, and a class would assist and stimulate each other, striving to be the first to understand the subject.

As a specimen of training in natural philosophy, let us take up a steam engine. Instead of referring to an engraving, telling what letter A or letter B indicates, we will start to find out the possibility of using steam. What do you think, boys, are the best powers that can be used to do our work? They may suggest horses, cattle, water-mills and wind-mills. If they do not think of steam, ask them the effect of boiling a kettle of water over a hot fire. Pursue the subject until they understand the action of steam, and ask them to suggest some plan of putting the steam to work. With a few hints they will devise a cylinder and piston and cocks to admit the steam on each side of the piston. Let them then try to make the piston work the cocks or valves, so as to regulate the supply of steam and call their attention to defects for which they will contrive a remedy in the fly-wheel. In a few lessons thus conducted they will perfect the plans of the best steam-engines and fully understand the difference between the best models of to-day and the earlier attempts.

In this manner they should be led through all the facts, apparatus, and experiments of natural philosophy, and when conven-

ient, be encouraged to construct apparatus for their own experiments.*

Is it not obvious in such examples as these that when we compel youth to think by friendly interrogation, we not only interest them deeply, but make them real masters of the themes that engage their attention, competent to discuss them and to present their ideas to others? The boy thus trained in political economy can discuss the subject with his seniors. The boy thus trained in the laboratory, making his own experiments and investigations, can effectively teach others, or apply his chemical knowledge in practice, and overcome difficulties in application, as he overcame them in his experiments.

I well remember one of the first examples I have known of such instruction, when a little lad trained in this way, scarcely three feet high, was brought out to talk upon chemistry before a Kentucky legislature, to the profound astonishment of the rural members (some of whom it is said regarded his experiments in electricity as a "mere slight of hand business!"). That boy, when he grew up, became president of the railroad running through the capital.

The practicable range of the youthful mind is far wider than has ever been supposed. The boy may not be able to penetrate any subject so profoundly or to accumulate quite as large a stock of knowledge as his seniors, but he can *traverse the entire circuit of the sciences*, beginning with the rudiments of each, and every year enlarging the circle that he occupies as he moves in an enlarging spiral.

From my own observations I should say that boys of ten years, rightly managed from the first, should be already familiar with the *outlines* of botany, zoology, chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, geology, mineralogy, mechanics, and physiology as well as of geography and history, — *outlines*, it is true, but more extensive outlines than our schools recognize as possible. I speak of a living, clear, active, interested knowledge, developed *in the mind*, not piled upon it as a burden.

Interrogative and developing education differs from the education of *cram* as a living figure differs from a motionless clay model, gathered and moulded by the artist — the creature

* Similar views have been expressed in a small work entitled "Inventional Geometry," which is not now within my reach.

of his mind — as the great majority of scholars have heretofore been, but the product of their schools, whose sentiments and mental peculiarities could be known by knowing the schools in which they were moulded as passive clay.

It is a terrible power exercised by colleges, and especially professional schools, of manufacturing fixed opinions, habits, and prejudices for the rising generation — fixed because their minds have not been vitalized with the energy of original thought sufficiently to throw off the habits that have been imposed.

It is a very instructive lesson indeed, as to the power of education which has been presented for half a century in this country, by the itinerant exhibitors of what has been called mesmeric, psychologic, biologic or hypnotic phenomena, which have *at last* secured the reluctant attention of the faculty in France — half a century after the independent public had learned the facts.

These facts show that there is a wonderful plasticity in the human mind, which is developed to the highest degree in its passive condition, but almost disappears in the active struggles and contests of life.

Ten minutes or less of absolute passiveness and fixed attention will render a large number of persons (the statistics are very indefinite, but the number is alarmingly large,) the helpless creatures of the operator's command, ready to believe anything he asserts, and play any fantastic part he assigns them.

This credencive, plastic, hypnotizable element, which thus predominates in so many, is an essential element in all humanity; and hence no one can assume the passive attitude of the pupil for months or years before an impressive teacher, without showing the effects in all his after life; while a large number are as effectively controlled and remodelled as the embryo in the womb is controlled by a prenatal impression. The *alma mater* is to them as controlling a power as the natural mother.

Thus are habits, opinions, prejudices, and falsehoods perpetuated from age to age, as constitutions are transmitted by inheritance — the hypnotized youth being controlled by a power located far back in the past, in some age of barbaric energy, which has been continually reproducing its image by successive repetition from the perverted old to the helpless

young. It is by this fantastic and terrible power that the Chinese maiden has been compelled to torture herself by mutilating her feet, the Hindoo widow to perish in the funeral flames of her husband's corpse, the white Caucasian adherent of Romanism to kneel in the streets as some tawdry image is carried by, and even the proud Anglo-Saxon to perpetuate his own follies, which, in an Anglo-Saxon country it might not be polite or politic to mention.

This long-endured tyranny of the past over the present and future is the iron band that must be burst before the beneficent career of genius can be realized.

A false educational system is the channel of that barbarian power — a system which aims to perpetuate the faith of remote ancestors on every subject by corporations and endowments, with faculties trained to hypnotic methods, looking with horror or dread upon innovation, and fortifying their pupils against it. To them all wisdom is in the past, and the future is full of danger, for they realize tacitly, perhaps unconsciously, what the Pope and his cardinals proclaim boldly, that *free thought* is the destruction of everything sacred and true.

There are two contradictory propositions which are the inevitable alternatives from which we must choose. Either the past is the centre and source of infallible wisdom and the changing, progressive future ought to be chained and suppressed, or the past is the realm of every form of ignorance from which we are escaping, and the progress to greater knowledge and wisdom in the future should be urged onward with all our power.

Here is the conflict in education of the two opposite systems, the conservative system which fails to develop mental independence and strength, and loads the pupil with the burden of pre-determined opinions, under which he cannot move, and on the other hand, the free interrogative system, which loads the pupil with nothing, but places him on his feet and compels him to walk independently until it becomes impossible to check or arrest his onward march.

The properly educated youth will carry in his eye the credentials of his worth,— the eye which Emerson said gives the exact indication of one's rank in the immense scale of men. Like the eyes of Carlyle and of Burns, it will glow

with the brightness of an untrammelled Soul, confident in its own strength.

Believing in the Divine plan of the human constitution and the Divine faculty of intuition, bestowed in various degrees upon the better portion of the human race, of which the world does not yet even suspect the power, we must admit that the emancipation of the mind from all hindrances, and the development of its independent thought is, above all other things, the true purpose of intellectual education, and the infallible method of consummating the mighty march of evolution.

Thus, kind reader, you have received at least some definite hints as to the emancipating and developing method of *intellectual* education, that will make vigorous, original minds the first and chief pre-requisite to the development of GENIUS. Give us this, and genius will sometime appear.

But the special culture and development of genius requires something more. It requires lofty spiritual elements which it is admissible to suppose may be in some degree imparted by mental contagion and imitation, but which are so foreign to all ideas of educational systems and so difficult to present satisfactorily to those who are not already somewhat familiar with the arcana of the soul, that I must pause here at the allotted limits of this paper, for to go on would require another of equal length, but in taking leave I must express my unalterable faith in the absolute future evolution of genius, the Divine element of humanity, by methods which are already understood.

DEMOCRACY OF LABOR ORGANIZATION.

BY GEORGE E. McNEILL.

In the contest of the town meeting with the throne, of Samuel Adams with King George III., the royal advocates and defenders called the patriot fathers agitators, incendiaries, and demagogues, and denounced the town meeting as a rabble led by designing men, who sought their own advancement at the cost of their foolish followers.

The Tories of to-day are but imitators of their illustrious prototypes, and they who organize the oppressed laborers or who denounce the tyranny of capital craft, find the Tory defenders and advocates of this day as prolific in words of denunciation as did the patriot fathers.

Invested personal interests, whether political, religious, or industrial, are necessarily antagonistic to human progress. Evil, whether spelled with a capital D or not, insists that all changes, unless proposed by the defenders of existing conditions, are dangerous. The same cry of non-interference that protested against every step from serfdom and chattel slavery, now cries out against the larger liberty of labor; and when organized effort seeks relief or remedy, the organization is condemned as foolish, dangerous, and tyrannical.

For some years past the attention of thinking people has been attracted to a consideration of the dangers that threaten our free institutions and industrial progress from the tyranny of organized capital, in corporations, trusts, and syndicates. To call off attention from themselves they raise the cry of the tyranny of labor organizations, and their salaried and otherwise enriched servants re-echo the cry.

Trades Unions are not the new creation of recent agitation; they can be traced back to the fourteenth century in Germany and doubtless existed prior to that time. They were, and are, the result of an awakened appreciation of the desirability of personal liberty and of a larger personal prop-

erty; they are the folk-mote of industrial circles; the meeting of craftsmen for the discussion of trade matters and polity; they are democracies ruled by majorities; not kingdoms ruled by edicts.

The so-called tyranny of the trades unions in this country then, must be of the same kind as that under which we live as a republic.

The active cause of human development is found in the democratic spirit that prompts organized resistance to encroachments upon the natural rights and acquired privileges of the great body of the people. The counteracting force of tyranny by its usurpations compels defensive resistance and finally aggressive warfare.

The progress of the manual laborers who were slaves, then serfs, and are now termed freemen, is marked by the associated efforts of members of their class, and by the opposition of those of antagonistic interests, the employers, the unemployed, the cultured, the comfortable, and those who govern or rule the political society called government. Whatever the motive of an association, the methods must partake largely of those of their antagonists.

Freemen combine, tyrants conspire. The combination of freemen to overthrow tyranny may be forced to work secretly, but such secrecy is not a conspiracy; it is a confession of tyrannical power. The power of discharge which means banishment or starvation may be met with the freemen's power to strike, even to the enforced bankruptcy of the antagonist.

Those who narrow their conception of a truth by adhering to the literal dictionary definition of a word, and whose conception of the meaning of words and benefits of customs are founded upon past theories, confuse themselves and those with whom they have influence, when they apply the word conspiracy to the associated efforts of men who seek greater opportunities of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

A recent writer in the *North American Review*, whose conception of democracy is limited to the government of the Reading R. R. corporation, in attempting to point out the tyranny of labor organizations has confused himself and his readers by his misconception of the words democracy and tyranny. One could as well expect the Pope to preach Protestantism, and the Czar of Russia to advocate Nihilism,

as the representative of the Reading Railroad corporation to acknowledge the fact that the trades unions of England and America are industrial democracies, the historical, economic republics of labor, within whose circle of power and influence the gem of economic liberty is held and fostered for the day of the emancipation of labor.

As the ancient guilds were the result of the enlarged liberty of mechanics and the congregation of peoples into cities, so the trades unions originated and are strongest in the highest centres of industrial civilization.

The mechanics of the eleventh century were slaves, but as their masters, the lords and barons, came into contact with Roman civilization, their wants increased and the demand for greater skill and more skilled handicraftsmen increased the dignity of labor; the absolute right of the lord became less and the spirit of freedom grew stronger; bands of craftsmen intrenched themselves against the barons and knights, and the free cities and craft guilds were founded.

In the thirteenth century the craft guilds embraced all callings, and existed in all parts of the Continent and in England. The craft guilds were trades unions, governing trade matters, for the interest of masters and men. No one could become a master, that is, employer, unless he belonged to the guild. When necessary they forced all who practiced the trades to join their guild; they refused applications for membership when their interests required; they possessed judicial and police powers; controlled the prices and quality of goods, subject to regulations that protected the consumer; they gave opportunity to non-guild mechanics out of the cities to sell the product of their labor in open market at stated times, under the same conditions as to local mechanics; manufacturers were compelled to mark their goods with the name of the manufacturer; the city walking delegate, then called inspector, visited the shops and inspected the work, not only of the journeymen, but of the masters; severe punishments were inflicted for the manufacture or sale of poor goods and for cheating; and they restricted the income of capital within narrow limits. As the journeymen soon became masters there was little social difference.

The manufacturers of cloth requiring more workers than the other crafts, the cloth weavers had very much less opportunity of becoming masters, and a large class of free work-

men arose with practically no hope of advancement. It was this condition that led the weavers to organize a union of journeymen, first within their guild, and then by members of the same craft out of the guild. This journeymen's union was at first but a defensive weapon against the efforts of the masters to force them back into a condition almost as hopeless as that of serfdom from which they had just emerged, and it was these unions that saved the laborers from becoming the vassal subjects of industrial despotism. Prof. James has said that the labor movement as a distinct effort of the laborers had its rise at this time.

From time to time benefits were added; they sought to secure employment for their unemployed members, and gave assistance to those travelling in search of work; every journeyman was required to pay a part of his wages into the treasury of the union, and in some cases, the guilds were required to assist the unions financially.

The rapid growth of the cloth industry increased the number of workmen in greater proportion than the number of masters, and the weavers' guild soon became a mere masters' association; the guild became rich; the journeymen grew from worse to worse; the serfs in the farming districts escaped into the cities and flooded the labor market until the condition of the weavers was as bad as that of the serfs. Competition became so fierce that the capital invested was endangered; new regulations were adopted, and it soon became impossible for anyone to become a master unless he was the possessor of property, and thus the purpose of the guild was destroyed; the same influences, the same industrial conditions brought the same results in the other crafts, until in the latter part of the fourteenth century the interests of the masters, now capitalists, and their workmen had become separate and antagonistic. Wages were reduced; conditions of labor made more objectionable, and the reduced income was still further impaired by the introduction of the truck system. Every effort was made to keep the journeyman in a condition of dependence. One of the most vicious and dangerous methods of the masters to debase the men was by excessively increasing the number of apprentices. The unions of the journeymen had at this time become so strong as to prove a formidable barrier against the masters. Then commenced the non-union warfare, and the arguments urged

in the fourteenth century against the organization of the journeymen were such as are used in the nineteenth century. The masters attempted to break up the unions while making their own unions more and more powerful; they refused to employ union men, and discharged them whenever feasible. As open meetings were thus endangered they conducted their affairs in secret, adopting signs and symbols for recognition and relief. Many of the unions still further covered their identity by assuming the names of religious brotherhoods and fraternities. The work of these unions was directed specially to keep up wages, restrict the number of apprentices, and to awaken and inculcate a sense of honor among the members. They resorted to strikes as a means of compelling justice.

It is not the purpose of this article to give the history of these organizations even in brief, but reference to this matter has been made to call attention to the fact that they had their rise from the growing spirit of independence; they were the democracies of their day working for the good of civilization.

In England the trades unions are of a much later date; there the government fixed the rate of wages and the hours of labor; they granted assistance to unemployed laborers, but as they forced the men to work at fixed prices and forbade organization, the workmen were but the vassals of government. The system had its advantages as well as disadvantages; the regularity of employment and of income was guaranteed, and the masters were also under government restraint.

In the eighteenth century, in England the journeymen became rebellious and strikes of great magnitude were of frequent occurrence. The guilds had become oppressive, and an attack was made upon them in France and Germany as well as in England. In France the Physiocrats claimed "that the right to labor was the property of every person and that such property was the most inalienable."

In England Adam Smith lead the force against the guilds, and succeeded in lessening their power and changing the masters without freeing the men. The restrictions upon trade were removed, but new burdens were added to the journeymen. The idea of the non-interference of the government as between the employer and the employed was carried

to its utmost; the hours of labor were increased almost beyond human endurance; children were taken from the poorhouses and were forced to work; wages were reduced, and the divine right of the employer to be the sole arbitrator of the condition of the laborer was so firmly established that even American employers and capitalists believe in it to this day. The industrial system of the middle ages had become a thing of the past, and as Prof. James says, "the immediate result was a decided deterioration in the condition of the laborer; the mill and the factory lords, who came to take the place of the old master mechanic, exploited in the most merciless manner the great mass of laborers, who were now delivered, bound hand and foot, into their hands!" The condition of the operatives in the factory districts and the mining regions of England was horrible beyond belief. Organizations of laborers were prohibited under severe penalties, nevertheless, secret combinations were made; the ideas of the new political economists had gained complete control over the governing classes, and the same arguments that are made now against labor legislation were made then. The increased production in consequence of the improvements in machinery lead to the employment of more women and children. Great numbers of people were half-starved and over-worked; outrages multiplied until life and property were not safe; the courts, Parliament, and all avenues by which they could make their grievances known, were closed to them. They were living in a civilized country under conditions that made them more and more barbarous. The ears of the public were deaf and their eyes were blind, until the cry of danger awakened them and the bloody hand frightened them into action. The loss of life and property compelled the English government to inaugurate a system of legislation as early as the beginning of the present century that has grown to be the most perfect protective legislation in the civilized world.

In 1824 the prohibitions against the organization of laborers was abolished in England, and to their continued, systematic efforts is largely due great advancement in the condition of the labor world.

The trades unions in this country were in their origin, not foreign importations in any sense other than all associations are of such parentage. At first they were social and

charitable organizations of craftsmen,* but as the pressure of the competitive system grew stronger, the sentiment of pride, of craft, which was once much stronger than at present, forced them to use their influence to resist the infringement of ancient privileges, until they were compelled by the law of self-protection to adopt gradually the present features.

They are Industrial Democracies, — oases in the desert of Industrial Monarchism; citadels, armories, and recruiting centres in the warfare of humanity against the usurpation of the assumed divine rights of capitalism in all matters pertaining to his time, skill, and endurance.

The town meeting warfare upon kingcraft was centred by the trades unions upon the same spirit that claims absolute despotism in the shop, factory, and work-yard.

The employer claims the right to discharge any person employed with or without cause by his sovereign will. He denies the right of the worker to a voice in fixing the hours of labor, wages, or conditions of employment. There is no mutual agreement of employer and employed; no system for the settlement of grievances, save that of the despotic power of the employer. The worker is forced to assent to whatever the employer proposes; his consent is never asked. Workingmen were long denied and are now frequently denied the right to organize for their own interests, and anyone of their number attempting to organize a trades union, is not only discharged, but is prevented from securing employment; that is, prevented from selling his time, skill, and endurance wherever the employers' influence can reach. The employers refuse to confer on equal terms with the committees of the employees.

In the article in the *North American Review* to which we have referred, open boast is made that employers refuse to employ union men and "those who prefer the unions are required to quit the service," in other words, sober, industrious, skilful workingmen are discharged for no other cause than that of membership in a labor organization.

The members of these unions were, and are now, largely ignorant of the struggle of their fellow craftsmen in past times and in other countries, but as like cause produces like effect, so the American craftsmen found themselves pressed

* Organizations of this kind existed prior to the Revolution period.

downward by their industrial and social environments and pressed upward by the free institutions of the Republic. This double pressure, accelerated by the importation and emigration of the cheaper laborers of other countries, forced the buyers and sellers of labor into such competition as to endanger the liberty of those who had time, skill, and endurance to sell.

The cry for cheaper labor was answered by the demand for less hours and higher wages. Unorganized they were powerless; their incomes became less and less secure, the avenues of advancement were closed to the vast majority; the system which forced the workers upon textiles in the thirteenth century backward toward serfdom, was forcing the school-taught American backward toward the pauper and semi-pauper conditions of the old world. The factory lords were compelled to be as merciless as were their predecessors.

The apprenticeship system gave way to a system of employing young persons and children, and this was carried to such an extent as to discourage the investment of time in learning a trade.

It is universally confessed that under the competitive system the business of producing and distributing the products of labor know no other law than that of supply and demand. Taught in this school the workers had no relief or remedy other than that of an artificial control of the labor market. They organized local unions, and from these unions the national bodies were formed,

The Trades Union is the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Bank, the Insurance Society, the Legislature and Congress of the seller of labor.

The form of their organization was copied not from the monarchial but from the republican form of government.* Each local union is the same as a New England township, with universal equal suffrage; they enact their own by-laws; elect their own officers; restrict the term of office; establish quorums; adopt rules of order and an order of business and conduct their meeting by the usual methods of Parliamentary bodies. All rights not conferred by vote upon the superior body (usually the national body) are held by the local unions.

* This is true of all trades unions in all countries and from the earliest history.

The national body is a Congress composed of delegates elected from the members of the local unions usually once a year, although in some instances they have followed the pernicious example of some of the capitalistic controlled legislatures, of selecting delegates bi-annually.

The Congress of Delegates elect the national officers in the same manner as fraternal and beneficial associations. The constitution prescribes and restricts the powers and duties of all officers and committees and fixes their salaries.

The method of amending the constitution is democratic; giving each member the opportunity to vote upon each amendment. Every provision is made for deliberation upon every question. It is not in the power of any president or other officer or committee to order a strike, although it is within the power in some unions for the president or executive committee to veto a strike if the necessary deliberate constitutional steps have not been taken. In the most advanced trades unions a strike is not permitted until the consent of a majority of the local unions has been obtained.

The local trades union is a school of democracy; the only opportunity that the average manual laborer has of exercising the freeman's right of free speech.

The town meeting was the school of the political republic; without it these free and independent States would have remained the dependencies of Great Britain. The local union is the primary and grammar school, as the national body is the high school and college of the industrial republic of the future.

Local officers, except secretaries and walking delegates, are unpaid. The salaries of national officers in all but one or two instances are very inadequate. Walking delegates receive the same pay as their fellow craftsmen.

There are no associations of men upon this continent so free from all that comes under the definition of tyrannical organizations as the trades unions; it is true that tyrannical acts can be performed under republican forms of government; instances of such acts can be found in the daily experiences of life. The enemies of these societies would quote the interference with non-union men as an illustration of tyranny, and by the magnified power of their prejudice would claim that personal violence was the rule and not the exception. In an early part of this paper the author has

called attention to the fact that whatever the motive of the association the methods must partake largely of those of their antagonists. The interference with non-union men by trades unions and by trades union men is the same in mind as is the common practice of the employing class towards their competitors, and is a part of the environment of the competitive system. The acts of men and of organizations must be placed in comparison with those of their environment. Criticised by the high standard of Christ's non-resistant government of love, it must be declared that for all associations of men there should be but one verdict: "meni, meni, ..."

The thoughtful observer of events will acknowledge that the buyers and sellers of labor are in war relations to each other; their interests are antagonistic; profits upon investments require the greatest possible reduction of all elements of cost, and the enhancement of the selling price to the highest possible point. Competition between invested interests tends constantly to the reduction of profits to the minimum, and in many cases to the loss of part or all of the money, service, and time invested. The pressure of this competition against profit is felt first and most and sometimes entirely, by the laborer through a reduction of wages, that is the impairment of his investment; his capital of time, and skill, and endurance upon which there is no profit.

The laborer is also subjected to the competition of other laborers, even if of less skill and endurance, as well as from improved machinery and methods of performing the service. He is also subjected constantly to the danger of the annihilation of the market for his skill by machinery, by fashion, and by industrial stagnation and financial panic. It would be folly for him not to seek the highest possible pay. The small employer is also under the same law of fashion and of the necessity for the introduction of expensive machinery.

The interference with non-union men of which the self-interested advocates of the competitive system complain, is a legitimate mode of warfare; the non-union man is an enemy; the ally of opposing interests; but in the history of the war of races, nations, and interests, no enemy has been treated so leniently as a rule as the non-unionist. A very large part of the money and time of the union man is expended to induce every worker to join his union. Lectures by unpaid

and underpaid lecturers are constantly given. Literature is distributed and personal canvasses are made for the sake of the non-unionist as much as the unionist; for he is an equal partaker in the results. If the non-unionist refuse all entreaty and the union is sufficiently strong, he will be ostracized industrially and socially. As a wage-worker he enjoys the reduced hours of labor, the higher wages, and general improvement of his class through the services of the union, without having paid his proportion of the tax and sometimes without his sympathy. He has small sense of honor; he will receive all of the benefits and at times smite the hand that bestowed them. To work with such a man is a constant danger and a continual disgrace, yet the doors of the union are not closed to him except in very rare instances for a period of time. In all unions amnesties are declared, under which all past offences are forgiven. To the honor of the wage-workers it can be said as a rule even the non-union mechanic will not take the place of a man on strike; he will with considerable show of pride declare that he is not a scab.*

Those who extol the scab as a man of personal independence falsify history and slander every sense of honor among men. As well term the professional tramp a gentleman of leisure, independent and high-minded, as extol the scab as a "manly man, who attends to his work diligently, maintains his family respectably, and is in all things a good order-loving and peaceable citizen."

The scab is a man who by the fact that he is ready to take the place of a man on strike is confessed to be unemployed at the time of the strike. He is so reduced in circumstances that he is forced to work or starve; his sense of honor is gone; his sense of hunger and dependence alone remain; as a rule he is imported from a distant city and is discharged as incompetent and shiftless as soon after the strike is ended as is possible. The exceptions to the rule are the few union men who falsify their obligation by continuing at work during a strike. The usual methods of interference are first, personal persuasion, second, by offers of money. In no instance does the organized body by its constitution or laws do any personal violence. To say that mobs of men assault

*A scab is a man who has proved false to his union or has taken the place belonging to a man on a strike.

the scabs is the same as to say that human nature is the same among rich and poor. Persons who endanger the personal interest of a class or community are obnoxious, and will suffer, whether justly or not, at the hands of those with whose interest they conflict. The fact is that the law does not protect the laborer in his property or situation. He has the right not only of employment, but of place, in the factory, shop, or railroad to which he has sold his services. It is the just instinct of right that has always and everywhere held that a man has the sole right to the position and permanence of employment, subject to his continual competence to perform his day's work and to his own will.

The trades unions and all labor organizations are not only industrial, but social and political democracies. As social democracy they have, in a measure, held the level of American citizenship from the debasing influences of the excessive and dangerous influx of those whose habits of life and thought are as low as their wages; they have encouraged temperance by the power of association and by the added responsibilities of deliberative assemblies, and by the hope of advancement; they have acquired habits of thought much in advance of the unorganized. They are better socially because they are better fitted for social life.

Trades unions have no political partisanship, yet they are political democracies; they discuss such questions as production and distribution, taxation, tariffs, school opportunities and privileges, the sanitary requirements of the people, and to them is largely due the awakened interest in political and social economy. It was labor organizations that originated the bureaus of labor statistics; secured the passage of the laws reducing the hours of labor to women and children; prohibited the employment of children under ten years of age; secured the enactment of laws providing for the better education of children; provided factory and workshop inspection; protected the lives and limbs of factory operatives; secured the mechanics' lien law, and provided indemnity for accidents; abolished the truck system in many places; provided for weekly payments by corporations; abolished the contract convict labor system in some of the States. They have increased wages and reduced hours of labor; prevented strikes and reduction of wages; compelled arbitration and conciliation, and have done much to restore the

wage-worker to his true dignity as a man. They have distributed millions of dollars to the sick, the orphan, and the widow; encouraged technical knowledge and skill; improved the literary taste of the members, and enlarged the arena for the development of a higher and better citizenship.

As the history of the development of labor is better known and the teachings of Christ better understood, the warnings of the past will be heeded and the competitive system of warfare for personal interests will give way to peaceful emulation for the common good.

CENTURIES OF DISHONOR.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

SOME few years since, the nation was startled by the publication of a very remarkable book, written by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and entitled, "A Century of Dishonor." It arraigned the Government and people of the United States for their dishonorable and unjust treatment of the Indians during the last hundred years. The stories of broken faith, of violated treaties, of inhuman deeds of violence, of persistent and unprovoked injustice, were all proven from the Official Reports of the Government. The fearless author startled the country as with the call of a trump to judgment. A new departure was ordered in the management of Indian affairs. Reforms were inaugurated, which are still progressing. And organizations of noble men and women — a sacramental host of God's elect — are pledged to work for the Indians until justice, personal rights, and the protection of law are accorded them, and they are secure in permanent homes, manhood, and freedom.

Whoever shall write of the wrongs of women must entitle the story, "Centuries of Dishonor." And the arraignment will not be confined to one nation, but will include all races and peoples of the earth, from the date of their historic existence. Over the female half of the human family, there has steadily brooded a cloud of gloom and repression, of disability and servitude. The past denied to women the possession of souls, and they have been relegated to the ignorance and injustice, to which men have always doomed those regarded as inferiors. Among the Hindoos, woman was the slave of man, and was considered so immensely his inferior, that she was forbidden to speak his language, and was condemned to use the *patois* of slaves. Under the old Roman law, the husband was the sole tribunal of the wife. He controlled her property, earnings, and religion; she was allowed no rights in her own children; her husband held over

her the power of life and death, and she could invoke no law against him. The Hebrews pronounced woman an afterthought of the Deity, and the mother of all evil. The Greek law regarded her as a child, and held her in everlasting tutelage. Aristotle and they of his school called her a "monster," and "an accidental production."

When the councils of the mediæval church came together to decide on the instruction needful to the young, they hastened to count women out, and to declare them "unfit for instruction." The early Christian fathers denounced them as "noxious animals," "painted temptresses," "necessary evils," "desirable calamities," and "domestic perils." From the English Heptarchy to the Reformation, the law proclaimed the wife to be, "in all cases, and under all circumstances, her husband's creature, servant, and slave." To Diderot, the French philosopher, even in the eighteenth century, woman was only a "courtesan." To Montesquieu, she was "an attractive child," to Rousseau, "an object of pleasure to man." To Michelet, nearly a century later, she was "a natural invalid."

The contemptuous opinion of woman, entertained by the past, has found expression, not alone in literature, but in unjust laws and customs. "In marriage, the world over, she has been a serf. As a mother she has been robbed of her children. In public instruction she has been ignored. In labor she has been a menial, and then been inadequately compensated. Civilly, she has been a minor, and politically she has had no existence. She has been the equal of man only when punishment and the payment of taxes were in question." Mme. de Stael wrote truly, "that of all the faculties with which nature had gifted woman, she had been able to exercise fully but one — the faculty of suffering."

Born and bred for centuries under such conditions of injustice, it has not been possible for women to rise much above the arbitrary standards of inferiority persistently set before them. Here and there through the ages, exceptional women, endowed with phenomenal force of character, have towered above the mediocrity of their sex, hinting at the qualities imprisoned in the feminine nature. It is not strange that these instances have been rare. It is strange, indeed, that women have held their own during these centuries of degradation. And as, by a general law of heredity, "the

inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the conservatism of women to-day, and for the indifference, not to say hostility, with which many regard the movements for their advancement.

For a new day has dawned, and humanity has moved forward to an era where wrong and slavery are being displaced, and reason and justice are being recognized as the rule of life. Science is extending immeasurably the bounds of knowledge and power. Art is refining life, giving to it beauty and grace. Literature bears in her hands whole ages of comfort and sympathy. Industry, aided by the hundred-handed elements of nature, is increasing the world's wealth, and invention is economizing its labor. The age looks steadily to the redressing of wrong, to the righting of every form of error and injustice. And a tireless and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the most hopeful characteristics of the time. Notwithstanding deplorable corruption in politics, dishonesty in business, and immorality in social life, there is so humane a spirit dominating the age in which we live, that even the brute creation share in it, and we have hundreds of societies organized to prevent cruelty to animals.

It could not be possible in such an era, but that women should share in the justice and kindliness with which the time is fraught, and the last quarter of a century has lifted them to higher levels.

The doors of colleges, professional schools, and universities, closed against them for ages, are opening to them. They are invited to pursue the same courses of study as their brothers, and are graduated with the same diplomas, and the question of woman's collegiate education is practically settled.

Trades, businesses, remunerative industries, and the liberal professions seek women; and their capacity for public affairs receives large recognition in the United States. They are elected, or appointed, to such offices as those of county clerk, register of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, State librarian, overseer of the poor, school supervisor, school superintendent, executors and administrators of estates, trustees, guardians, engrossing clerks of State legislatures, superintendents of women's State prisons, college principals and professors, and members of boards of State charities, lunacy, and correction. And in all these positions women serve with men, who

acknowledge most graciously the practical wisdom and virtue they bring to their duties.

Women are occupying positions as accountants and book-keepers, physicians and surgeons, painters, sculptors, and architects, authors and journalists, clergywomen and lawyers, and when admitted to practise law at the bar of their own States, they have the right to practise at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. President Grant appointed over five thousand women to the office of post-mistress. Even the laws relating to women which are the last to feel the change in public opinion — usually dragging a whole generation behind — even these are being annually revised and amended, and then fail to keep abreast of the advancing civilization. For the gradual evolution of women during the last half century has led them to protest against the injustice of the laws that concern them. Lord Brougham pronounced the common law of England "a disgrace to any heathen nation," so far as it related to women. And this law prevailed almost everywhere in the United States, until the woman suffrage movement was inaugurated some thirty or forty years ago. Then began changes in the laws for women, and legitimately following this gain in their favor, the right to vote has been given them on questions connected with the public schools in fourteen States. New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Oregon, Indiana, and New Jersey, have given women school suffrage on terms and for purposes more or less restricted. So, also, have the Territories of Idaho, Dakota, and Wyoming.

In Utah and Washington Territories women have exercised the right of suffrage until recently. In Utah they lost it by the passage of the Edmunds bill, aimed at the abolition of Mormon polygamy, and in Washington, by a decision of the Territorial Supreme Court on a technicality. In the States of Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, women are allowed to hold school offices but not to vote on school matters. In California women are eligible to all educational offices except those from which the State Constitution excludes them, and in Wisconsin they are eligible to any office connected with the schools but that of State superintendent. In Maine, Connecticut, and Tennessee women can hold "certain" school offices.

In Massachusetts, women are limited to a vote for school committee. In Michigan, Vermont, and in New York, until recently, only tax-paying women could vote. In Oregon, only widows, having taxable property, and children to educate. In Indiana, only women not married, nor minors, who pay taxes, and are listed as guardians, parents or heads of families. Women have full suffrage in one Territory, Wyoming. There they have exercised it on the same terms as men since 1869, and they habitually vote in somewhat larger proportion to their numbers than do men. Women have a right to vote "by petition" on the granting of liquor licenses in Arkansas and Mississippi. In Kansas, women have been given municipal suffrage, in all cities of first, second, and third class, which last includes incorporated towns and villages, containing only five hundred inhabitants.

Something like nineteen years ago, England gave municipal suffrage to unmarried women on the same terms as men. It accomplished such admirable results, especially in the management of public schools and the care of the poor, that Parliament granted the same right to the women of Scotland. In 1880, the women of the Isle of Man, who owned real estate equal in value to twenty dollars a year, were given the parliamentary franchise. When they voted for the first time in 1881, the local press announced that "the new political element acted in the most admirable manner." In Canada, five provinces give a restricted municipal suffrage to women, and the concurrent testimony of all parties, and of the Minister of Finance, Hon. Geo. Foster, is that the result is altogether in the interest of temperance and high morality.

It is evident, therefore, to all who watch the movements of the times, that the experiment of full woman suffrage will be made at no very remote day, not only in America, but among all civilized peoples. Women are throbbing with the same general unrest against a government to which they have never consented, as men have manifested in their long struggle for liberty against kings, emperors, popes, and czars. "The ultimate form of government for the world is republican," says Matthew Arnold, "and America easily leads the future." Public opinion, in our country, long ago decided that "universal suffrage is the first truth and only basis of a genuine republic," and that "no just government can be formed without the consent of the governed." Our fathers enunciated

and defended these doctrines by a generation of dispute with the British crown, and at last won their case, in the arbitrament of a seven years' war. They probably did not think of women at the time. They used the word "people," which includes women, and what they struggled for and won was a principle of universal application. For if the ballot is given man to protect him in "his life, liberty, and property," for the same reasons should it be given to woman, as she has the same "life, liberty, and property" to protect. And this is to-day very largely conceded, for no valid argument can be made against it.

During the last fifty years, the evolution of woman has lifted her out of a legal relation to man, which was that of a servant to a master, or a ward to a guardian. To-day, she stands by his side a disfranchised citizen. Every step of her advance from slavery to her present partial freedom, has been hotly contested by men, and sometimes by women, who in selfish luxury, and unthinking ignorance, have been subsidized by demagogues, and used as flails to beat back their struggling sisters from the attainment of their aims. The bitter conflict still goes on. There is no lack of vulgar inuendo, or ignoble political dodge, among the weapons of woman's opponents. Every rag of prejudice, and every threadbare scrap of objection are brought into requisition when women demand their rights, although they have been shrivelled a hundred times in the scorching fires of the last forty years' debate. Let us look at a few of them.

Women do not want to vote, and will not vote. Over 50,000 women of Kansas voted at the last municipal election. The women of Wyoming Territory, who have full suffrage, vote in larger numbers than do the men, and they have done so for the last twenty years. About 23,000 women of Boston voted last year for school committee, which, by their help, was cleansed of the sectarian Catholic influence, that had begun an injurious domination of the public schools. More than 50,000 women of Massachusetts have petitioned for woman suffrage, and an immense number in all the States, collectively. The ballot was given to the freedmen of the South, at the close of the war, not because they had petitioned for it, and held conventions for the expression of their desires, for they had done neither. It was thought they needed it for their protection and development. Not more than half

the men of the country can be induced to register or vote, except on some exciting occasion, like a presidential election. As far as they have had opportunity, women have certainly, thus far, done as well as men.

The best women will not vote, and all the bad women will. It is the best women of America and Europe who are working to obtain suffrage for women. Will they not be likely to use what they are striving so earnestly to win for themselves and their sex? And why should not bad women vote since bad men are always certain to be found at the polls, while good men will often excuse themselves from this duty from lack of time and interest? But if bad women do vote they will only constitute a very small minority of the sex. For at one of the late annual conferences of the National Prison Reform Association, it was stated by the Secretary that while about fifty-four thousand men are to-day in the penitentiaries of the United States, there are only about five thousand women. Good women hold the balance of moral power in our land.

If women vote, it will divide the family. But women are allowed to choose their own religion, and frequently connect themselves with other churches than those favored by their husbands and fathers. There has always been more contention over religion than over politics, and women, in particular, are very impatient of interference with their religion. Yet, very frequently the wife is a communicant of one church, and the husband of another, or of none, or he abstains entirely from church attendance. But the family is not disrupted, and it is evident from the seeming harmony of the household, that the two have "agreed to disagree." But if it is essential that the politics of the husband and wife shall be identical, it must be settled at marriage, and the lover must stipulate that the woman of his choice shall not only love him, but vote the same ticket, and on no occasion bolt the nomination.

But women will only vote as their husbands or fathers do. Which is saying simply that women have no preferences of their own, and would vote as men do and have done, on the temperance question, the various school questions, the licensing of the social evil, the question of their right to control their own property, or have a legal ownership in their minor children. It is stultifying to talk such nonsense.

Women are represented already, by the men of their household. Men cannot represent women until women shall give their legal consent that they may. Men are unlike women, and represent only their own tastes, interests, and occupations, which are material. The special interests of women are in the home, in the children, in the future of the race, in what really concerns the highest civilization. One man is sent to the halls of legislature, or to Congress, to represent railroads — another, to represent iron interests — another, manufactures — another, the agricultural community — another, the standard oil monopoly, and John Morissey was said to have been sent to represent gamblers. But who is sent to represent woman, and the all-important interests entrusted to her management?

Woman suffrage would put the control of the State and nation into the hands of the foreign element. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the National Bureau of Statistics of Labor, has shown by indisputable facts and figures, that in every State there are more American women than all the foreign men and women combined. In the Southern States collectively, the white women outnumber the combined colored men and women. In Massachusetts, in 1875, there were 454,852 women over twenty years of age who could read and write. Of these 326,731 were Americans, and 128,121 of foreign birth. The votes of women in every State would double the intelligent majority.

But the women's vote would put our cities under the control of the Roman Catholics. In all our large cities, even in New York, there are more Protestant than Roman Catholic women. In Boston, which is often quoted as likely to become the most distinctively Catholic city in the country, there are 91,367 women over twenty years of age who can read and write. Of these, 52,608 are Americans, and 38,759 of foreign birth. The Catholic church is very sparing of statistics, and blows no trumpets over its growth, so that its numerical strength cannot be known with definite accuracy. But it is often asserted, that the Methodist church numbers as many communicants as the Catholic, and with seeming reasonableness, and that it increases as rapidly; while the women of no church are more active than the Methodist, or take a livelier interest in the affairs of the State or the nation.

Women will lose in popular estimation when they vote, and

will fail to receive the courtesy of men as before. The ballot confers power on those who are endowed with it, and power always commands respect. To be weak is to be miserable, and the enfranchised woman will be more respected than ever before. A gentleman is always courteous, and a boor is always a boor, and from gentlemen, women of no condition have aught to fear.

But women do not know enough to vote. This excuse has done duty from time immemorial in disfranchising some class. The historian Bancroft tells us that "the original charter of Delaware put the government into the hands of a royal council, on the ground that 'politics lie beyond the profession of merchants.'" England made the same objection to the admission of Jews into politics, in the days of Macaulay.

The average woman of to-day is better educated than the average man, for the girl stays longer in school than the boy, and more thoroughly pursues a more extensive course of study. She is more interested in home, family life, and church, and rarely muddles her brain with strong drink or tobacco, and exceeds the average man in morality, intelligence, law-abiding, and character. "And," says George W. Cable, "if our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons."

But politics are necessarily corrupting, and will contaminate women. Then why not disfranchise men, and put the government into the hands of one ruler, like the Czar of Russia, or the Sultan of Turkey? Would that accomplish the purification of politics desired by the good men of the nation? "Lift your caucus to the level of your parlor!" was the advice of Wendell Phillips, when the low standards of political life were deplored. Introduce the womanly element, the good wives and mothers of the land, into the world of politics, and its moral elevation will begin.

Women should not vote, because they cannot fight. In the days of feudalism, women were not allowed to hold real estate because they could not fight to defend it. But the right to vote in our Republic is not made to depend on the ability to fight. If it were, it would disfranchise half the voting men of the nation. All men over forty-five years of age would be counted out, as they are considered past the fighting age. Of these, there are 97,000 in the single State of Massachusetts. So would all clergymen, because of the

moral service they are supposed to render. The published record of United States Military Statistics shows that more than a quarter of the men, who enlisted, and were examined by the surgeons, during our late Civil War, were found to be physically unfit for service, and were not mustered into the army. When a nation goes to war, it claims other service of its citizens, both men and women, than fighting. Ten per cent. of an army is detailed to serve the rest, as cooks, tailors, etc., and they do no fighting. And the hundreds of thousands of women who served their country during the last war, by work in the sanitary and Christian Commissions, who nursed in the hospitals, maintained at home the sentiment of loyalty to the government, and upheld steadily the supreme moral force necessary to success, were as important as the army itself.

But the unjust laws for women are being repealed without the vote of women. We grant that immense changes have already been made in the laws for women. They have been made by the Woman Suffrage agitation, however, and no changes were proposed till women began to demand the ballot. Some of the laws that most oppress women, still defile the statute books of the various States. Only six of the States of the Union allow the married mother to be an equal legal owner and guardian of her minor children, with her husband. In all other States the father has their legal control and ownership. The laws everywhere declare the wife's services belong to the husband, and according to them no money value, only stipulating that she shall receive at his hands such board and clothing as he chooses to furnish, thus making her a pauperized dependent upon him. If she have leisure and ability to earn money, in fully half the States of the Union, the law gives the husband her earnings, also. They are his, because he owns the wife and her services. In almost all respects, the laws give to the husband almost complete and irresponsible power over the wife, which it is never safe to bestow on anyone. Is it strange that there is unhappiness in married life, and frequency of divorce?

It was "taxation without representation" that directly brought on the Revolutionary War. Our fathers would *not* pay taxes unless they were represented, and declared that to pay taxes when they were denied representation would be "slavery," "robbery," and "tyranny." But women are

taxed all over the Republic, without being allowed representation. The women of Massachusetts alone, pay annual taxes to the extent of more than $2,000,000. How vast the aggregate of the taxes paid by all the unrepresented women of the United States! Why, the Stamp Act, over which our fathers flamed in righteous indignation and refused to pay, so that the British Government yielded and withdrew it, was not expected to put into the treasury more than $500,000! Is it not plain that women need the ballot for their own protection?

Only by complete enfranchisement which will place women on an equal legal footing with the men of the nation, can their *Centuries* of Dishonor be brought to an honorable close. Nor will this accomplish any quick-coming millenium. It will only bring in the beginning of the end, when manly men and womanly women, equal in rights, but differing in function, shall work together for the accomplishment of righteousness and justice in national, as in family life. The best and noblest men of the world are found in our Republic. In the mighty warfare which they are waging for the good against the evil in the nation, they are fearfully hindered by an army of their own sex, who crowd the prisons, and surge through to the dram-shops. Let them reinforce themselves with the votes of the wives and mothers in the homes, and the women in the schools and churches. And the great reforms, which now seem to require a century for their accomplishment, will hasten to success in a brief score of years.

A THREATENED INVASION OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

For many years the cry has been raised by an organization known as the National Reform Association, that the Constitution of the United States does not recognize the existence of God, or enforce the observance of the Christian religion. This association, at first composed of a few unknown persons, by its continuous and blatant demands became a subject of witticism by the press, and its members were proclaimed cranks whose preposterous scheme need not awaken any uneasiness as to its success. But there was method in their crankiness, which ran in a groove parallel to the desires of all zealous Protestant church members. There was enough bigotry left in the ordinary ministerial mind to stimulate the desire for recognition of their beliefs. The cause grew from year to year and its conventions were attended by larger delegations, until the secular press, quick to feel the set of the tide, no longer sneered, but advocated in a quiet way or was silent. Strangely silent! Is not the danger as menacing, and the measure as foolish as at the beginning? Paradoxical as it may seem, the silence of the press measures the strength of the movement.

The full purpose of the reformers was expressed in the following resolution offered at a convention held in Philadelphia at an early period of the movement, at which Judge Strong of Washington presided.

"In view of the controlling power of the Constitution in shaping state as well as national policy, it is of immediate importance to public morals and to social order to secure such an amendment as will indicate that this is a Christian nation and place Christian laws, institutions, and usages, in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of our nation, especially those which secure a proper oath and which protect society against blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and polygamy." One of the speakers struck the

key-note of the meeting when he said: "As at present respecting the authority of God in our Constitution we are a nation of *Atheists;* if we adopt the resolution of Dr. McIlvaine we become Deists; if we abide by the report submitted, we stand before the world a Christian nation."

Recently the *Christian Statesman*, the organ of the movement, said that the watchwords have been for twenty-five years: "Christianity the religion of the nation, and the Bible the text-book of our common Christianity and in all the schools." Again it said: "Give all men to understand that this is a Christian nation and believing without Christianity we perish, we must by all means maintain our Christian character. Inscribe this character on our Constitution. Enforce on all who come among us the laws of Christian morality."

This "enforcement" means the subjugation of a great majority to the will of a bigoted minority. Of the sixty millions of people in this nation, not twenty millions take any active interest in religion of any sect; not half that number attend church. This one-third demand the right to rule the other two-thirds, and to prescribe for them what they shall believe, and what disbelieve. For this end they assert that the nation is not religious and can only become so by a change in its organic law, by which it shall be labelled Christian.

We have completed a full century of government, began as an untried experiment, and the result has been the most successful the history of the world has ever recorded. Our nationality withstood the shock of internecine war the magnitude of which has no parallel. In these hundred years it has made material and spiritual progress with which nowhere else in past or present is there comparison. The various sects have dwelt together under the shadow of a flag which gives equality to all and allows domination to none. All this and yet God is not in the Constitution or Jesus Christ recognized by name. Why then is it necessary at this late date, after perfect and permanent success, to make such recognition?

The Constitution has received the unqualified praise of the best statesmen of this country and of Europe, as an instrument by which the balance of power is wonderfully preserved and all contingencies provided for with marvellous prescience.

The omission complained of was not an over-sight or blunder, for while its formation was fresh in the minds of the people in 1796, under the administration of Washington, the following provision was made in the Treaty of Tripoli:

"*As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion;* as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquility of Musselmans; and as the said States never have entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mohammedan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretexts arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries."

The American nation is Christian in the broad sense of the word, which is synonymous with civilization. It seeks to "establish justice," "promote the general welfare," and "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity;" to guarantee equal rights to all. But such were the broad and Catholic views of the framers of the Constitution that Christianity by name was not given preference over any other of the great religions of the world.

They recognized the rights and influence of all religions, and ignored the narrow selfishness of theologians who can as little appreciate such liberal ideas as moles the broad sunshine. The Mohammedan must be respected in his belief as much as the followers of Luther or Calvin. The Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze from a staff fixed in the firm basis of equality, liberty, and justice, and all nations invited to its protection, bringing their own beliefs, assured the right of enjoyment to the fullest extent compatible with the rights of others. On this foundation the nation has grown for a hundred years, with a separation of Church and State, not as complete, however, as the founders intended, without a protest until the present reaction of the "Reformers." They would so amend as to "place the usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis, in the fundamental law of our nation, especially those which secure a proper oath and which protect society against blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and polygamy." The real meaning of this ambiguous tautology simply is that there should be constitutional recognizance of laws which compel the observance of Sunday by attendance at church and an official *test oath*, that will exclude all but church members

from office, and disfranchise them. It means a theocracy, a form of government which sad experience has taught to be the most cruel, narrow, utterly immoral, extortionate, and tyrannical possible to impose on a people.

Europe, during the dark ages, had such a government, when the Christian priest ruled with undisputed sway. The Church not only arrogated the terrible power over the spiritual being of deciding its eternal destiny, but owned the thrones of kings and emperors, the spade and plow of the squalid peasantry, and almost the fee simple of the soil of Europe. Christianity, through its chosen priests, whose authority was delegated from God direct through the Apostle Peter by a deed of trust recorded in the Bible, was supreme.

What was the result? The answer is written by bleaching bones on countless battlefields; the decimation of nations; autos-de-fe; rack and dungeon; and on the lurid sky reflecting the flames of a million fagot piles, where strong men and delicate women writhed in agony.

It is written,—this unspeakably sad, terrible, and satanic story of robbery, murder, falsehood, and demonic cruelty—on the black page of history with the blood of earth's most noble men, and the tears of women vainly imploring mercy from the red hands which tore their quivering bosoms with red-hot pincers.

It has taken several centuries to escape from this thraldom; poor, martyred humanity has been borne onward by its inherent development past those fields of pain, out of the quaking bog-lands, and its vanguard is scaling the height where bondage to the past is unknown, and the new excites as great a degree of reverence as the old.

Guardino Bruno was burned by command of God's governmental agents three hundred years ago, because he asserted that there were other worlds, and the present year has witnessed the triumph of justice in the erection of his monument by the advanced thinkers of the world on the very spot where he was immolated.

The power that destroyed him and millions like him because they dared to think; which filled the dungeon's cell, and invented nameless instruments of torture at the mention of which the cheek of Courage pales, acknowledges no error; expresses no remorse; but with sullen growl of rage

protested against the ungodliness of the times in a papal allocution.

Cardinal Gibbons in calling attention to the latter anachronism, snarls vindictively as a chained tiger. "A mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that in Rome, impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk to the admiration and veneration of the thousands assembled. Dragging the memory of a wild theorizer, a shameless writer, and a denier of the divinity of Christ from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries closed upon its disgrace, those men, backed by mere brute force, have set upon a pedestal in the Holy City, the statue of the infamous Bruno."

But what has Bruno, or the Catholic church, to do with God in the Constitution? Apparently their connection is very remote; really they are parts of the same movement.

The allocution, and the red Cardinal's instructions to the minor priesthood, unmistakably show that in the heart of his church three hundred years have made no change. To question the infallibility of that church is the unpardonable sin, for which the stake is slight punishment, and Gibbons would burn Bruno to-day with the same eagerness which impelled the priesthood three centuries ago.

Manifesting such an animus, it is not strange that the Catholic Church, which has always regarded a Protestant as worse than a pagan, is now desirous of joining hands with the national Reformers. Pope Leo thus commands his American subjects:—"All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the Constitution of the States and legislation to be modelled on the principles of the true church." And to this the *Christian Statesman* replies: "Whenever they (the Catholics) are willing to co-operate in resisting the progress of political Atheism, we will gladly join hands with them."

To the Catholics, the only true religion is Catholicism, and to have any other especially recognized by the State, would be far more undesirable than the recognition of none. They cannot hope to have Protestantism rejected. Then why do they encourage the Protestants in the demand? Catholicism is a most wonderful organization, with trained and unscrupulous leaders, and they know that Rome always

gains in times of national peril and strife. She can lose nothing; she may gain an empire.

The "Reformers" are actuated by the zeal of bigotry; Rome by far-seeing policy. The former manifest the same bitter intolerance, and given the power would express themselves in the same manner. At their convention held in New York in 1873, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, after defining the term Atheist, as including Deists, Jews, Seventh-day Baptists, and all who doubt, or are not in unison with the Orthodox sects, said: "What are the rights of the Atheist? I would tolerate him as I would a poor lunatic, for in my view his mind is scarcely sound. So long as he does not rave, so long as he is not dangerous, I would tolerate him. I would tolerate him as I would a conspirator. The Atheist is a dangerous man!"

Torquemada never uttered a more vindictive or remorseless sentence. Romanism could ask no better ally. Atheists — that is Agnostics, Spiritualists, Jews, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Universalists — have no rights the Orthodox church, represented by Rev. Edwards, is bound to respect. All unbelievers, or those who believe other doctrines, are dangerous, and to be tolerated as conspirators. If they "rave," that is, express their thoughts, they should be treated as lunatics and criminals.

"Tolerate Atheism!" he continues; "there is nothing out of hell I would not tolerate as soon. The Atheist may live, as I said, but God helping us, the taint of his destructive creed shall not deface any of the institutions of this fair land."

From the foregoing quotations, which might be multiplied to almost any extent, it will be seen that the same spirit actuates all parties, and that a determined onslaught will be made on the Constitution. Admitting this, we ask, after you have modified the Constitution so as to recognize God, what kind of a God do you intend to place there? Will it be the cruel, avaricious Jehovah, who trod the wine-press of the nations in His wrath, until His garments were clotted with gore, or the loving Father, as taught by the apostles? Are we to have the one heavenly Father of the Unitarians, or the three-in-one of the evangelicals?

What kind of a religion are we to have as His worship?

Here is the uncharted reef on which this scheme is surely wrecked. Shall it be a composite, blending the countless

divergent sects? They cannot be blended for they split apart because their elements were heterogeneous. Should the differences be compromised, would the result be aught else than Catholic? If the State recognized the evangelical sects, would not the Catholics with reason demand the same recognition and maintainance?

The Protestant leaders ought to have prescience sufficient to warn them of the imminent danger they recklessly court. If the State ever becomes united with a church, the least Catholicism will gain will be equality, and it has the probability always of being first. In the turbulence of the times which would follow such a radical change, the lesser Protestant sects would find they had no support and would fall back on the larger. They would soon find that the logic of ideas and of facts were against them. Granting that the Bible is an infallible, inspired book, and the foundation of law and government as the "Reformers" claim, the Protestants' boasted right to reason and protest vanishes. An inspired revelation from an infinite source necessitates an inspired interpreter, the priest, to stand between God and fallible human reason. Catholicism, surely planted on this logically invulnerable basis, may arrogate the claim of being the only true religion, and is able to enforce its claims by numbers, for it is stronger in following and in the unquestioning obedience of its subjects than all the Protestant sects combined.

Contradictory as it may appear, the preservation of Protestantism depends on the agnostics, infidels, and liberals who interpose to prevent the suicidal measure demanded by the church "Reformers."

Instead of laboring for blending of Church and State, they ought to petition for yet stronger safeguards, for their only safety is in preserving inviolable the fundamental law which declares State and Church absolutely distinct. Then every sect has the right to organize its members, present its peculiar beliefs, and by comparison and discussion that which is of vital use will be preserved and the effete discarded.

Religious culture is an affair of the individual, not of the State, which cannot wisely define the God that shall be worshipped, or the form of that worship. Legislators are not qualified to determine such questions, and if thrust upon them they would have to appoint a higher commission of priests from every sect; a sort of ecclesiastical council of the

third century transposed into the nineteenth, which instead of harmoniously agreeing on doctrines, would re-enact the disgraceful scenes of its early prototype.

Shall we not heed the lesson of history? Shall we allow ourselves to be bound hand and foot by this same power in another guise? Shall the priest rule or shall we rule ourselves? This is the issue fraught with consequences far-reaching as the destiny of the Republic. Having attained the maturity of manhood are we again to be put in leading-strings, trundled in the baby-cart of an effete theology, whipped if we cry out, and shut in dungeons if we are obstinate and refuse to bow down to the Bible as a fetish and say parrot prayers?

Just escaping into the light, are we to be forced back into darkness? Reaching the firm heights of liberty of thought shall we be thrust back upon the quaking marsh-lands of unsatisfying conjecture, where the priest, wrapped in the stolen mantle of God, is the irresponsible power? A broad and thorough culture of the masses by the diffusion of accurate knowledge may avert the catastrophe, for as light is opposed to darkness, so is education to superstition.

CERTAIN CONVICTIONS AS TO POVERTY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE searcher into the causes of social discontent, of poverty and crime, of the growing list of diseased, insane, idiotic, and otherwise disabled classes of humanity, comes at last to the point where facts arrange themselves in certain lines. They do not claim to hold infallible statement or plan. Long experience demonstrates that no new and infallible system can be laid down, and that the student of these problems, however clear some of their phases may appear, remains a seeker to the end. But here and there a point becomes absolutely fixed, and if its luminosity serves chiefly to throw the general darkness into even stronger relief, it is at least something to have found light at all.

We have all learned the folly of miscellaneous giving. We all know the difference between the deserving and the undeserving poor, and more and more we are formulating certain laws which seem practically to have shaped themselves and by which we seek to abide. But conditions alter so swiftly as well as so steadily, that every law requires its immediate list of amendments and modifications, each one of which is affected quite as much by tradition as by present facts. To make benevolence scientific has been the great problem of the present age, and no one has better stated this than Arnold Toyrbee, whose life was a sacrifice to his conviction and the necessity it laid upon him. "Men," he wrote, "formerly thought that the simple direct action of the benevolent instincts, by means of self-denying gifts, was enough to remedy the misery they deplored. Now they see that not only thought but historical study is also necessary."

This, too, is admitted as self-evident fact, and the question then arises, "What shall we study, and where shall we begin?" One word holds the reply. It is poverty itself, in its present aspects, that is to be analyzed and defined before its treat-

ment can be laid down, nor is the diagnosis an impossible one, even for the amateur.

What is the aspect to-day of poverty as a whole? What is the condition of the mass of the people? Let us take simply English-speaking peoples, and the facts as summed up by their ablest statisticians, Giffen, Mihall, Marshall, Thorold Rogers, Local Government Reports, and other authorities less widely known but no less deserving of attention. For the United Kingdom, Giffen talks of a residuum of five million whose condition is a stain on our civilization, and sixteen in every hundred belong to this residuum. In London one person in every five and more will die in the workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum. In 1887, out of 82,545 deaths in London, 43,507 being over twenty years of age, 9,399 were in workhouses, 7,201 in hospitals, and 400 in lunatic asylums, or altogether, 17,000 in public institutions. [Register-General's Report, 1888.]

Considering that this does not include children, it is probable that one in every three London adults will be driven into these refuges to die, and the proportion in the case of the manual labor class must of course be still larger. And the number of persons who die while in receipt of outdoor relief is not included in this calculation. Add to this statement that made in another report no less trustworthy: Ninety-nine per cent. of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil, or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed for the most part in places no man thinks fit for his horse; are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution, that a month of bad trade, sickness, or unexpected loss, brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism. This is the normal state of the average workman in town or country, the average workman comprising four out of five of the whole population. [Report of Industrial Remuneration Conference.]

In the wealthiest nation in the world every twentieth person is a pauper, and according to Poor Law Reports, one in five of the community is insufficiently clad.

This is the condition in England with its thirty millions of

people. Our numbers are twice as great, and assuming our conditions to be only half as deplorable as England's, the statistics I have just quoted may be regarded as fairly portraying our condition here. The most authentic reports of bureaus of labor and charitable organizations confirm this view of the situation. Our most optimistic writers upon the poor and the worker in general,— Atkinson, Carnegie, and the school which insists that in this best of all possible worlds, all that is needed is for the workman to study economy and use the Atkinson cooker,— a most admirable invention by the way,— do not blink the fact that great suffering exists at many points. We know that the general standard of living has risen and that many of the poor enjoy comforts quite unknown and unimagined by the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, and thus it becomes even more difficult to comprehend where and why the pinch comes. Why is it that the whole people do not in equal proportion enjoy the increased wealth and other incalculable advantages brought by our rapidly advancing civilization? Why are masses so pitiably poor, and why are classes so pitiably rich? What are the causes of this suffering? Cast about for other answer as we may, does it not at last come back inevitably to the one fact of the fearfully unequal distribution of wealth, and the consequent loss of the comparative equality which was the foundation of the Republic? Certainly all of us who have reached middle life, recall a time hardly more than a generation ago, when great fortunes, as we name them to-day, were absolutely unknown, and grinding poverty almost equally so.

"Our old equality," wrote Mr. Thomas G. Shearman not long ago, "is gone. So far from being the most equal people on the face of the earth, as we once boasted that we were, ours is now the most unequal of civilized nations. We talk about the wealth of the British aristocracy, and about the poverty of the British poor. There is not in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland so striking a contrast, so wide a chasm between rich and poor as in these United States of America. There is no man in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland who is as wealthy as one of some half a dozen men who could be named in this country; and there are few there who are poorer than some that could be found in this country. It is true, that there is a larger number of the extremely poor in

Great Britain and Ireland than there is in this country, but it is not true that there is any more desperate poverty in any civilized country than in ours; and it is unquestionably not true that there is any greater mass of riches concentrated in a few hands in any country than in this."

One of the causes of the present and ever increasing inequality in the distribution of wealth, is, I believe, to be found in our present indirect system of taxation. This being a subject largely controverted, and upon which opinions so widely differ, I touch upon it with some hesitation. But having very deep and positive convictions with regard to it, I am constrained to state them. In my mind there is not the shadow of a doubt that taxation in its present form bears far more heavily upon the poor than upon the rich. It does not draw from the producer, the manufacturer, the importer, save in slight degree. The real burden falls upon the consumer; the consumer is taxed upon what he spends for the maintenance of his family, not upon what he spends for the maintenance of store or factory, or business in any form, since that income can always be added to the price of his product. In fact, the consumer actually pays the producer or dealer a profit upon the tax itself. The man who sells, practically pays no taxes on what he sells; but the man who buys to use and keep, pays taxes upon everything.

The ground for this assertion is found in various labor reports, the bearings of which have been admirably stated in a recent article by Thomas G. Shearman, on "The Menace of Plutocracy." Take, for instance, the census returns of Ohio, and the income of agricultural laborers there. This averages two hundred and fifty dollars a year if they work the whole year round; a thing hardly likely to happen. For the family of three, or more than four-fifths of the people of the country, is an income of some three hundred dollars. For the family of five of the same order, the reports give an income of four hundred and fifty dollars. How much of such a sum could be saved in a family of five if there were no taxing at all? It is possible for an individual to live upon seventy dollars per year, or three hundred and fifty for the family, and at this rate, with no taxing, one hundred dollars could be saved. But they are taxed at the rate of twenty per cent. on their expenditure or seventy dollars out of a total income of four hundred and fifty; in

other words, seventy per cent. of the possible savings or all but thirty dollars.

If now we turn to his neighbor who has one hundred thousand a year for family expenses, he has a balance that, allowing him fifteen thousand a year for family expenses, leaves a balance of eighty-five thousand out of which to pay his taxes. Twenty per cent. of fifteen thousand, his expenditure, is three thousand. This he pays out of his reserve of eighty-five thousand, thus making his rate three or not over three and a half per cent. as contrasted with the man who cares for his grounds, perhaps, and pays seventy per cent. That is to say, four-fifths of the people of this country, having incomes of not more than four hundred and fifty a year, pay taxes amounting to seventy per cent. of their possible savings, and the enormously rich, having incomes of one hundred thousand a year, pay a tax amounting to three and a half per cent. or less of their savings.

Is it not easy to see that each year the amount that can be saved by the worker gradually disappears, while that of the prosperous must increase? There would be even greater discrepancy than there is, did not many of the rich fling their money to the winds in reckless dissipation of every order. Mr. Shearman estimates that if the present tendency is allowed to continue, in less than thirty years one hundred thousand persons are destined to own about three-fifths of the entire wealth of the United States, lands, houses, goods, chattels, and personal property of every kind.

This is one cause, but only one, of the present tendency. To eradicate this manifestly unjust, inequitable system of taxation, could not, it seems to me, of itself restore the old-time comparative equality. There are other and perhaps more formidable causes. The protective tariff not only tends to effect an unequal distribution, but it and all other taxes upon the products of industry, tend also to decrease or restrict production.

Leaving this, there is another cause that has brought disaster and will bring more before we have decided upon a remedy. Freedom of contract has been held to be as much one of the privileges of the Republic as the equality which has shown itself as by no means a feature of present conditions. The employer is certainly free, as he may choose from a dozen — perhaps even a hundred — applicants for the

position he has to offer, but how as to the worker, man or woman? A mass of testimony is before me, all pointing to the same conclusion. The prevailing form of competition has brought wages for the unskilled, or but moderately skilled, worker, to what is known as the subsistence point, and in this case, women fare even worse than men. Through the sweating system, for a year past under active Parliamentary discussion in England and beginning to rouse attention here, and through many other forms of competitive oppression, this freedom of contract has become but a name for the great majority of workers. They must take the wages offered or go hungry. If employees of a great corporation, factory, mine, or otherwise, they are forced to obtain all supplies from the company's stores, and in many cases, every penny of visible wages is swallowed up in this way. The recent disclosures as to the life of the Illinois miners has stirred thought on this phase of our problem. Granted everything that can be said as to the thriftlessness, extravagance, and general culpability of the miner's mode of life, it is still true that the labor is inordinate, its results demoralizing and debasing, and the worker a mere machine for turning out so much coal per day. He owns hardly more than the English worker whose condition has already been described, and the prospect of any betterment is a very remote one. Land held by speculative owners at a price far beyond him, cannot be made available toward a living, his only right in it being the final six feet by two in which he at last lies down.

Child labor, and indeed, that of women in general, must count as another cause of the present state of things. If it be regarded as paradoxical to say that the more workers of this order supplied by the family, the less the wages of the natural earner for the family, I can only point to the Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, where we find it demonstrated that no real gain comes in the long run from such labor. Boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen can be hired for half the sum paid to men, and more applicants come in than can be supplied with work. Numbers of adult workmen are thus thrown out of work, and since they must have some means of subsistence, they say to the manufacturers: "If you cannot give us twice as much as you give these boys, we will work for a little less than we have done."

So a compromise is made. Part of the men are retained at

lower wages and are comforted by the thought that their children's earnings will make up the deficiency. But as machinery improves, younger hands at still lower wages are employed, and reduction still goes on. Here is the summary of the labor report: "*Without* child labor, ten per cent. of the laboring class with the present relation of wages to the cost of living, would be in a state of debt or pauperism: with child labor competition is constantly on the increase, and wages are still suffering reduction."

Here we have the chief external causes for the present aspect of poverty as a whole. We come now to another, not external but internal; the working, consciously or unconsciously, of a faith, old as Christianity itself; the inherited belief that poverty is an inevitable and even a desirable state.

Thus far we have been hampered by the tradition that it is a blessing and with this conviction for the mass, necessarily no efficient means for its extirpation could be devised. To believe even in the possibility of such extirpation has seemed defiance of an Almighty edict; a deliberate rejection of a plain ordinance of God. For eighteen hundred years poverty has been held to be synonymous with merit, and to give, the first duty of a Christian life. No matter what common sense might at moments assert itself, the beggar, of whatever order, was, up to a not very remote day, regarded as in some sort the commissioner of Heaven, sent to play upon our tenderer feelings, and force thus a division of goods with him. This was a natural, and for the time necessary, state of things. The old indifference to human life and human pain was replaced by the sense of brotherhood born of Christ's teachings, and intensified by the fact that to give was held to be one chief method of assuring the soul's salvation. With this grew up a respect for human life, as morbid in its intensity as the indifference which had distinguished the period before Christianity, and is still found among barbarous peoples. A law like that of Sparta, that all maimed or diseased children must be put to death, and that no marriage relation should be entered upon, save by physically and mentally sound contracting parties, was regarded with horror. To whatever form of humanity a soul had been given, was given also the right of perpetuation, and thus by gradual process has come to be the mass of human pain and misery shut within the walls of countless asylums, prisons, and reformatories, but

still allowed to add to the fearful sum. The generosity which should be the distinguishing trait of family ethics, has been transferred to State ethics, where justice alone should be the essential principle, nor have we yet reached the point in our private thought or public action where justice is seen to be the first demand. We are still dominated by this shadow of the past, and call it charity to give a man food which he has not earned, thus destroying his moral sense if he is good, and precipitating him still farther on a downward course, if he is bad. This class of dangerous, half-fed parasites is the enemy of the deserving poor, no less than of society at large. Modern conditions have fostered its development. We, in our blindness and stupidity, are responsible for having allowed the growth of these conditions, and thus feel bound, if we think at all, to provide in some sort for our own creation. But it is solemn fact, that this element, straggling in the rear of the great industrial army, has *right* to nothing save a chance to earn, and that if it will not work neither should it eat.

With these causes and their results plain before us, the question comes, Is charity the treatment needed? will any form of charity, in institution or school, or any alleviation, touch the actual root of the matter? Beautiful as is the spirit through whose workings these masses of brick and mortar have taken shape, and given us the series of institutions now needing a directory of their own, and increasing in the same proportion as the candidates for admission, it is yet a spirit, untouched and unstirred by a higher issue than that of charity. Its results have been and are seen by the clear-eyed among the organized charities, to be utterly disastrous. The children of the criminal, the idle and other classes making up the "social residuum," are brought to the homes and supported by the taxes upon honest workers. Defrauded of all that is gained in natural home-life, even when sharp poverty must be met, they go out at last into the world with the asylum look, and the asylum half-helplessness and inadaptability, which is one result of such training, and the vacant places are filled at once by the waiting throng, brought into the world, it would seem, for no other end than to shift the responsibility for their maintenance as fast as possible upon society and the State.

To bring the amount of relief required to a minimum, to

force the drones in the hive to work, or unite to expel and leave them to their fate, — these are two phases in the problem, and one is forced to believe that only such expulsion will produce effect.

Years ago in a little mission in the fourth ward of New York, its leader, Jerry McAuley, in talking with me of the type with which he worked, said: —

"I used to think I must take 'em as they came, and spend just as much strength on one as another, but I've made up my mind and worked on it a good while; there's a lot the Lord don't want and the devil aint ready for yet; they aint worth saving, and you've just got to let them go, and work for them that is. That sounds pretty bad, but it's God's truth."

It is only another form of the statement that justice, not charity, is what is needed. "Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens."

Abstractly we all believe this. Practically we deny it day by day, yet it is the one stern lesson we most need to learn; the only escape from the calamity certain to come if it remains unlearned.

We find, then, that any system that is actually to effect a cure must counteract this tendency to unequal distribution, and secure to the laborer the entire value of the product of his labor. This may be called an accepted fact, recognized as one end toward which to work. By what means is this to be brought about and has the system yet shown itself which will accomplish this? There are many, each confident that it holds the panacea for all evils. Each has not only its living expounders, but a literature of its own; each, its own portion of truth,—the ray of pure color, waiting only the moment in which all shall blend in the infolder and mother of each,—the single, pure, white light of truth. Chief among proposed systems we find under immediate discussion, the eight-hour movement, and then, profit-sharing, co-operation, socialism or nationalization, anarchism, and Henry George-ism, so-called.

The eight-hour movement, one of the ablest expounders of which for this country is Mr. George Gunton, is, after all, only palliative. It is claimed that its adoption would immediately open the door to vast numbers of the unem-

ployed, would raise wages, give more leisure for self-improvement, and thus raise the standard of living for all workers. Each of these propositions is certainly true, but none of them alter underlying facts or hinder repetition in the future, a repetition of precisely the same conditions. The relief could be but temporary, but the movement is certainly the forerunner of a wiser thought as to methods of production and man's relation to machinery, and its consideration is a necessity. But it can count as but one ray in our social prism, and can in no wise bring the results prophesied by its most ardent advocates.

Profit-sharing is another means of evading the higher justice lying back of all these expedients for silencing demands and ending dissatisfaction. It, too, has its mission of conciliation, enlightenment, and education, and it has proved its efficiency in preventing strikes and making the wheels of many a great industry run smoothly. It is complicated by the fact that losses must also be shared, and that this is manifestly impossible at any present rate of wages, and indeed unjust at least in degree. It is not the end any more than co-operation, the argument for which is practically the same and which will certainly be in great part the law of the future. But it must not interfere with individual enterprise and thought, which still has its mission for the world; a mission that would remain unfulfilled were compulsory co-operation ever to succeed.

Anarchism has its thousands upon thousands of devoted and earnest believers, and for Russia, what other creed could be for human beings with souls and minds? It counts well nigh as many martyrs as early Christianity; it has given us types for which the world is the richer, of self-sacrifice, utter self-abnegation, and devotion, that prove what divinity lies in this soul of man. For Russia it has its place and need. For America neither, and no further word need be said here as to its bearings.

Anarchism is individualism rampant. Socialism, in its extremes, is the individual as nearly wiped out as is possible with continued existence. At its heart is the noblest thought for humanity, as it has always been since Plato's inward eye was fixed upon the vision of his Republic, and great souls after him planned Utopias, in which the sorrow of humanity should cease, and true life begin.

Till the advent of Edward Bellamy's now famous book, Americans had classed all dangerous tendencies, anarchical and otherwise, under the one head "Socialism," and were indifferent or hostile to any further definition of the word. With its appearance came a change of view, and to-day, Nationalist Clubs for the study of all social questions and based upon Mr. Bellamy's theories, practically the same as those to be found in Laurence Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth," are forming at all points.

Here I stand upon dangerous ground. Popular sympathy is with the book and my own goes with it so far, that I count a large portion of its creed as heartily mine. But if asked if "Nationalism" is the infallible cure for existing evils, I must certainly, as I understand it, say never! I am ardently nationalist in my dislike of competition, in its present aspect, but I have as hearty a dislike to any system of communism, or anything which destroys individual liberty. I believe in the right to all private property honestly earned, and that payment to individuals should be proportioned to merit. Believing also that many industries can be nationalized, and that the growth of trusts is our first unconscious step in this direction, I yet am also certain that this applies chiefly to what may be called the natural monopolies, this meaning all mining interests, present forms of land ownership, railways, telegraph system, etc.

Aside from this, it is a deep conviction that the individual should be, not a compulsory member of a great industrial army, but a free agent, to whom the fullest opportunity for development has been given from childhood up.

> "Each man to himself and each woman to herself,
> Is the word of the past and the present,
> And the true word of immortality."

> "No one can acquire for another, not one;
> No one can grow for another, not one."

In these words lies the essence of the protest which must be made against "Nationalism" as a creed, but when this has been said, there remains the fact that it has stirred minds that never thought before. Its mission is that of leaven and it will do its work.

Last on the list, comes what is popularly known as George-ism, which has probably had as full a share of oppro-

brium and misunderstanding as socialism. Nevertheless, certain truths in its statement have made their way, and if the central one is still denied, at least it has helped to clearer insight into the actual rights of men in this world of ours. The "single tax" has become its watchword and is really the formula of its faith. Indirect taxation has shown itself as not only absurd but iniquitous. It is the faith of Mr. George's followers, that a single tax on land will end many of these evils, being in its nature a direct tax and one that, as all economists agree, cannot be shifted upon the consumers. Mr. Shearman going even so far as to believe, that the raising of all revenue by means of this single tax on land values, would radically affect the prevailing tendency to unequal distribution, and create one toward more equitable distribution. It is also claimed by Mr. George's followers, that by the application of his theory making it unprofitable to hold land not in use, natural resources would to a great extent be thrown open; labor would thus secure the much-to-be-desired alternative and freedom of contract between him and his employer become a fact.

Charity, kindness, philanthropy in every form, have been our debt to the poor. They are still agents with which we must work. But they have fulfilled their chief mission in humanizing mankind as a whole. Their lesson is of the past. We have long paid, are still paying, this debt so lavishly, that the account is now on the other side and but one method of balance is possible. It is that nobler ideal which can never exclude the highest charity, the true philanthropy, but which places first, that supreme quality to which we all must bow, impartial, clear-eyed justice. From rich to poor, from poor to rich, till once more the balance hangs true; — till the equality of opportunity for all, demanded by the principle which made the Republic, again shows itself, and the hideous anomalies of to-day are a memory only. This is the higher education, and without it not one engine of the present vast system moves to any end but final destruction. There are scoffers and doubters; men content with the day as it is, and indifferent to all outside their petty individual desire. It is they and their kind who most stir eager souls to revolt, and passionate, undisciplined souls to revenge. It is they who are the dangerous classes no less than that lowest strata and whom we may chiefly dread.

"When thou hearest the fool rejoicing and he saith 'It is over and past,
And the wrong was better than right, and hate turns into love at last;
And we strove for nothing at all, and the gods are fallen asleep,
For so good is the world a-growing, that the evil good shall reap;'
Then loosen the sword in the scabbard, and settle the helm on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully dead."

It is battle that must be had; battle with ourselves no less than with the wrongs we can see, for our own prejudices, our own half-heartedness, are part of the wrong, and there is scorn, and doubt, and opposition from the poor we would help no less than from the faithless who look on. It is no child's play; no task of a day. It is work taxing every power of brain and heart; work that will not end with this questioning generation, but will go on and on, toward that

"One far-off divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves";

work that it is worth while to have lived, if only to own our tiny personal share in the doing; work that when our resting time comes and our own hands are weary, passes from them into those that will do it better than we, since with it will go the heritage of all that our blunders have taught us. Work that is part of that mysterious evolution of man from the brute toward the God, and that is the divinest gift of life, since without it, there is no real living or loving, nor any other thing that means our utmost capacity here, our utmost possibility in the larger life to come.

BRIEF NOTES ON LIVING ISSUES.

POVERTY AND CRIME IN OUR GREAT CITIES.

[In response to the question "What in your judgment is the prime cause of the increase of poverty and crime in our great cities?" the following timely replies have been elicited.]

The one reason why poverty and crime increase in our great cities appears to me to be the immense immigration from Europe. Statistics are not at my hand to show the nationality of the persons who receive charitable aid, or are sentenced in the criminal courts; but it is a very simple truth that the whole problem of poverty and crime would be easily manageable could we eliminate the foreign-born element. Certainly this would be the case were the first generation born of foreign parents included in the elimination. The peculiarity of our problem is in the opportunity America offers to the Irishman, the German, the Pole, and the Norwegian.

The philanthropists of England and France have the poor always with them, but they do not have the poor of other countries poured in upon them in such a steady stream as the United States have received for fifty years.

This stream will diminish as political freedom is established abroad, and the land is opened to more general ownership. But so long as it continues in anything like its present force, it is a world problem we are solving in caring for crime and poverty in our American cities. Statesmen should be considering whether we have not already contributed our part to the solution, and whether it is not high time to shut down the gates.

There is in every civilized land a "drift" and a "current" to use Mr. H. Flewellyn Smith's expressive terms, into the great cities from the country. The "current" is the needed influx of new blood to supply the depleted veins of the exhausting city. The "drift" is largely composed of the "social wreckage" of the country. The poor and the vicious

naturally gravitate to the splendor and the opportunity of the city. Drink is responsible for much of the poverty of city and country; industrial education would prevent much of the vice of cities, but overcrowding with the weak and the incapable, native and foreign, is the chief cause of inborn poverty and crime. NICHOLAS P. GILMAN.

IS POVERTY INCREASING?

Are you not taking too much for granted in speaking of the *increase* of poverty? That there is an increase in the *consciousness* of poverty, in the desire to get out of its limitations, is certain. But is there an increase of *poverty?*

I supposed the contrary was the case. My impression is, that apart from certain unavoidable conditions,—old age, sickness, organic infirmity, inherited disease for example—there is little unavoidable indigence.

Intemperance is undoubtedly a prime cause of poverty; but intemperance is simply one sign among many of the power of appetite over reason; the prevalence of passion, the love of self-indulgence, which has to be outgrown.

In my view, *intemperance* lies at the root of the evil; the waste of resources, the mal-adjustment of means to ends. And this arises in great part from ignorance. I am deeply persuaded that a method similar to that adopted by the "Associated Charities" in Boston, by which the principles, experience, talent, and knowledge of the cultivated men and women of society may be brought to the poor, is of immense benefit; and I much doubt if anything less searching will touch the real causes of the disease, which is both moral and intellectual. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

OUR POOR.

Poverty is both an effect and a cause; like the ocean it is fed by many streams, and it in turn feeds the streams. The most humane legislation the world has ever seen was given by Moses: he guarded the poor at every point, yet in spite of all helpful legislation, he says, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." Immigration may swell the number of the

poor, intemperance may increase poverty, lack of training may make it easy to be poor, but I think the leading causes of the increase of poverty are two. First the competitive system under which business is done; and second, the organization of some people; they are unfitted under any system to ever be anything but poor. In the present order of business cunning and strength win the day; the man who has neither, goes to the wall; a change of system to the co-operative will give the weak man a much better chance, but under any system, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Poverty of resources to draw on, of ability to take advantage of opportunity, of patience to wait, of self-denial to say no to present enjoyment for the sake of future gain.

Solomon sent the sluggards of his day to the ant to learn wisdom, and Æsop tells of a grasshopper who passed the summer merrily and pleasantly, never once thinking of winter; a born grasshopper jumps all summer under any system. When ants multiply, wealth increases, when grasshoppers increase, poverty keeps pace. It is as easy to save before sickness by self-denial as after, but the poor are usually economical under pressure, and not from choice. Sooner or later a man must say no to many things; the poor in too many cases never say it till forced to. A change of system will help, but a change of character is the only cure, but your call is not for cures but causes.

REV. O. P. GIFFORD.

THE WORD GOD IN OUR CONSTITUTION.

The introduction of the word God as part of our published political institution by any religious denomination and in a sectarian sense would, if possible, be perilous because unjust; and superfluous as serving no needful end. The Divine reality in the recent amendments has already entered more largely into our fundamental civil law. God in man and all his doings is not a definite personality but an ever-varying quantity, more in some and less in other persons and acts. We ourselves are meters of deity, we are sliding-scales of the spirit, as much as any tubes of glass or metal are measures of light, and heat, and water, and air. God is the moral supreme, another differently spelt name for right

and good, for justice incarnate and freedom to think. An ill opinion of God, Lord Bacon teaches us, is worse than Atheism or no opinion at all, and what a libel on the infinite power was our turning of a soul into a slave, although Henry Clay maintained that the process had been sanctified by statute, by property, and by time. God was in the Constitution before the rebellion only by halves. Now the camel in the story, drawing his body after his head for shelter in the tent from the storm, is a symbol of the complete humanity of our national claim of equity to the race, black or white. Only the execution of our profession remains to be fulfilled. The danger of bigotry to pervert the document has passed. The bad God is going if not gone. The current lively protests against cruel dogmas and superstitious prayers, now lifted so loud in the heart of Orthodoxy and Episcopacy and growing more formidable at every convention of those pious orders, are proof enough that the yoke which Channing dreaded and resisted in his day can never be fastened on the people's neck. In the run for liberty the former lunatics will pass all the liberals who do not themselves move ahead.

Rev. C. A. Bartol.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

THE Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who was under contract to write us a paper on Modern Spiritualism, was prevented from fulfilling his obligation through pressure of additional work occasioned by the destruction of his church, coming two weeks previous to his departure for Europe. A leading writer, well known in the theological world, will at an early date write on "The Fallacy of Modern Spiritualism."

Col. Ingersoll's paper on God in the Constitution will be replied to by recognized leaders of Orthodox Protestant and Catholic thought.

The paper on Capital Punishment, by Hugh O. Pentecost, the editor of the *Twentieth Century*, is unavoidably crowded out this month, with other able contributions, owing to the length of Mr. Murray's remarkable address on Christianity, which appears in this issue.

The exhaustive exposition of Nationalism, which will appear in our January issue, will be shortly reviewed by representative individualists.

N. P. Gilman, the well-known author of *Profit Sharing*, is preparing a paper for an early issue of THE ARENA.

M. L. Dickinson, professor of *belles-lettres*, Denver University, is writing on Some Aspect of the Indian Question for THE ARENA.

Rev. W. E. Manley, D. D., will be heard at an early date on Future Punishment Viewed from Orthodox Strongholds.

Dr. Geo. Stewart, LL. D., D. C. L., of the Quebec *Chronicle*, will contribute a paper for THE ARENA on the Canada Question.

Henry George's article on the Fallacy of License will be answered by one of the strongest advocates of high license, and by a leading prohibitionist, in an early number of THE ARENA.

Arrangements are being made for a number of writers who are exceptionally well qualified to deal with the great living issues of the hour, as well as the most brilliant writers in the lighter fields of thought, to contribute to early issues of THE ARENA. Nothing will be spared in our effort to make THE ARENA worthy of the liberal patronage of the reading public.

PROSPECTUS OF "THE ARENA,"

THE NEW BOSTON REVIEW,

Edited by B. O. FLOWER.

THE ARENA is a new monthly magazine, devoted to the discussion of living issues by the ablest thinkers of the day. As the title indicates, THE ARENA will be a field of combat where the great intellectual giants of to-day will defend those principles which appear to them to be founded on truth, justice, and wisdom. There has never been a time when so many vital, social, ethical, and political questions have pressed upon society as at the present hour—great issues that seriously involve the very life of our free institutions, as well as the moral and social well-being of society. We are passing through a crucial period; the past, with its prejudices, and the future, with its aspirations, are in deadly conflict. From open and free discussion alone can we hope for the ultimate triumph of right. Truth has nothing to fear but everything to gain from free discussion—reason is the handmaid of truth, the protector of liberty. Hence, the management of THE ARENA are enlisting the ablest representative thinkers among conservative as well as liberal thinkers to discuss the problems of the hour.

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NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMONG the many leading thinkers who will contribute able papers to THE ARENA during the next two or three months, we mention the following well-known names. Others will be announced in due time, but these will give our readers an idea of the class of thinkers who will be represented in THE ARENA at an early day.

Edgar Fawcett,	Helena Modjeska,
George B. Cheever, D. D.,	N. P. Gilman,
Gen. Clinton B. Fisk,	M. L. Dickinson,
Rev. Howard Crosby,	W. E. Manley, D. D.
Rabbi Solomon Schindler,	Helen Campbell,
Richard Hodgson, LL. D.,	A. C. Wheeler,
Rev. Minot J. Savage,	Junius Henri Browne,
Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan,	W. H. H. Murray.

EDGAR FAWCETT contributes a remarkable poem to the February ARENA, entitled "In the Year Ten Thousand." It is written in a most charming style and represents two citizens of the great city of Manaltia, once New York, conversing of the long-vanished ages, when poverty and crime nestled 'neath the shadows of numerous warring churches, when prison and cathedral rose on a common street. In other words, they converse about our day and generation. The poem is rich in suggestive hints. It reveals in a vivid manner the injustice of our present social system and the comparative failure of our civilization to accomplish what should be accomplished for mankind.

THE NO NAME SERIES.—In our February issue we will publish the initial paper of a "No Name Series." The contributors will in all cases be leading thinkers and writers. We should be pleased to have all readers of THE ARENA send us the name of the person they believe to be the author of "Why and Because," the opening paper of the No Name Series, after they have carefully read the contribution. The writer is well-known over the length and breadth of this land as well as in Europe; he has contributed much to the magazine literature of this country.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., whose remarkable papers in the *North American Review*, on "Capital Punishment," a few years since, called forth such general comment, is preparing a paper for the February ARENA on the "Nature and Duration of Future Punishment," as taught in the Holy Scriptures, which will be a defence of the doctrine of endless punishment. All who are acquainted with Dr. CHEEVER'S writings will appreciate the statement that this will be a remarkably scholarly contribution. Later Dr. CHEEVER will discuss the "Fallacy of Modern Spiritualism."

GEN. CLINTON B. FISK, late candidate for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket, and the Rev. HOWARD CROSBY are to review HENRY GEORGE'S

paper, which appears in this issue on the "Rum Question." Gen. FISK will answer it from a Prohibitionist point of view, while Dr. CROSBY will reply for the advocates of high license. A general discussion of this character cannot fail to accomplish much good, and probably never before has there been a discussion of this great problem from three distinctive positions in which the contestants were so pre-eminently qualified to ably defend their views as Mr. GEORGE, Gen. FISK, and Dr. CROSBY.

HELENA MODJESKA, who stands so high, not only as a talented actress but also as one of the ladies of culture and refinement who have contributed much toward the elevation of the stage, will appear in our next issue in a brilliant paper containing personal reminiscences of *débuts* in five different nations.

N. P. GILMAN, whose remarkable work on "Profit Sharing" received the unusual distinction of a gold medal at the late Exposition in Paris, will contribute a very noteworthy paper to the February ARENA on "Profit Sharing." This will be one of the series of thoughtful contributions on the social question which THE ARENA is giving its readers monthly.

THE OTHER SIDE.— This month we publish two papers on "Nationalistic Socialism." In an early issue representative thinkers on the other side will defend "Individualism." Only by free and fair discussion can we hope to arrive at the truth.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D., one of the founders of the American Society for Psychical Research, and at present its secretary, will have a paper in our next issue on "Ghosts." Mr. HODGSON was one of the charter members of the English society before coming to America, and his paper will, without doubt, be valuable from a scientific point of view, as well as intensely interesting.

W. E. MANLEY, D. D., contributes a paper on "Eternal Punishment Viewed from Orthodox Strongholds," which will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA. It should be widely read, especially by students of the Bible.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE, whose many able papers have added much to the intellectual worth of the *Forum*, is preparing a paper for THE ARENA, entitled "What Is Religion?"

A. C. WHEELER, probably the brightest and most incisive dramatic critic of the day, will answer DION BOUCICAULT'S "Spots on the Sun," which appears in this issue. All Shakespearian students will be greatly interested in this discussion.

REV. HEBER NEWTON will have a contribution in an early number of THE ARENA.

RABBI SCHINDLER, whose thoughtful contribution on the "Public School Question" has elicited such general praise, will appear in the next ARENA on the "Present Status of Religious Thought in Germany." Mr. SCHINDLER spent last summer in Germany, studying the religious and social conditions of the Prussian Empire, and his contribution will be one of the most noteworthy contributions to current magazine literature.

THE press notices of THE ARENA have been remarkably gratifying, especially those of leading journals and representative organs of thought. In two or three instances minor publications have assailed THE ARENA, the following being the most conspicuous illustration. It is taken from the *Catholic Review* of Dec. 7:

"We mention THE ARENA for the first and last time. The first number suffices to tell the scope it will take; anti-Christian, anti-Irish, anti-Catholic, atheistic, and socialistic will be its chief characteristics. It will contain more falsehoods to the square inch than any other *anti*-Catholic publication in the world." (Italics are ours.)

There we are, as the editor of the *Review* sees us. All we have to say is that it is a pity the aforesaid editor was not born four hundred years ago; then his temper would not have been so ruffled as to allow him by inference to claim the possibility of Catholic journals telling more falsehoods than THE ARENA, as he does above. It is sad when a man is born out of time. Only think how happy the editor of the *Review* might have been had he lived when the fagot, the rack, and the dungeon awaited all who insisted on giving every side an opportunity of being heard — who demanded full, free, and fair discussion on all great issues of the hour.

We do not believe that the great mass of intelligent Catholics of America sympathize with the editor of the *Review*, and to the intelligent Catholics we have but this to say: If your ablest and best representatives are not heard in THE ARENA it will be through no lack of effort on our part. We will make as earnest an effort to secure papers from them as from representative men in other lines of thought and those who hold views contrary to the tenets of Catholicism. Our sentiments in this respect are most perfectly voiced by one of England's greatest poets in the following: "Let truth and error grapple. The friends of truth ought not to fear the issue of a free encounter."

We enjoy antitheses. Here is how the Rev. SOLON LAUER, one of the most gifted, scholarly, and truly spiritual young Unitarian clergymen of New England, closes a letter strongly commending THE ARENA: "If you continue as you have begun, THE ARENA must become the foremost magazine of these new and disturbed times."

And this is what Miss FRANCES WILLARD, the head and front of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, says in a letter to the editor: "I like your magazine — its plan and methods." And we could fill hundreds of pages with encomiums received from representative thinkers did we desire to do so.

NEXT month we conclude the "Legend of the Saguenay." In March will appear the first half of its companion idyl, "Ungava," one of the most exquisite prose poems yet written and a most valuable contribution to the literature of our continent.

HELEN CAMPBELL, whose name has become almost a household word in this country as well as England, through her efforts in behalf of the poor, will contribute a remarkably interesting paper on "Child Labor," for an early number of THE ARENA.

PRESS NOTICES.

We give below a few brief extracts from the many hundreds of commendatory notices of THE ARENA given by the American press. We have selected almost at random, endeavoring to give representative press opinions from the various classes of journals throughout the land.

Full of mental stimulus, of breadth and vitality, it merits the success it will undoubtedly achieve.— *Boston Traveller.*

This magazine will stand at the head of literature of a superior sort, and is more particularly designed for educated minds.— *New York Times.*

If the editor of THE ARENA can keep subsequent numbers up to the standard of the present, he need have no fear as to the success of the enterprise.— *Boston Transcript.*

THE ARENA attracts attention to its opening number by the range, force, and freshness of its contributions. True to the thought implied in its title, it precipitates itself into the periodical world with a boldness of challenge which demands consideration. Its obvious purpose is to furnish a medium in which anyone who really has anything to say, however radical, and has the ability to say it well and clearly, shall have an opportunity.— *Boston Journal.*

Judging from this first number of THE ARENA we should say that it was likely to be a formidable rival to its prototypes, the *Forum* and the *North American Review.* It will be, probably, more liberal than either, more consistent in its policy most certainly than the latter, outspoken, fearless, written by persons of recognized authority, holding to the higher ideals in religion, politics, and education, dealing with burning questions of the day in a comprehensive and concise manner, and, in a word, aiming to elevate as well as to inform the minds of its readers. Clearly THE ARENA must at once be placed on one's select list of periodicals.— *The Beacon (Boston).*

THE ARENA is a fine magazine of the best writings.— *N. O. Picayune.*

If the liberal spirit and philosophic breadth which characterizes this first number of THE ARENA are an earnest of what we may expect from future issues, the new periodical should receive a hearty welcome from all students of the times.— *New York Home Journal.*

THE ARENA is a new venture in the magazine world. The December, or initial, number introduces to the public such writers as Rev. Minot J. Savage, W. H. H. Murray, Mary A. Livermore, Helen Campbell, O. B. Frothingham, C. A. Bartol, and others.— *Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

A great, progressive exponent of modern thought, and promises to give special prominence to the leading moral, social, and economic problems of the day.— *Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

Still another new magazine for the entertainment and instruction of a public which seems never to tire of this form of literature! This latest comer is THE ARENA, edited by Mr. B. O. Flower. It aims high, and in the first number it comes reasonably near hitting the mark. The table of contents shows that it is to be regarded as a competitor with the *North American Review* and the *Forum* rather than with those periodicals devoted to general literature. Altogether THE ARENA promises to be a valuable addition to the list of American monthlies.—*Boston Daily Post.*

THE ARENA is the title of a new Boston magazine which has already begun its career, and which, from reading its first number, may have the merit, we think, of entering a hitherto unoccupied field. In the first number it discusses religious, educational, and social questions, bringing to the front men and women who have something to say on the issues of the day, and know how to say it well. The two reviews which now discuss living issues are somewhat heavily loaded down with political and economic articles, and there is an unoccupied field in the free treatment of ethical and social questions, which the new magazine, if it shall keep to its pledge of openness to all parties, may enter in and possess without difficulty. — *Boston Daily Herald.*

The initial number of THE ARENA strikes at once the key-note of its character, which is that of a progressive exponent of modern thought. Its list of contributors includes some of the ablest thinkers of our time on those subjects which are most present to the minds of intelligent people. The table of contents is in itself the best exposition of the worth of the new publication. It is as follows: "Agencies That Are Working a Revolution in Theology," Rev. Minot J. Savage; "The Religious Question," W. H. H. Murray; "History in the Public Schools," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "The Development of Genius by Proper Education," Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan; "The Democracy of Labor Organization," George E. McNeill; "Centuries of Dishonor," Mary A. Livermore; "A Threatened Invasion of Religious Freedom," Hudson Tuttle; "Certain Convictions as to Poverty," by Helen Campbell; "Poverty and Crime in our Great Cities," by N. P. Gilman; "Is Poverty Increasing?" O. B. Frothingham; "Our Poor," O. P. Gifford; "The Word God in our Constitution," Rev. C. A. Bartol. The editorial skill that can bring together such a felicitously-selected and ingenuously-diversified literary *menu* that is sure to whet the appetites of all who are alive to the problems that agitate human forces in our times, can be depended on to create a magazine that will become a permanent and potent factor in shaping modern thought.— *The American Hebrew.*

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It is evident from a glance at its pages that a moral purpose and great culture are back of the magazine, and the contributors to the initial number have struck their highest notes.— *Troy (N. Y.) Daily Press.*

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Judging from the first number, THE ARENA is likely to become the field upon which the knights of advanced ideas, and giants of intellect who have gained their spurs in many a contest, will marshal the forces of advanced thought, and bring under discussion all the great questions that concern our higher civilization.— *The Hebrew Standard (New York).*

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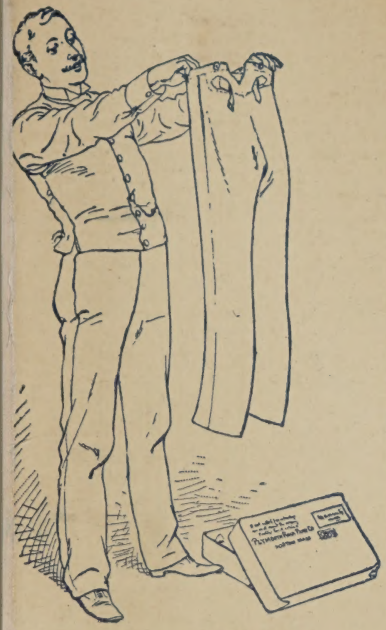

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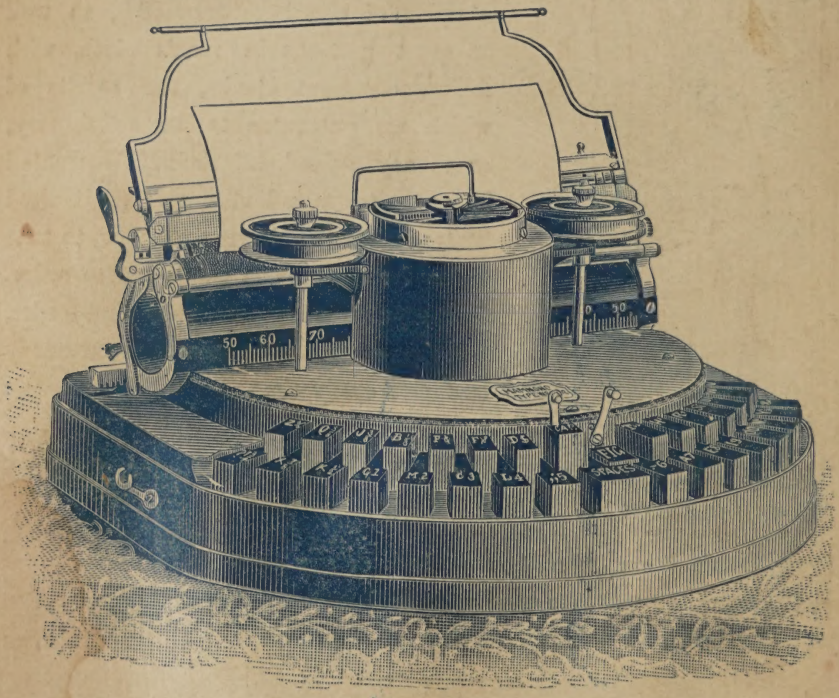

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In February Arena.

Vol. 1. JANUARY, 1890. No. 2.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." — HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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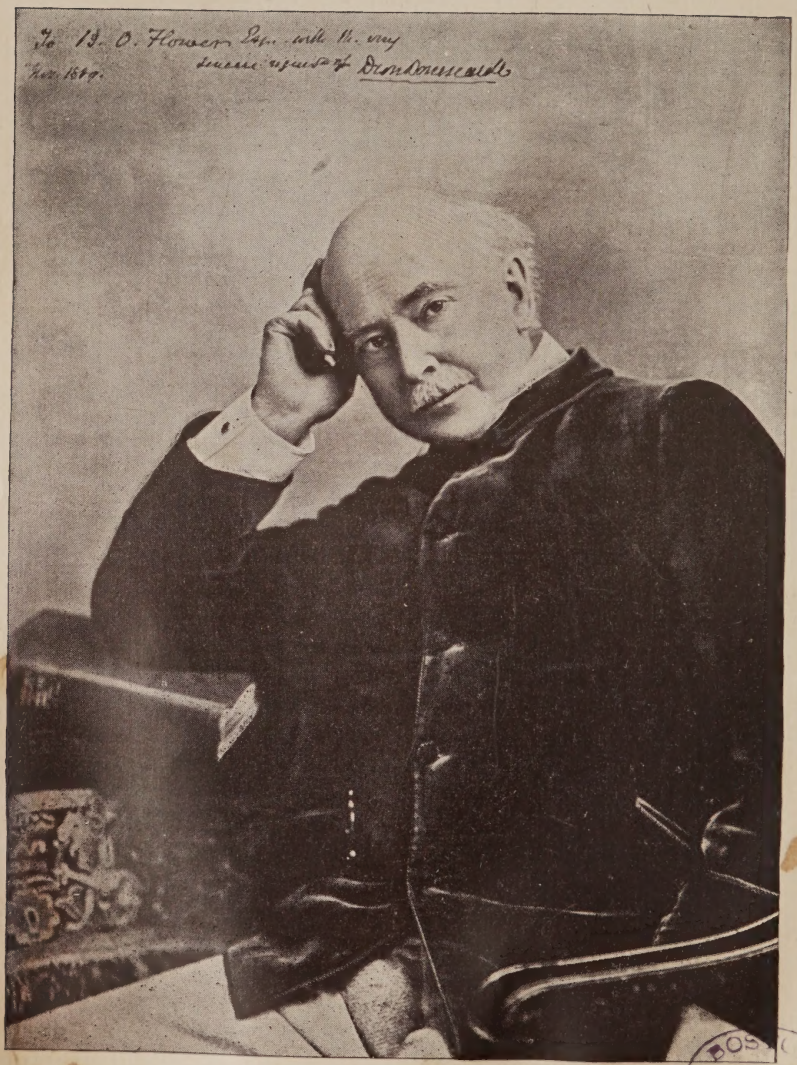

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THE ARENA.

No. II.

JANUARY, 1890.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In this country it is admitted that the power to govern resides in the people themselves; that they are the only rightful source of authority. For many centuries before the formation of our Government, before the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, the people had but little voice in the affairs of nations. The source of authority was not in this world; kings were not crowned by their subjects, and the sceptre was not held by the consent of the governed. The king sat on his throne by the will of God, and for that reason was not accountable to the people for the exercise of his power. He commanded, and the people obeyed. He was lord of their bodies, and his partner, the priest, was lord of their souls. The government of earth was patterned after the kingdom on high. God was a supreme autocrat in heaven, whose will was law, and the king was a supreme autocrat on earth, whose will was law. The God in heaven had inferior beings to do his will, and the king on earth had certain favorites and officers to do his. These officers were accountable to him, and he was responsible to God.

The Feudal system was supposed to be in accordance with the divine plan. The people were not governed by intelligence, but by threats and promises, by rewards and punish-

ments. No effort was made to enlighten the common people; no one thought of educating a peasant — of developing the mind of a laborer. The people were created to support thrones and altars. Their destiny was to toil and obey — to work and want. They were to be satisfied with huts and hovels, with ignorance and rags, and their children must expect no more. In the presence of the king they fell upon their knees, and before the priest they grovelled in the very dust. The poor peasant divided his earnings with the State, because he imagined it protected his body; he divided his crust with the Church, believing that it protected his soul. He was the prey of Throne and Altar — one deformed his body, the other his mind — and these two vultures fed upon his toil. He was taught by the king to hate the people of other nations, and by the priest to despise the believers in all other religions. He was made the enemy of all people except his own. He had no sympathy with the peasants of other lands enslaved and plundered like himself. He was kept in ignorance, because education is the enemy of superstition, and because education is the foe of that egotism often mistaken for patriotism.

The intelligent and good man holds in his affections the good and true of every land — the boundaries of countries are not the limitations of his sympathies. Caring nothing for race, or color, he loves those who speak other languages and worship other Gods. Between him and those who suffer, there is no impassable gulf. He salutes the world, and extends the hand of friendship to the human race. He does not bow before a provincial and patriotic God — one who protects his tribe or nation, and abhors the rest of mankind.

Through all the ages of superstition, each nation has insisted that it was the peculiar care of the true God, and that it alone had the true religion — that the gods of other nations were false and fraudulent, and that other religions were wicked, ignorant and absurd. In this way the seeds of hatred have been sown, and in this way have been kindled the flames of war. Men have had no sympathy with those of a different complexion, with those who knelt at other altars and expressed their thoughts in other words — and even a difference in garments placed them beyond the sympathy of others. Every peculiarity was the food of prejudice and the excuse for hatred.

The boundaries of nations were at last crossed by commerce. People became somewhat acquainted, and they found that the virtues and vices were quite evenly distributed. At last subjects became somewhat acquainted with kings — peasants had the pleasure of gazing at princes, and it was dimly perceived that the differences were mostly in rags and names.

In 1776 our fathers endeavored to retire the gods from politics. They declared that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This was a contradiction of the then political ideas of the world; it was, as many believed, an act of pure blasphemy — a renunciation of the Deity. It was in fact a declaration of the independence of the earth. It was a notice to all churches and priests that thereafter mankind would govern and protect themselves. Politically it tore down every altar and denied the authority of every "sacred book," and appealed from the Providence of God to the Providence of Man.

Those who promulgated the Declaration adopted a Constitution for the great Republic.

What was the office or purpose of that Constitution?

Admitting that all power came from the people, it was necessary, first, that certain means be adopted for the purpose of ascertaining the will of the people; and second, it was proper and convenient to designate certain departments that should exercise certain powers of the government. There must be the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments. Those who make laws should not execute them. Those who execute laws should not have the power of absolutely determining their meaning or their constitutionality. For these reasons, among others, a constitution was adopted.

This constitution also contained a declaration of rights. It marked out the limitations of discretion, so that in the excitement of passion men shall not go beyond the point designated in the calm moment of reason.

When man is unprejudiced, and his passions subject to reason, it is well he should define the limits of power, so that the waves driven by the storm of passion shall not overbear the shore.

A constitution is for the government of man in this world. It is the chain the people put upon their servants, as well

as upon themselves. It defines the limit of power and the limit of obedience.

It follows, then, that nothing should be in a constitution that cannot be enforced by the power of the State — that is, by the Army and Navy. Behind every provision of the constitution should stand the force of the nation. Every sword, every bayonet, every cannon should be there.

Suppose, then, that we amend the Constitution and acknowledge the existence and supremacy of God — what becomes of the supremacy of the people, and how is this amendment to be enforced? A constitution does not enforce itself. It must be carried out by appropriate legislation. Will it be a crime to deny the existence of this Constitutional-God? Can the offender be proceeded against in the criminal courts? Can his lips be closed by the power of the State? Would not this be the inauguration of religious persecution?

And if there is to be an acknowledgment of God in the Constitution, the question naturally arises as to which God is to have this honor. Shall we select the God of the Catholics — He who has established an infallible church presided over by an infallible pope, and who is delighted with certain ceremonies and placated by prayers uttered in exceedingly common Latin? Is it the God of the Presbyterian, with the Five Points of Calvinism, who is ingenious enough to harmonize necessity and responsibility, and who in some way justifies himself for damning most of his own children? Is it the God of the Puritan, the enemy of joy — of the Baptist, who is great enough to govern the universe, and small enough to allow the destiny of a soul to depend on whether the body it inhabited was immersed or sprinkled?

What God is it proposed to put in the Constitution? Is it the God of the Old Testament, who was a believer in slavery and who justified polygamy? If slavery was right then, it is right now; and if Jehovah was right then, the Mormons are right now. Are we to have the God who issued a commandment against all art — who was the enemy of investigation and of free speech? Is it the God who commanded the husband to stone his wife to death because she differed with him on the subject of religion? Are we to have a God who will re-enact the Mosaic code and punish hundreds of offences with death? What court, what tribunal

of last resort, is to define this God, and who is to make known his will? In his presence, laws passed by men will be of no value. The decisions of courts will be as nothing. But who is to make known the will of this supreme God? Will there be a supreme tribunal composed of priests?

Of course all persons elected to office will either swear or affirm to support the Constitution. Men who do not believe in this God, cannot so swear or affirm. Such men will not be allowed to hold any office of trust or honor. A God in the constitution will not interfere with the oaths or affirmations of hypocrites. Such a provision will only exclude honest and conscientious unbelievers. Intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a God or not. The existence of such a Being is merely a matter of opinion. Men who believe in the liberty of man, who are willing to die for the honor of their country, will be excluded from taking any part in the administration of its affairs. Such a provision would place the country under the feet of priests.

To recognize a Deity in the organic law of our country would be the destruction of religious liberty. The God in the Constitution would have to be protected. There would be laws against blasphemy, laws against the publication of honest thoughts, laws against carrying books and papers in the mails, in which this constitutional God should be attacked. Our land would be filled with theological spies, with religious eaves-droppers, and all the snakes and reptiles of the lowest natures, in this sunshine of religious authority, would uncoil and crawl.

It is proposed to acknowledge a God who is the lawful and rightful governor of nations — the one who ordained the powers that be. If this God is really the Governor of nations, it is not necessary to acknowledge him in the constitution. This would not add to his power. If he governs all nations now, he has always controlled the affairs of men. Having this control, why did he not see to it that he was recognized in the Constitution of the United States? If he had the supreme authority and neglected to put himself in the Constitution, is not this, at least, *prima facie* evidence that he did not desire to be there?

For one, I am not in favor of the God who has "ordained the powers that be." What have we to say of Russia — of Siberia? What can we say of the persecuted and enslaved?

What of the kings and nobles who live on the stolen labor of others? What of the priest and cardinal and pope who wrest even from the hand of poverty the single coin thrice earned?

Is it possible to flatter the Infinite with a constitutional amendment? The "Confederate States" acknowledged God in their constitution, and yet they were overwhelmed by a people in whose organic law no reference to God is made. All the kings of the earth acknowledge the existence of God, and God is their ally; and this belief in God is used as a means to enslave and rob, to govern and degrade the people whom they call their subjects.

The government of the United States is secular. It derives its power from the consent of man. It is a government with which God has nothing whatever to do — and all forms and customs, inconsistent with the fundamental fact that the people are the source of authority, should be abandoned. In this country there should be no oaths — no man should be sworn to tell the truth and in no court should there be any appeal to any supreme being. A rascal by taking the oath appears to go in partnership with God, and ignorant jurors credit the firm instead of the man. A witness should tell his story, and if he speaks falsely should be considered as guilty of perjury. Governors and Presidents should not issue religious proclamations. They should not call upon the people to thank God. It is no part of their official duty. It is outside of and beyond the horizon of their authority. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to justify this religious impertinence.

For many years priests have attempted to give to our government a religious form. Zealots have succeeded in putting the legend upon our money: "In God We Trust"; and we have chaplains in the Army and Navy, and legislative proceedings are usually opened with prayer. All this is contrary to the genius of the republic, contrary to the Declaration of Independence, and contrary really to the Constitution of the United States. We have taken the ground that the people can govern themselves without the assistance of any supernatural power. We have taken the position that the people are the real and only rightful source of authority. We have solemnly declared that the people must determine what is politically right and what is wrong, and

that their legally expressed will is the supreme law. This leaves no room for national superstition — no room for patriotic gods or supernatural beings — and this does away with the necessity for political prayers.

The government of God has been tried. It was tried in Palestine several thousand years ago, and the God of the Jews was a monster of cruelty and ignorance, and the people governed by this God lost their nationality. Theocracy was tried through the Middle Ages. God was the Governor — the Pope was his agent, and every priest and bishop and cardinal was armed with credentials from the Most High — and the result was that the noblest and best were in prisons, the greatest and grandest perished at the stake. The result was that vices were crowned with honor, and virtues whipped naked through the streets. The result was that hypocrisy swayed the sceptre of authority, while honesty languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The government of God was tried in Geneva when John Calvin was his representative; and under this government of God the flames climbed around the limbs and blinded the eyes of Michael Servetus, because he dared to express an honest thought. This government of God was tried in Scotland, and the seeds of theological hatred were sown, that bore, through hundreds of years, the fruit of massacre and assassination. This government of God was established in New England, and the result was that Quakers were hanged or burned — the laws of Moses re-enacted and the "witch was not suffered to live." The result was that investigation was a crime, and the expression of an honest thought a capital offence. This government of God was established in Spain, and the Jews were expelled, the Moors were driven out, Moriscoes were exterminated, and nothing left but the ignorant and bankrupt worshippers of this monster. This government of God was tried in the United States, when slavery was regarded as a divine institution, when men and women were regarded as criminals because they sought for liberty by flight, and when others were regarded as criminals because they gave them food and shelter. The pulpit of that day defended the buying and selling of women and babes, and the mouths of slave-traders were filled with passages of Scripture defending and upholding the traffic in human flesh.

We have entered upon a new epoch. This is the century of man. Every effort to really better the condition of mankind has been opposed by the worshippers of some God. The Church in all ages and among all peoples has been the consistent enemy of the human race. Everywhere and at all times, it has opposed the liberty of thought and expression. It has been the sworn enemy of investigation and of intellectual development. It has denied the existence of facts the tendency of which was to undermine its power. It has always been carrying faggots to the feet of Philosophy. It has erected the gallows for Genius. It has built the dungeon for thinkers. And to-day the orthodox church is as much opposed as it ever was, to the mental freedom of the human race.

Of course there is a distinction made between churches and individual members. There have been millions of christians who have been believers in liberty and in the freedom of expression — millions who have fought for the rights of man — but Churches as organizations, have been on the other side. It is true that Churches have fought Churches — that Protestants battled with the Catholics for what they were pleased to call the freedom of conscience; and it is also true that the moment these Protestants obtained the civil power, they denied this freedom of conscience to others.

Let me show you the difference between the theological and the secular spirit. Nearly three hundred years ago, one of the noblest of the human race, Giordano Bruno, was burned at Rome by the Catholic Church — that is to say by the "Triumphant Beast." This man had committed certain crimes — he had publicly stated that there were other worlds than this — other constellations than ours. He had ventured the supposition that other planets might be peopled. More than this, and worse than this, he had asserted the heliocentric theory — that the earth made its annual journey about the sun. He had also given it as his opinion that matter is eternal. For these crimes he was found unworthy to live, and about his body were piled the faggots of the Catholic Church. This man, this genius, this pioneer of the Science of the Nineteenth Century, perished as serenely as the sun sets. The infidels of to-day find excuses for his murderers. They take into consideration the ignorance and brutality of the times. They remember that the world was governed by

a God who was then the source of all authority. This is the charity of infidelity, — of philosophy. But the Church of to-day is so heartless, is still so cold and cruel, that it can find no excuse for the murdered.

This is the difference between Theocracy and Democracy — between God and man.

If God is allowed in the Constitution, man must abdicate. There is no room for both. If the people of the great Republic become superstitious enough and ignorant enough to put God in the Constitution of the United States, the experiment of self-government will have failed, and the great and splendid declaration that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" will have been denied, and in its place will be found this: All power comes from God; priests are his agents, and the people are their slaves.

Religion is an individual matter, and each soul should be left entirely free to form its own opinions and to judge of its accountability to a supposed supreme being. With religion, government has nothing whatever to do. Government is founded upon force, and force should never interfere with the religious opinions of men. Laws should define the rights of men and their duties towards each other, and these laws should be for the benefit of man in this world.

A nation can neither be Christian nor Infidel — a nation is incapable of having opinions upon these subjects. If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? If it is not, will they all be damned? Of course it is admitted that the majority of citizens composing a nation may believe or disbelieve, and they may call the nation what they please. A nation is a corporation. To repeat a familiar saying, "it has no soul." There can be no such thing as a Christian Corporation. Several Christians may form a corporation, but it can hardly be said that the corporation thus formed was included in the atonement. For instance: seven Christians form a corporation — that is to say, there are seven natural persons and one artificial — can it be said that there are eight souls to be saved?

No human being has brain enough, or knowledge enough, or experience enough, to say whether there is, or is not, a God. Into this darkness Science has not yet carried its torch. No human being has gone beyond the horizon of the natural.

As to the existence of the supernatural, one man knows precisely as much, and exactly as little as another. Upon this question, chimpanzees and cardinals, apes and popes, are upon exact equality. The smallest insect discernible only by the most powerful microscope, is as familiar with this subject as the greatest genius that has been produced by the human race.

Governments and laws are for the preservation of rights and the regulation of conduct. One man should not be allowed to interfere with the liberty of another. In the metaphysical world there should be no interference whatever. The same is true in the world of art. Laws cannot regulate what is, or what is not, music — what is or what is not beautiful — and constitutions cannot definitely settle and determine the perfection of statues, the value of paintings, or the glory and subtlety of thought. In spite of laws and constitutions the brain will think. In every direction consistent with the well-being and peace of society, there should be freedom. No man should be compelled to adopt the theology of another; neither should a minority, however small, be forced to acquiesce in the opinions of a majority, however large.

If there be an infinite being, he does not need our help — we need not waste our energies in his defence. It is enough for us to give to every other human being the liberty we claim for ourselves. There may or may not be a Supreme Ruler of the universe — but we are certain that man exists, and we believe that freedom is the condition of progress, that it is the sunshine of the mental and moral world, and that without it man will go back to the den of savagery and will become the fit associate of wild and ferocious beasts.

We have tried the government of priests, and we know that such governments are without mercy. In the administration of theocracy, all the instruments of torture have been invented. If any man wishes to have God recognized in the constitution of our country, let him read the history of the Inquisition, and let him remember that hundreds of millions of men, women and children have been sacrificed to placate the wrath or win the approbation of this God.

There has been in our country a divorce of Church and State. This follows as a natural sequence of the declaration that "governments derive their just powers from the consent

of the governed." The priest was no longer a necessity. His presence was a contradiction of the principle on which the Republic was founded. He represented, not the authority of the people, but of some "Power from on High," and to recognize this other Power was inconsistent with free government. The founders of the Republic at that time parted company with the priests, and said to them: "You may turn your attention to the other world — we will attend to the affairs of this." Equal liberty was given to all. But the ultra theologian is not satisfied with this — he wishes to destroy the liberty of the people — he wishes a recognition of his God as the source of authority, to the end that the Church may become the supreme power.

But the sun will not be turned backward. The people of the United States are intelligent. They no longer believe implicitly in supernatural religion. They are losing confidence in the miracles and marvels of the Dark Ages. They know the value of the free school. They appreciate the benefits of science. They are believers in education, in the free play of thought, and there is a suspicion that the priest, the theologian, is destined to take his place with the necromancer, the astrologer, the worker of magic, and the professor of the black art.

We have already compared the benefits of theology and Science. When the theologian governed the world, it was covered with huts and hovels for the many, palaces and cathedrals for the few. To nearly all the children of men reading and writing were unknown arts. The poor were clad in rags and skins — they devoured crusts, and gnawed bones. The day of Science dawned, and the luxuries of a century ago are the necessities of to-day. Men in the middle ranks of life have more of the conveniences and elegancies than the princes and kings of the theological times. But above and over all this, is the development of mind. There is more of value in the brain of an average man of to-day — of a master-mechanic, of a chemist, of a naturalist, of an inventor, than there was in the brain of the world four hundred years ago.

These blessings did not fall from the skies. These benefits did not drop from the outstretched hands of priests. They were not found in cathedrals or behind altars — neither were they searched for with holy candles. They were not discovered by the closed eyes of prayer, nor did they come in

answer to superstitious supplication. They are the children of freedom, the gifts of reason, observation and experience — and for them all man is indebted to man.

Let us hold fast to the sublime declaration of Lincoln: Let us insist that this, the Republic, is "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

"I LOVED the man, and do honor to his memory on this side of idolatry, as much as any," quoth Ben Jonson, writing of his "beloved, the author, William Shakspere," then recently dead. For, he adds, "he was honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and excellent expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too! But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned." Again he relates: "The players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspere that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been: Would he had blotted out a thousand!"

Thus Ben Jonson. The thousand lines he referred to, have been blotted out, and more. For no poet has been so bemauled, interpolated, mutilated and turned about as this one, before whom we grovel, while we deface his image. We go down on all fours before this idol and rub our forehead in the dust, and then proceed to disfigure him. Let us "do honor to his memory on this side of idolatry," without debasing our judgment; let us commune with him as an humble craftsman with a master. There is this matter in Jonson's remarks to be held in thought; — when he says "on this side of idolatry" — it is evident that Shakspere, in his own time, had provoked extravagant admiration, and the actors who vaunted that "whatsoever he penned" was free from erasure, seemed fairly to settle the question recently advanced that he was an illiterate person, scarcely able to sign his own name, and performed a life-long imposture, thus befooling the family of dramatic poets amongst whom he lived in daily intercourse for twenty years of his life.

I propose to discuss, not the beauties of this pre-eminent dramatic poet, but those blemishes, to which Jonson, I think, refers; they may be called spots on the sun. If I confine myself to these it is because they serve to individualize the writer. It is by defects we recognize a physiognomy; for be it remembered that all perfect features are much on one model; but it is on some peculiarity that a resemblance depends. This peculiarity being a departure from the regularity of perfect form, gives the characteristic on which the artist seizes to obtain a likeness. Let us seek out in Shakspere such peculiarities as distinguish him from the associate poets of his time, whose mind-work was so mixed up with his, in the dramatic works generally ascribed to his authorship, that the most diligent and conscientious students confess themselves unable to determine how much of these works are attributable to him, and how much to his collaborators. And in seeking to supply the reason with some suggestions that may serve to enable him to pursue an enquiry on this interesting subject, I hope I may, without offence or presumption, speak my practical mind as a craftsman in the art of dramatic composition, and deal as an expert in this literary region over which Shakspere reigns by divine grace.

When he arrived in London he found the theatre to which he became attached was run by a joint stock company composed of authors and actors, who took their pay in shares of the receipts after expenses had been defrayed. The plays were furnished mainly by some score of authors, amongst these were Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Lyly Lodge, Nash, Allen, Kyd, Chettle, Wilson, Munday, and subsequently came his co-temporaries, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and Ford. These and others furnished the plays, which for the most part were composed as the French dramas of the present day and written in "society"; that is: three or four authors collaborating. By these means only could the constant and copious supply of pieces be furnished to the theatre, where change of performance was essential at a time when the theatrical public were the few in a small community. Shakspere seems to have cumulated his employments; he was actor; there are traces of his performances of what are now termed the "heavy business" and old men; Adam in "As You Like It"; The Kings in his Histories; old Knowell in Jonson's comedy; The Ghost in "Hamlet," and so forth.

It appears from a valuation made at the period when the theatrical property, in which he was a shareholder, was perhaps estimated for sale, that besides the shares belonging to him as one of the partners, he claimed the wardrobes and accessories as his separate property. It is fair to presume, therefore, that he furnished that department and received hire. That he enjoyed some such resources and was thrifty in their management, is clearly deducible from the fact that within fifteen years he was able to become a man of substance and to retire on a fortune. He could not have done this out of his share of the receipts alone; remembering that the highest price of admission to the theatre was twenty-five cents, to the boxes, and twelve, four, and two cents, to the pit and gallery. Of course, there was neither scenery, advertisements, or rent, to provide, nor more than a band and a few very small salaries to pay, as all the principals received their pay in shares, — and there were sixteen shareholders, — but I presume that sixty or seventy dollars was considered "good business" and a hundred, a bumper! We find by the records in the State paper office, amongst the accounts of payments made by the Court Treasurer for revels performed before King James at Easter, 1618, the following item: "To John Heminges for presenting two several plays before his majesty, on Easter Monday 'Twelfth Night' the play so called, and on Easter Tuesday 'The Winter's Tale.' Twenty pounds." If, therefore, the payment made to Shakspere's partner, Heminges, was a fairly liberal compensation, it follows that ten pounds, or fifty dollars, was at that time regarded as a good receipt.

In France, at the present day, ten per cent. of the gross receipts is reserved nightly for the authors presenting the entertainment of the evening, and this sum is proportionately divided between them. Some such method of payment, I surmise, was prevalent in the time of Shakspere, which will account for the presence of his pen in so many plays, which, subsequently, were ascribed wholly to him. He thriftily managed to have a finger in every dramatic pie. And here let me refer to a silly impression abroad that an artist or a poet (for indeed all artists are poets) should be above stooping to "filthy lucre." In the first place lucre is not filthy; poverty may be, but there is nothing cleaner than wealth, if honestly come by. Then to be a poet one

need not be, as some think, a helpless and disorderly fool. A provident regard for the happiness and comfort of those who have claims upon us is not a narrow nor a sordid sentiment; it is simply a respectable feeling, and such is not inconsistent with the character of one who, overflowing with noble thoughts, bequeathed a store to mankind, where for centuries we have helped ourselves to all that is generous, gentle, and good.

It seems indisputable that we have scarcely one dramatic work bearing the name of Shakspere, which we can feel sure was of his unaided composition. Greene, his fellow dramatist, taunts him with being a journeyman scribbler, tinkering at the works of others, and points him out to his companion authors as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers." This childish squall, however absurd it may be, reveals the fact that Shakspere up to that time was known as one who prepared the works of others for the stage. In reviewing the plays that have been ascribed to him, — for he published none, nor, so far as we know, authorized his name to be placed to any dramatic work, — out of the bulk of plays attributed to him, certain works have been repudiated by his editors, such as Locrine, The Puritaine, Thomas Lord Cromwell, The Two Noble Kinsmen, The Yorkshire Tragedy, Sir John Oldcastle; although these works appeared in print during his lifetime, and with his name as author on their title pages. Nevertheless, while rejecting these, his editors admit such works as The Three Parts of Henry the Sixth, Troilus and Cressida, Titus Andronicus, and Pericles, Prince of Tyre, but meanwhile express the doubt that the poet's hand is anywhere visible in them. In some of his greatest plays we may detect another and very inferior hand at work beside his own, and that he admitted such companionship, betrays the modesty of his mind, which saw not the pack-horse that was harnessed beside his Pegasus. It is my object in this paper to point out, and, so far as I am able, to define the peculiar bent of mind, method, and form of expression by which his style is characterized; so when he "chips in" he may be detected. There are two authors who write beside him who occasionally resemble him. These seem to be Fletcher and Ben Jonson; it is difficult to believe that certain passages throughout the works of these two poets were not contributed by Shakspere.

Then we should allow something in the comic scenes for the "gags" of the clowns, which have evidently crept into the copies — these must have grown into a great offence since the gentle Shakspere was galled into the bitter reproof contained in Hamlet's advice to the players. Thus we find his dramatic works were bemuddled, not only during their incubation by collaborating authors, but during their production, by wanton actors, and subsequently they were dispersed and lost, to be exhumed in parts seven years after his death; the bones as it were, collected and put together and so presented to the world by his self-constituted literary executors. We must accept the conviction that Shakspere attached no value to his plays, excepting as pot-boilers. He knew they were not wholly his own. How differently he acted toward the first born of his invention, the poem "Venus and Adonis," upon which his reputation during his life had chiefly rested. It was printed and published under his own careful *supervision* — look at it now — it is not defaced by explanatory notes interfering at every line; he leaves no doubts as to the clearness of the text. The same may be said of his "Lucrece" and the "Sonnets." There are no obscurities here for commentators to wrangle over. But what is most satisfying is that here we have William Shakspere's self, where no one pretends that any collaboration has intruded. On this indisputed ground let us stand, and there study those marks and signs by which we may trace his pen.

It has been a subject of wonderment, that none of his manuscripts survive; no scrap of his writing has been discovered! Is it not more wonderful that none of the manuscripts of Moliere exist? This poet lived in a period and amongst a people where literary eminence on the stage was recognized. He was the special personal favorite of a great monarch. But there is nothing surprising in the circumstance that the original manuscripts of "Tartufe" and "Misanthrope" are not to be found. The dramatic author hands in his play to the theatre where it is copied — this copy is called the prompt copy — and is much more important than the author's scrawl, which has not yet become a curiosity.

When a manuscript goes into a printer's hands, it is cut up and so defaced during the process of composition, that its remains are not worth preserving; that, at least, is my expe-

rience. So much for the disappearance of the Shaksperian originals.

Of the thirty-six or thirty-seven plays that form the collection usually published under his name, two-thirds are either merely edited by him, or helped along by his pen here and there. The plays in which he seems to have been so largely concerned that his spirit occupies and inspires them wholly, are Othello, As You Like It, The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Macbeth, The Merry Wives, Romeo and Juliet, Coriolanus, and Hamlet. This last, and the most popular of all his works, seems to me to betray occasionally another hand, or some wanton interpolation of the actors, or some parts of the older play, which it may be were restored by them. But let us address ourselves to the Shaksperian mind writing, by which I think the process of this singular brain may be traced and detected.

The most remarkable feature in his expression is the use of the Saxon language on all occasions in its modest vernacular, the employment of slang while treating on the saddest subjects, and, by way of illustration, the introduction of familiar figures in familiar language, and the startling use of the grotesque, in situation and by characters, where it might be least expected. But most remarkable is his habit of playing upon words, and his almost childish delight in puns. He repeats in several of his plays the words "and thereby hangs a tale," as though the pun was so excellent as to bear repetition. He does not reserve this touch of expression in his comedies but his tragic characters indulge in it, in their most tragic moments. Hamlet's first utterance, and his second, are sarcasms in the form of puns. Another feature is the strange and wild mixture of tropes. In the luxuriance of his fancy, he throws together images in rich confusion, but each incomplete, and having little relation to its neighbors. Thus in the familiar description of a hopeless love, Viola says: "She never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damask cheek." Here we have a delicate picture of a flower perishing from the concealed worm eating into its heart. But without drawing breath we find her like Patience on a monument smiling at grief! This sudden jump from horticulture to statuary is peculiarly Shaksperian in its extravagance.

Let us turn to the soliloquy in Hamlet on suicide, which

with all deference scarcely deserves the position it holds in popular esteem; it cannot compare either in depth or in force with the first soliloquy of the Prince, nor that which is provoked in him by the emotion displayed by the player. But let that pass. There is no subject so robed in melancholy sables, as this contemplation of ending the miseries of life in death: "To die! to die! to sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there's *the rub!*" And again presently the suicider is described as "taking *a quietus!*" These are slang expressions. Other poets adapt their language to the nature of their subject; this he rarely does; but rather allows the grotesque a place in word, and in turn of thought. Thus again in the scene over the skull of Yorick, than which nothing can be more pathetic, Hamlet, contemplating the remains of his childhood's playmate, says to Horatio: "Dost thou think Alexander looked this fashion in the earth?" "Even so!" replies Horatio, sadly. At which Hamlet applying the skull to his nose, asks: "And smelt so? pah!" Here is the grotesque revealing its most startling presence!

Now turn to his poem "Venus and Adonis." He thus represents the goddess at sunrise, hastening to find her lover:—

> "Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From her moist cabinet mounts up on high
> And wakes the morning from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty;
> Who doth the world so gloriously behold
> The cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold."

Mark the conceit "moist cabinet," peculiarly Shaksperian in its oddness. The whole stanza is pure, boyish, and aspires the sweet morning air — but what follows is eminently characteristic, — for it is in this familiar fashion he treats Venus.

> "And as she runs, the bushes in the way
> Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
> Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
> She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
> Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache
> Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake."

Thus the goddess becomes a rustic Chloe of sturdy form and vigorous development — turn to the interview between

Venus and her son in the Eneid, and compare the grace and dignity of the Latin poet's description with the rough naturalism of Shakspere. He is unconscious that he brings down his divinity to the level of his treatment instead of employing treatment at the level of his divine subject.

But this naturalism of language when applied to humane emotions, becomes of inexpressible power — see the "keen" of Constance over her lost son Arthur — (I must use the Irish expression "Keen" which means the cry of the heart over the dead). Listen to this: —

Father Cardinal! I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven!
If that be true, I'll see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain — the first male child
To him that did but yesterday suspire —
There was not such a gracious creature born!
But now — will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost.
As dim and meagre as an ague fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him — therefore never —
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more!

CARD. — You hold too heinous a respect of grief!

CONST.— (*Raising her reproachful eyes to the priest murmurs.*)
He talks to me that never had a son!

KING P.—You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST.—Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed — walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

. . . . . .

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life — my joy — my food — my all the world —
My widow comfort and — my sorrow's cure!

Thus muttering to herself, she wanders out.

Is there in the great region of the drama, from Sophocles to Sheridan Knowles, any deep human wail that can compare with this? I know of none. I pity the man who can read or hear these lines spoken, and keep his eyes dry. Yet in

them the characteristics we have pointed out abound; who but Shakspere would have written: "stuffed out his vacant garments with his form"? Nothing can be more acutely touching than the mother contemplating the empty clothes of her boy, and the queen expresses the picture in the words that would be used by the peasant woman—for mortal grief levels us all. Shakspere, in this scene, uses no poetic imagery—he simply grovels on the grave.

No poet at any period, in any language, has rivalled this outburst, in its passionate rhetoric. Yet we are told this is all wrong, false, unnatural, because unreal, and we should go to Mr. Ibsen to learn in his domestic drama "The Doll's House," how an ill-used woman feels, behaves, and expresses herself, according to the ethics of the modern apostle by whom the drama is to be led to salvation.

Those enthusiastic "idolators" of Shakspere, to whom Jonson refers, ascribe to him a knowledge on various subjects little short of miraculous in a man whose education had been neglected. This knowledge is readily accounted for when we reflect that his collaborators may have possessed and supplied it. The French scenes in Henry the Fifth were so contributed beyond all doubt. We have heard that his knowledge of law was so remarkable, that he must have served an apprenticeship in a lawyer's office. Yet it appears to me that no one having such familiarity with law proceedings could have shaped the incidents composing the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice"! We are asked to believe that a statute existed in that State which made it a capital offence in a Jew to seek by direct or indirect means the life of any Venetian citizen; yet this statute was unknown to Shylock and to his race; it was unknown to the lawyers of Venice who must have heard of this remarkable case of Shylock vs. Antonio. It was unknown to the court, the senators who made the law, and to the doge. But it was known to a lawyer practising in Padua, who did not instruct Portia that it should serve as a demurrer to the whole matter into which the court need not go. But this would not allow the agony of the scene to be protracted; it would not allow Portia to play the cat with the mouse! Again, if the law accepted the bond and regarded its conditions to be binding, then the quibble of Portia concerning the blood and the precise weight of the flesh would not be entertained by any

tribunal. She lays down the law, however, and takes on herself to be both court and counsel! This may be very well for a general public that cares little what means are employed to defeat a villain, and who loves to see him caught in his own snare; but I confess to some doubt as to any legal scholar committing such a scene to the stage!

Our present business, however, is not with the width and depth of Shakspere's acquirements; but with his love for sensational tricks in his construction, regarded as one of the distinctive features in his works. Thus: The preter-natural birth of Macduff is sprung on Macbeth at his last moment to fulfil the prophecy of the witches, that none of woman born could harm Macbeth; then the poisoned foils in Hamlet; the exposition in Cymbeline by the soothsayer of the oracle, in which the words "tender air" are latinized into *mollis aer*, from whence he gets *mulier*, woman! is about as far fetched a derivation as ever was contrived to amuse a third-class boy. These are of a kind with the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice," and may be said to be characteristic of Shakspere's method.

If the peculiarities taken altogether form a diagnosis in a literary sense of the weaknesses of his mind, we may apply them to such dramatic works as may be generally regarded as his apocrypha, and by this test extract the Shaksperian gold from the dross in which it is buried.

I am prepared to meet the accusation of agnosticism preferred by the "idolators" who have carried their deification so far that they have produced a Donnelly. This is the natural result of their extravagance. I am painfully conscious that the subject I, perhaps with too little circumspection, undertook to treat in the few pages of a magazine article, deserves more profound and wider application, and a more accomplished pen than mine to expound.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD.

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE, POET LAUREATE OF CANADA.

LA FONTAINE wrote somewhere:

Si, Peau d'Aue m'elait conte,
J'y peudrais un plaisir ectreme.

"Excessive delight" is perhaps rather too much; and, between you and me, I am not far from suspecting the words suggested themselves to the great fabulist as a tribute to the exigencies of rhyme.

It is nevertheless true that the simple tales by which our hearts were moved and our imaginations struck, in the early days of childhood, retain, even in our old age, a powerful, though somewhat vague and indefinable charm.

Does it arise from the actual interest they afford?

Scarcely; if heard for the first time in mature age, they doubtless would appear, in most cases, rather meaningless, and would arouse anything but admiration for the creative power of their authors.

There is another and better reason for it.

We love old tunes that recall home scenes of days gone by; and so these artless tales are endeared to us because they bring back our first crawlings into light, our first impressions, the first dawnings of our intelligence, our first throbbings for fear, for joy, for wonder and for hope; they are hallowed with the first rays of our life's sun, and glow with the gold dust strewn by age, in the recesses of memory, o'er the tablets on which are graven the earliest records of the soul.

This is not meant, gentle reader, as a preamble to a hundred thousandth edition of Jack the Giant Killer, or to a new-found version of Mother Goose. Far from it. I propose to lay before your eyes a somewhat neglected page of real history, and I was led to refer to the stories so dear to childhood, by the fact that, according to the popular tradi-

tions at least, one of the best known of them is founded upon it.

On a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said with a parting hand-shake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis, there is a station called Champtocé. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well, they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly, in flesh and bone as you and I,—with this difference,—that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles De Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another, I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, Madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no

one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till we reached Champtocé where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty mediæval tower which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home.

Or rather it was one of his castles, for he had a great many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (*Pays de Retz*) having once been his.

His other principal abodes were Tiffauge (Vendée), Suze (Sarthe), Machecoul and Davenay (Loire Inferiaure), Pouzange, Chambenais et Confolens (Charente), Grezsur-Maine, Château-Morand (Loire), etc.

All these manor houses were not the scene of Gilles de Retz's atrocities, which filled with horror a period otherwise so prolific in abominations. The record of his trial bears mention only of Champtocé, Suze, and Tiffauge, in which the monster abused and massacred over a hundred helpless children stolen from their parents.

But we must not anticipate the order of events. In fact, the crimes of this infamous fiend cannot be told. Their heinousness is far in excess of anything that can be imagined.

Let us only review as briefly as possible the more notable part of this extraordinary man's life.

Gilles, baron of Retz or Raiz, was born at Nantes, toward the latter end of the fourteenth century, of a family related to the royal and ducal houses of France and Brittany.

At twenty years of age, he entered the service of King Charles VII., followed Joan of Arc to the siege of Orleans, took part at her side in all the battles she fought with the English, and achieved quite a renown as a warrior. He distinguished himself particularly at the recapture of Paris, which for fifteen years had been the capital of the English monarchy, and was, to a certain extent, instrumental in the final expulsion of the foreigners from the whole of the province known as Isle-de-France.

In short, though still a young man, having attained through a number of deeds of valor, the rank of Marshal of France, he withdrew to his estates with the title of Lieutenant-General of Brittany,—therefore quite an exalted personage.

I have already said enough to show that his wealth was counted by millions. By luxury and debauchery he was not only ruined, but became a legendary character in the history of crime.

He affected to vie with kings in display and senseless prodigality. He gave himself a body guard of two hundred cavaliers, who accompanied him in all his saunterings from town to town through Brittany. He further drew after him a company of players and musicians, and a host of servants of all classes in the most gorgeous livery.

When he passed through the towns and villages with this imperial train, crowds of idlers, vagabonds, and beggars, collected about him to gather the gold he scattered by handfuls. He maintained regular seraglios hidden within his princely residences. In fine, no sovereign led so ostentatious a life, none cast away his treasures in more profuse dissipation.

As was frequently the case in mediæval times, and is indeed occasionally seen in our own, this shameless and unscrupulous debauchee took delight in the pomp of religious ceremonials ; he affected great outward piety.

His chapels were loaded with wealth and all manner of ornaments. He had chapters of canons, chaplains, choir boys, singers, and — by a queer whim — an organ he caused to be carted after him through all his journeys. The whole of this chapel staff were clothed in sumptuous vestments adorned with precious furs, some of which cost fabulous prices.

In this connection, the stupid vanity of the man was such that he went so far as to send an ambassador to Rome, to obtain leave of the Pope for his canons to wear mitres and other episcopal insignia.

It may be readily imagined that such an extravagant spendthrift must have been surrounded by numbers of parasites, to say nothing of knaves. So, ere long, the immense fortune of Gilles de Retz gave sign of fast approaching collapse.

Alarmed at the rapid melting away of his wealth, he sold

the best part of his vast domains to stay the impending catastrophe. But, as he continued to indulge in the same excesses and orgies, it was of no avail. So that, in face of utter ruin, but still borne down by his insatiable lust, he bethought himself of having recourse to the Science of Alchemy to replenish his coffers.

France — and indeed the whole of Europe — during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was very much addicted to astrology, to magic, and to witchcraft, but chiefly to alchemy.

Like the generation which preceded our own, the people of those times were infected with what has been appropriately termed the gold fever. But, before the discovery of America the gold hunters did not venture across the seas or through arid deserts to seek out the precious ores of placers; they only tortured their eyesight in the study and deciphering of hermetic lore, and wore themselves out over crucibles and retorts to conquer fortune by solving the problem of the transmutation of metals.

We all know the part played at that time by the dark followers of the secret art, the craftsmen of the philosophic stone, — the part, at times, of visionaries and dreamers, but often enough of schemers in search of dupes to prey upon.

Into the hand of this second class of alchemists the sire of Retz naturally gave himself over.

These charlatans, who fed on superstition, ordinarily found their fattest quarry among great lords and noblemen.

The story is told of a princess, and of an alchemist, — the latter became famous by the disaster in which he ended his career. Liket he rest of his fraternity, he was bold in the assertion that he could convert all metals into the finest gold. But for this purpose — as we may well guess — the first thing he required was a large amount of money.

The credulous princess supplied the demand without stint. But, after a while, she began to suspect that her miracle worker was melting down her silver anywhere but in a smelting oven; so she had a laboratory built for him in mid forest, at some distance from her castle. Thither she had all his appliances, instruments, books, bottles, and compounds carried, and after having sent him in after them, she caused the entrance to be walled up, a narrow loophole only being left, for letting in air and food.

There the unfortunate man was left for three years, to rack his brain and wither over his vials, his alembics, and stills. He was doomed never more to see the light of day.

One night, in the midst of darkness and the raging of a storm, a fearful explosion was heard. The laboratory and all it contained had been blown into space.

On the following day, there was nothing to be seen but scattered fragments, which emitted a strong odor of sulphur; conclusive evidence for the inhabitants of the place that the sorcerer had been carried off by the devil. In point of fact, it never could be ascertained whether the unfortunate wretch had perished an involuntary victim to his chemical experiments, or had destroyed himself in a fit of despair, to put an end to his intolerable confinement.

Strange to say, the superstitious multitude and ignorant nobility were not alone beset by the infatuation; philosophers also gave way to it. The wildest theories were started as a consequence. A wiseacre announced in all seriousness, that a sun's ray stored in a cavern would, in the course of three thousand years, harden into an ingot of gold!

Indeed he had no reason to fear that experience would ever give *him* the lie. Besides the good man overlooked an essential point: he forgot to show how the sun's ray was to be stored in the cavern.

The lord of Retz—as may be understood — had no mind to verify such theories. He did not care to wait three thousand years for gold. He must have it at once, and at any cost, even at the expense of eternal salvation!

Having uselessly resorted to the learning of several famous alchemists, and the remnants of his former wealth being insufficient to afford him the means of satisfying his all-devouring passions, he gave himself up body and soul to what was in those times known as the religion of Satan. He tried to retrieve his fortune by the infamous practices of witchcraft.

As mentioned above, such abominations were quite common in Europe, in that age. The sculpturings on most of the churches of the fifteenth century show numerous illustrations of the exchange by man of his soul for bags of coin, and of his kneeling to the devil to kiss the rim of his claws.

It was also an era of unspeakable flagitiousness. In every order of society up to the steps of thrones — indeed particu-

larly on the steps of thrones — rape, incest, poisoning, fearful sacrileges, and monstrous witchcraft had sway. The infamous mummery known in France by the name of "*envoutement*" was practised on a large scale. John IV., Duke of Brittany, as some historians pretend, was despatched in that way.

Pitre Chevalier humorously describes the practice as follows:—

"*Envoutement* consisted in the making of a waxen image of the intended victim, and in stabbing it in the heart or head while pronouncing cabalistic words. The operation on the image — if at all supplemented by stabbings on the original — was sure to undo the latter."

Nowadays such things cause us to smile with pity; but in those dark times they shed terror through all ranks, and frequently called for sanguinary reprisals. As a consequence, during the latter half of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries, were seen in France, endless and revolting trials for sorcery, ravishings, poisonings, and diabolical doings of all kinds. The Inquisition lacked agents, judges, dungeons, wood-piles, and executioners for the number of those informed against.

Being used to all the excesses of an unbounded lubricity, and continually sinking from vice to vice and from crime to crime in the hideous whirlpool of his passions, the wretch whom Perreault was to make famous under the name of Blue-Beard plunged wildly into all the devilish horrors of the times.

He began to seek in Germany, in Italy, and throughout Europe for those who were reputed to have the power of calling forth the spirits of darkness. He had no need to go so far: a physician of Poitou answered the summons.

He was a powerful magician, as he pretended, and Beelzebub, Astoroth, Mephisto, and the whole infernal legions were enlisted in his service. Being called upon to give an exhibition of his science, he selected the castle of Tiffauge as the most favorable spot for his incantations, — probably on account of the forest by which it was surrounded.

When the appointed time came, the sorcerer, in full armor, withdrew to a dense thicket, tracing magical circles in the air and uttering cabalistic sounds. When out of sight, he feigned a terrible struggle, striking his own armor

with his sword, and mimicking a dialogue which struck terror in the breasts of those who witnessed the scene.

This bold trick met with full success. Gilles de Retz had not seen the devil as he had been promised, it is true; but he had actually heard him, which was doubtless a great deal.

When our quack came out of the bush, he said he had seen the devil, but that the evil one had proved extremely refractory, and in spite of orders, threats, and conjurations, had stubbornly refused to show himself to anyone else. This was because he had omitted some part of the preparatory ceremonial. He had to return to his home to consult his conjuring books. Moreover, he confessed he required certain ingredients which were very costly, and as he was not rich, he must have money.

Gilles de Retz, dazzled by the prospect of the fabulous sums which were promised him, showed no hesitation. He made up a large amount, and the arrant cheat made off with it — never to return.

This humiliating fraud did not cure the marshal. He soon had recourse to other impostors, who turned the castles of Tiffauge, Suze, and Champtocé into veritable ante-chambers of hell. Murder stalking through orgies, scenes were enacted in these dens of wild beasts which would be wholly incredible, were they not set out in the authentic record of the trial, — scenes which it is impossible to transcribe or even to outline.

An Italian, Prelati by name, was the most forward accomplice in these horrors. He first led de Retz down to the deepest underground vaults of the castle of Tiffauge, and there made him sign with his own blood a compact with Satan, to whom he tendered, together with his soul, the fingers, the eyes and the heart torn from the warm body of a freshly murdered child.

Then, under his direction, followed, almost without intermission and in different places, a series of unheard-of crimes. Orgies of blood, mutilation of corpses, frightful sacrileges,— the revelling of monomaniacal rage. Frequently, during nights of thundering and storm, Gilles de Retz, in a mad delirium of cruelty and morbid erotism, would slaughter with his own hand, children six, eight, and ten years old, would search their entrails, wallow in their blood, and mid flashes of lightning and the uproar of thunder, would glut his ferocity

and feast on their agony. [Our modern Jack the Ripper was an angel compared to him.]

He enjoyed the death of his victims, as he admitted at his trial, even more than their sufferings, Their heartrending cries delighted him, but their agonizing gasps enraptured his soul. Their dying contortions gave him ecstacies of joy. At the last convulsions of departing life, he would fly at the body like a thirsting vampire.

Does not this read like the account of a nightmare full of untold horrors?

His ordinary purveyor was an old crone called La Meffraye. She always went about with a veil on her face. She wandered through the country side, approached little shepherds and little shepherdesses, cajoled them with caresses and gifts, and finally drew them into the fatal castle. When once in, all was over; they never came out again.

The peasants supposed them to have been carried off by fairies or by spirits. Their families went into mourning, the mothers wept their eyes out, while the thick walls of the dungeon smothered the groanings and cries of despair of the poor innocents, who were expiring in tortures.

A bewildering feature of the story is that the monster seems to have led his whole retinue, canons, chaplains, and others into his abominations. No one ventured to denounce him. On the contrary, they all appear to have aided and abetted him. They assisted him in carrying on his infamous ceremonials and sacrilegious proceedings, and the most sacred objects were placed at his disposal, to perpetrate his dire profanations.

But the hour of retribution was at hand.

Several families of Nantes, less given to credulousness than the inhabitants of the country parts, whose children had also suddenly disappeared, found courage enough to investigate matters. They were astounded to learn that every one of these children had last been seen in company of some of the baron's followers.

No sooner were their suspicions aroused, than startling revelations broke out. Some people had found compromising traces of blood; others passing at night by the castle in which the marshal dwelt, had heard lugubrious cries, moanings that had chilled them with terror.

The public mind grew excited; a system of inquiry was

instituted; the seal of discretion was broken. Finally, one discovery following another, the guilt of Gilles de Retz became so patent, that the Duke of Brittany, John V., had him arrested with his accomplices, and committed the Bishop of Nantes to form a tribunal of extraordinary jurisdiction to avenge religion, nature, and humanity.

The principal dens of the fiend were searched, and in the vault of Taffauge, the tower of Champtocé and the filth pits of Suze, the bodies and skeletons of over one hundred and forty children, under ten years of age, were found. God only knows the number of those of which no trace was left.

When the dungeons were burst open, a great number of young girls escaped: many of them, crazed with fright, were permanently bereft of reason.

The members of the court before which Gilles de Retz was brought were first the Bishop, then Jean de Malestroit, Jean Blouyn, Official of Nantes, Inquisitor of the Faith in the Diocese, and Pierre de l'Hospital, seneschal of Rennes, who represented the secular arm.

The accused and his accomplices showed themselves at first extremely arrogant, and refused to answer. But when threatened with torture, they yielded to fear and confessed their guilt.

Their confession terrified both inquisitor and judges. It would be impossible to relate a thousandth part of it. So monstrous were the revelations that the Duke, John V., renounced for the occasion his sovereign prerogative: he divested himself of the right of grace notwithstanding the intervention of the King of France, who was himself beset, in favor of the culprit, by the highest influences in the Kingdom.

Enough was shown, in the words of Paul Lacroix, to whom I am indebted for many of these particulars, to hang ten thousand men. And yet Gilles de Retz confessed he had not acknowledged the worst part of his enormities. This was not insisted upon: even less than had come to light would have been more than sufficient.

After making his avowals, the dastardly bigot once more broke out of the tiger's skin. The wretch shed tears, and attempted to soften his judges by a great show of piety and compunction.

What seemed to pain him most was to be denied the com-

pany of his accomplices. This made him weep bitterly. And especially when he was separated from Prelati, the Italian miscreant, he embraced him, and sobbed violently.

"Adieu," he said, "Francis my friend; we shall never meet again in this world. *I pray God that He give you good endurance and knowledge; and be sure that if you have patience and hope in God as I have, we shall meet in the great joys of Paradise.* Pray for me, and I shall pray for you."

When going through these details in the chronicles of the time, the reader asks himself whether he be dreaming or awake. The mention of prayers, of faith in God, of the joys of Paradise, in the mouth of such a double-dyed villain, and addressed to an infamous accomplice, is beyond our preconceived notions of what is possible. Such anomalies, however, were quite in keeping with the spirit of the age. Evidence of it is to be drawn from what occurred at the execution of the sentence pronounced by the tribunal.

Gilles de Retz was condemned on the 25th October, 1440, to be strangled and afterwards burnt.

Now, the whole population of the town of Nantes fasted for three days to obtain the remission of his sins, and children were whipped that they might never forget the memorable event.

The different monastic orders in the vicinity followed the criminal to the place of execution, chanting hymns and dirges.

The strangled body was thrown on a wood-pile, but not allowed to be burnt. By permission of the Duke of Brittany noble damsels — no less — carried it away, swathed it in burying cloths with their own hands — was it not a touching spectacle? — and had it removed to the Carmelite monastery, where it was interred in great pomp.

I wonder what more could have been done if, instead of abusing and killing a hundred and forty children, he had sacrificed ten thousand!

O middle ages! To think there are those in this nineteenth century who sincerely revere ye, and regret ye are no more!

There still remain vestiges which recall the trial and punishment of the malefactor. First, the tower of Le Bouffay, a construction dating from the tenth century — in which the

dramatic scenes of the famous trial were unfolded; and next a small ruin of a peculiar kind.

There is to be seen at this day, at the entrance of one of the bridges of Nantes, the remains of an expiatory monument erected on the spot where Gilles de Retz was executed. It is a niche in which there was a statue of the Virgin commonly known as the Virgin of *Cree-lait*; a name originating from tbe popular superstition which attributed to the Madonna the power of giving milk to nurses. The statuette was destroyed long ago, but the niche still preserves its reputation, and often enough small offerings are to be seen on it.

Now, by what process did popular tradition identify the atrocious slayer of children with the savage baron who killed his wives as fast as he married them?

It would be hard to say.

The historical facts are the crimes and execution of Gilles de Retz.

Did these crimes suggest to Perreault the subject of his famous tale?

I could not venture to say.

What I do know is that no Breton will lead you by any of the dens once inhabited by the notorious bandit, without telling you, if you are a stranger,—

"This is Blue-Beard's castle, sir!"

NATIONALISM.

BY LAURENCE GRÖNLUND.

In the October number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* is a paper by N. P. Gilman, well known through his work on "Profit-sharing," which is entirely devoted to a criticism of Edward Bellamy's novel, *Looking Backward*, and which precisely for that reason admirably shows us what Nationalism is not. Yet there is in the article a sentence which, carried out to its logical conclusion, will lead us to the right path, *viz.* this: "The wide circulation (of the novel) is due to the fact that the earnest feeling with which it is written coincides with a very deep and wide-spread discontent with existing social conditions; it signifies an inclination to question the prevailing social order in a large class not ranked as workingmen." This is, indeed, the milk in the cocoanut; but Mr. Gilman as a candid man must admit that this statement is somewhat defective, that is to say, not merely discontent, but as a matter of fact, sympathy with a social reconstruction on socialist lines is thereby revealed. Thus amplified, the admission is of capital importance. It is known, that some time ago 200,000 copies of the novel had been sold; counting five readers to each copy we thus have a million Americans of the educated classes — mark that point — who are so dissatisfied with the established order that they hail a socialist *regime* with ardor, and who are in spiritual communion round a book. It is this tremendous, novel fact that really constitutes the movement which has come to be known as "Nationalism," and it is this fact that ought to be emphasized, explained, and to have its future importance outlined, a task that will be the object of this paper.

For it should now be evident that to prove the scheme of *Looking Backward* worthless, is not to the point at all. That novel has already done its work. First it was, and is, itself, a symptom of the state of mind of our intellectual classes;

but it was something else, also. But what? It is highly superficial to say that it has been the cause of Nationalism, i. e., that it has produced this discontent and this sympathy. But it has done something, only second in importance. It has served as a mirror to this one million Americans, in which they saw their own ideas objectively reflected, and thus they became for the first time conscious of them; moreover, they became thereby for the first time aware of the great number of people of their own class who shared their notions — and, as Novalis says: "Nothing so much strengthens my conviction as to know that another soul thinks the same thought" — finally, outsiders thereby learned that their own countrymen had to a great extent become infected with what had been hitherto supposed to be un-American ideas. This great work cannot be undone. To prove this particular scheme impracticable will simply have the effect of making somebody else propose a more realizable plan on the same lines.

We called this discontent and this sympathy on the part of a million Americans who are not wage-workers a tremendous and novel fact, and this certainly it is; it has its counterpart in no other country, that is to say, not at all in continental Europe, and but in a small measure is it found in Great Britain. That this will prove a great blessing to the future development of our country, we shall try to show further on. But how shall we explain its presence here and now?

First let us note, that while this sympathy with socialism is a novel phenomenon in our well-off classes, the discontent is by no means so, but dates at least from 1840. It was about that year, that an American, Brisbane, a disciple of Fourier, was allotted a column, weekly, in Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, which he proceeded to fill with glowing descriptions of Fourierism; these very soon commenced to fire the American heart, and like a mighty wave they passed over the whole settled part of the United States from East to West, and indeed, their dying embers did not expire till fifteen years after. These "Associationists" as they called themselves were necessarily from the classes in easy circumstances, for their principal object was to build large, costly buildings, called "Phalansteries," where hundreds of families could live together, and carry on industries and agricul-

ture in common. They dotted the United States over with such Phalansteries, the most celebrated of which was Brook Farm, near Boston. Most of them broke down after a couple of years though the last survived till 1855. But the memory of this mighty movement still survives, and many Nationalists undoubtedly are the sons of old Associationists.

The war of the Rebellion naturally absorbed into the ranks of the Abolitionists all those, discontented with social abuses; but after its close there arose another movement among a class, generally considered in easy circumstances, the farmers in the west. It was the Granger movement, which had two objects: to curb the great railroad companies and do away with the middlemen in towns and cities. The first object was completely attained by electing legislatures and governors to do their will; these grangers for the first time bridled "Private Enterprise" by scaling down by law fares and freight, but though they had established a great many co-operative stores, they voluntarily gave up their fight against the town merchants, by being reminded of the principle, "Live and let live." But immediately the discontent spread to Americans of the same class in the cities: that was the Greenback movement. That this was a struggle on the part of small business men against the great capitalists is evident from the fact that the principal plank of their platforms always was a demand that the government should issue legal tenders and lend them to citizens with no interest, but on good security; the labor planks, occasionally inserted to capture workingmen's votes, were, of course, an afterthought. The main thing is, that it was small business men who wanted money at little or no interest, and they were the only ones who had property to give as security.

Hitherto, the working-classes, as such, were not affected by these movements; these were confined to persons above them in the social scale. But with the so-called labor riots of 1877 the social discontent will be found to have filtered down to them. These events, as if with one stroke, opened their eyes to what an immense power they are, when they are united, when they have leaders and when they know what they want. It is from that date that the Knights of Labor emerged from their secrecy and became a power; with that date our workingmen became Socialists. The German agitators have simply been to them what Bellamy's book

was to the intellectual classes, — a mirror in which they saw their own ideas reflected. The common experience of these agitators has been, that after a lecture members of the audience came up to them and said: "If what you have told us is Socialism then we are already Socialists." That is further shown by that plank in the constitution in the Knights of Labor which demands the abolition of the wage-system and the institution of a system of national co-operation; by the fact that the leaders of the even larger Federation of Labor are avowed Socialists and by the further fact that the George movement was formidable just as long as it was supposed to be socialistic and no longer.

We should then explain Nationalism among America's cultured classes by the fact, that long ago the well-to-do classes felt a discontent with social conditions — conclusively proving, if proof were needed after our two great wars, both waged for a principle, that the ideal of thoughtful Americans is by no means the "Almighty Dollar" — that this discontent at length filtered down to the working classes, and that now (according to the law that progress moves in the form of a spiral) it has returned to the well-off portion of our people, but raised to a higher plane. Now it is discontent *plus* a definite social ideal. The present writer years ago was confident that an underground movement was going on, and that Socialism was fermenting in the brains of the whole American people, and has ever since been watching for the sprouts that he was sure would sometime and somewhere appear, and at last he was rewarded by the appearance of the two movements simultaneously: Nationalism and Christian Socialism. This, by the way, is another proof that Bellamy's book was not a cause, for Christian Socialism was by no means an effect of the book but a parallel phenomenon.

Nationalism, we said, is a higher plane than the Socialism that has appeared among the working-classes. It should constantly be borne in mind that there are two sorts of Socialism: a good sort and a bad sort. There is a Socialism of hatred and spoliation and another of good-will and mutual helpfulness. Now please observe, I do not by any means say, that the Socialism of the working-classes belongs to the former kind, for it does not, as I positively know; but nevertheless there is a decided difference between the Socialism advocated by Nationalists and that generally preached to our working-

classes. To this distinction it is worth paying some attention.

German Socialists lay undue stress on Socialism being a class-movement, which indeed they make the decisive test for fellowship; and then they interpret that term in such a way as to place themselves in a radically wrong position from an American standpoint. They draw a horizontal line through society, with manual workers below the line and all others above it, and then they virtually preach a class-war between the two divisions. No wonder that in Germany they are charged with preaching hatred and contempt against the upper classes, for that, to be frank, is what they are doing. This, of course, is philosophically and morally wrong, but it must in fairness be admitted, that all over Continental Europe there is a profound historical excuse for such a position. Take France for example. Ever since the memorable massacre of peaceable workingmen by Lafayette and Bailly on the *Champ de Mars*, July 17, 1791, there has been a profound and undying hatred between the workers and the bourgeoisie, a hatred started by the latter, and exhibited by them on every occasion they have had of cooling it in the blood of the former — the last of which was the fall of the Commune. No wonder the French working-classes have replied to it with a corresponding animosity, which has been fed by the shameless manner in which the bourgeoisie has enriched itself at the public expense. The same feeling exists to a greater or less extent all over Europe — a sad omen for coming events!

But when the foreign agitators came to this country and preached this spirit, they committed a fearful blunder, and created the greatest stumbling-block in the way of their success. The writer knows that just when the deplorable bomb burst, a society of Americans was just about to be formed in Chicago for the purpose of spreading the same socialistic ideas that Bellamy's novel contains, but of course, it then had to disband for a time. The fact is, as we all know, that this class-hatred has never obtained among Anglo-Saxons, and that particularly in our country there have always been found noble hearts both among the rich and the comfortable classes who have had a true sympathy with the toilers and some even who were willing to sacrifice all to right their wrongs. The wave of Fourierism, already spoken

of, was one sign of it. Nationalism and Christian-Socialism are another most cheering sign. These movements then rectify the blunder; they make the dividing line between the two contending forces vertical instead of horizontal, thereby dividing all classes, so that we have still on one side the poor, the suffering, but also the noble, the progressive and patriotic, opposed to the ignorant and the selfish who find their advantage in the present social anarchy.

This is another vital distinction, that Nationalism stands for patriotism, while European Socialism considers that sentiment a vice rather than a virtue. For this there is also ample excuse to be found, in the geographical position of Europe. It is impossible to realize Socialism in one country, say Germany, as long as Russia and France stand in a threatening attitude on its borders. No wonder then that Karl Mars closed every exhortation to his disciples with the words: "Working-men of all countries unite!" No wonder that the wage-workers have followed the injunction, and, shaking hands across the borders, ignore all merely national interests, and denounce patriotism as selfishness. All this loses considerable force when we pass to Great Britain; but here in the United States it is not applicable at all. Nationalism emphasizes the very contrary. It stamps patriotism as an ethical sentiment which in truth it is, because nations are the necessary intermediary steps in the evolution of humanity. Since love of mankind is still too weak a sentiment to move any but the choicest spirits, it behooves us wherever possible to foster patriotism, the more so as no people on earth is yet truly a "nation." And that is precisely possible and practicable in these United States. We are a self-contained nation, which is just where we have a great advantage over Great Britain. We can here realize Socialism without asking leave of others, and therefore ought to go to work and do it, without considering others, assured as we can be that we shall in the end prove ourselves the best servants of humanity. Nationalism therefore justifies its name, and might indeed with propriety call itself the American Party. We are proud of Uncle Sam, and what we intend to do is, to enable him to grow on the very lines that were laid down by the Pilgrims when they landed on Plymouth Rock.

What does this prophesy for the future? Some, perhaps,

will say that Nationalism
of discontent have ended.
far more justifiable. Just
especially when we remembe
mere vague sentiment, but h
that the muscle and the conscie
for the first time joined hands.
the year 2000, the year in which th
ward" is laid, is not so very far a
precisely as far ahead of us as the A
behind us. We stand in the midst of
that working for that future is working for
But consider, further, how immense our gro
respects by that time. Consider our growth
we shall probably be two hundred millions
Consider our growth in wealth, but also our grow
and discontent — if things go on as now. Con
trusts and monopolies will have grown by that time,
the organizations of the wage-workers and the disinhe
if individualism shall continue to rule. Does any san
suppose that our people then will tamely submit to
industrial slavery? Aye, is it not as sure as anything can
that long, long before that year comes round, our politica
free, spirited, intelligent people will demand a radical tra
formation? Think simply of that last, final strike whic
is bound to come by the united organized workers against th
united Trusts of the country, and which the workers neces-
sarily must lose; will not by that time, at all events, the eyes
of the people be opened to the fact, that private ownership of
the means of labor is henceforth incompatible with industrial
development?

This brings us to the contents, the objects of Nationalism, its negative and positive claims. The former are two: that the wage-system is now an immoral relation, and must be superseded by a more equitable system, and next, that the present capitalist, competitive system must soon fall to pieces by its own weight.

When a system is seen by good men of all classes in a democracy to be unjust and inequitable, nothing can save it. It is now plain, that the wage-system makes a commodity of the bodies and souls of the workers, that it makes them shamefully dependent on the will and whim of an individual

selves, for the mere privi-
t it leaves them in horrible
he fruits of Evolution, for
lasses themselves were not
stem. The trades-unions of
a sufficient number of strikes,
r was a better situation under the
they have become self-conscious,
ty as human beings, and therefore
denounce, and are standing protests

allies everywhere. Read the pastoral of
Episcopal church, read at the close of their
: "It is a fallacy to look upon the labor of
and children as a commercial commodity to be
sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing.
and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired for
any market, and to act as if they were not needed
world's vast works is un-Christian and unwise." This
ionalist doctrine.

hat shall we say to the fact, that Wm. H. Mallock, the
-socialist writer, is brought by logic over to our side? In
ate paper of his, he says: "The loss of security is the real
jury to the modern laborer. To be discharged means to be
t off from society, thrust out of all connection with civiliza-
ion, and this makes want of employment a real torture to
him." And then — oh, marvel! — he goes on to advocate that the workingmen shall be made into an "estate of the realm," that is to say, that trades-unions shall be legally incorporated, shall embrace all the workers in the trades and speak with authority for them, and distribute what work there is to be done among their members. This, he says, "is the only way to lift the masses into a recognized and permanent place in the solid structure of the commonwealth." No socialist could go any farther; such a plan would effectually do away with the "scab."

And Charles F. Adams, as President of the Union Pacific R. R. Co., has in a paper in *Scribner's Monthly* pronounced in favor of a scheme that goes far in the same direction. He wants to see all the employees of railroads organized, with power to elect a board that shall see to it that all employees are sure of their positions during good behavior and also sure

of due promotion, and shall settle all grievances. That means that in the future employers will not be permitted to carry on "their" business just to suit themselves, simply because it is not "their own" business exclusively: and that, again, means that the wage-system is tottering.

No mere ornament like "Profit-sharing" will save it, which is, by the express admission of Mr. Gilman, nothing but a scheme to get the workers to create an additional fund by their labor, out of which their shares are to come; the balance, of course, going into the pockets of the employers. A pure imposition, "with which," as he says, "Profit-sharing must stand or fall."

Nationalists next contend that the present competitive system cannot possibly last, and that "imperial events" prove this conclusively. The system has had everything in its favor, especially in the United States, but the planlessness which is inherent in it, is wrecking it. Division of labor is our great principle now. No one does the whole of anything, but hands his work over to a man of a complementary trade. The world's industry is carried on as a vast co-operation of labor; is an extremely complicated machine where each trade represents a wheel. Its proper working absolutely requires one mind to look after it, that all parts may be balanced and harmonious. But, as a matter of fact, the organization of industry is now kept going by the individual self-interest of many men, working without knowledge of each other, their doings, and intentions. Everyone is guessing and guessing, generally, pretty wildly. It is a wonder, not that there is periodical depression, but that the industrial machine works at all. But what an enormous amount of waste!

This, however, leads to another point of even greater importance, one that may be called startling when first we reflect on it. That our present system of individualism and private enterprise has immensely advanced civilization is freely admitted, and it has done this mainly by advancing production to formerly unknown limits. But the point is, that this has already sometime ago been radically changed. Now instead of advancing, the system actually chokes and limits production. The system, by being a profit-system, that is to say, by carrying production on solely for the sake of profit, confines production as in a ring of granite. Our capacity for

production is illimitable, but it is not allowed to be utilized by this profit-mongering system, which restrains consumption. It is true what Prof. Walker writes: "We need a new Adam Smith to write the Economics of Consumption, in which will be found the real dynamics of wealth," and it is a most lamentable fact that our industrial leaders, wholly intent on production, and as has been said, "anxious to produce with merely a stoker and an engineer," have in their blindness and selfishness, entirely overlooked the fact that they need consumers to buy their goods of them. Now Nationalists come and say: "Let society take charge and let her permit all her willing hands and brains to work, by furnishing them the necessary capital, and then we shall see a glorious harmony between production and distribution."

This brings us at last, to the positive scheme of Nationalism: that of nationalizing all the industries which has given the movement its name, and we shall see if it is so impracticable. But please observe, that we do not speak of Bellamy's plan in particular, but of the general socialistic principle, carried out in practice. It is of this that Mr. Gilman speaks, promising to prove "how contradictory it is to the actual development of modern industry so far and its probable evolution hereafter." When the writer read these words he hastily and expectantly turned the following pages to read the fulfilment of this startling promise, but not a word of proof did he find. It is, of course, easy enough to assert such a proposition, if one is of a sufficiently rash character, but we cannot see that this mere assertion can impose on any reader. Can anyone, not wholly blind, deny that the whole evolution of industrial affairs is tending in a socialistic direction? The public is, of course, unaware, that Socialists long ago prophesied that all business would eventually, and soonest in the United States, be concentrated into monopolies. It is, however, a fact. Now we have the "Trusts," we actually behold Trusts everywhere, and we confidently call attention to them as object lessons that no sensible man can disregard, however unwelcome they may appear; and there can be no doubt that they have opened the eyes of many a Nationalist.

We saw the instability, the planlessness of business, carried on under competition. The Trust is the complete abandonment of the principle by which industry hitherto has been

developed. The Trust is the shortest road to harmonious action of all and consequent stability; but it is at the same time a concession to Socialism and its working principle; more than that, it is a practical confession of the socialistic charges that competition causes great waste and that by concentration the cost of production can be materially lessened and the market controlled so that no goods need remain unsold. In other words the Trust utilizes Socialism for the benefit of the capitalists. But it does something more important.

We saw above, that planlessness was one of the evils of the present system; that is remedied by the Trust. But there was another, and a greater evil: the lessening of consumption; for that evil the Trust is no remedy at all. It does help to harmonize production and consumption, but it does it by regulating and decreasing production, while precisely what society needs is *more* production. Now the other great effort of the Trust is that it calls attention to the practicability of socialistic principles everywhere, and shows that in no country can these principles be so easily and quickly applied to business life as here. It brings the dilemma before the public mind: either organized capital, or organized government, for organized business action we must have.

The Trusts, in other words, prepare the public mind, as nothing else could, for Nationalism, and they prepare for its advent practically. There is not the least doubt in the world that by the commencement of the next century all social activities will be conducted by Trusts, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When that is accomplished, what can be more "practicable" than to cut the heads off these "Trusts"—figuratively; *i. e.*, we depose those useless members of them who do nothing but put profits into their pockets, and let the concerns run on as before, but now carried on for the benefit of the public and of their workers and managers, producing no longer for profit's sake, but to satisfy social wants. What a benefit the information which these Trusts now collect of all that relates to the various productive agencies will prove to the future Nationalist administration!

Here a word about the distinction that is often sought to be made between semi-public functions and ordinary business. Gilman makes it, thinking it proper that Nationalism should busy itself about public gasworks, but — by heavens! — not about public milk or ice stores, no; and a similar distinction

George has tried to introduce. But what distinction is there in principle? How could we know that the manufacture and sale of tobacco could be carried on by government, if France had not successfully tried the experiment? The fact is, that every business which an individual can engage in *is* a public function. A man carries on a drug store because society, or a section of it, needs him then and there, and if he is not needed he very soon gets notice to leave. Undoubtedly business men and most people have not yet come to see their true relation to society; they believe that their business is entirely a private affair — but that is a similar paradox as when under the Ptolemaic system folks believed themselves the centre of the solar system. Nationalism will reverse all this, will make the individual's views correspond to facts.

At length we come to the old objection, which undoubtedly will be made until the actual change is accomplished, when those who then should advocate a return to the system we now have, will be looked on as fools to be laughed at: the objection put by Gilman in these words: "It will utterly subvert individuality, public freedom, and the deepest founded American institutions—will completely annihilate the American state." This objection is nothing but a misapprehension.

Remember we do not need to accept the details of Bellamy's scheme. No doubt he himself will be the first to admit, that it would be foolish to foretell the details of the reconstructed social order, still more foolish to lay down laws or plans in advance which posterity must follow. It is very easy in imagination to depict an economic society in which the most perfect freedom and individuality should be guaranteed and fostered and where our "deepest founded institutions" — including our town-meetings, — would be preserved and even developed.

We supposed the Trusts deprived of their useless functionaries — their interests, however, compensated for to their actual value, and paid for in annuities, but without interest. That will leave the workers and managers to carry on the business just as they please in the future. They will form a trades-union of their own, and determine for themselves how many hours they will work; they will choose their own foremen, managers, and superintendents—which, however, by

no means carries with it a right to dismiss them after being elected — and they will determine in what ratios their rewards should be distributed among them. The only infringement of their liberty will be that exercised by the central superintendent who distributes among the different factories the amount of goods to be produced for the coming year, and sees to it that they are manufactured in a workmanlike manner. Is that not far superior to the liberty and individuality that is enjoyed now even by fortunate individuals?

Nationalism, or American Socialism, is surely coming to stay. The whole tendency of events proves it. What a proud distinction for our American civilization, compared with Europe, if the change can be accomplished here under the leadership of our intellectual classes!

EVOLUTION IN POPULAR IDEALS.

FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

RELIGION never had such overflowing vitality on its earth-side — the loving care of humanity — as it has now, therefore it can have lost no arterial life-blood on the God-side, but many persons have passed through a grand climacteric, they have suffered "the disappearance of the things they were wont to reverence, *without losing their reverence*," and after abandoning the attempt to figure out the ultimate good in concordances and catechisms, have simply established their faith upon another basis. Thus the *sentiment* of Christianity is still pervasive and controlling in minds that have come to regard dogma as elective and non-essential.

In some other conscientious circles there are still troops of rapt virgins entering convent walls in order to live and die for an undisturbed ideal of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but this, like the guitar serenade on the Spanish peninsula, is a survival of mediævalism, not an outcome of our own civilization. This last has flowered a vastly different ideal, it has obtained another sort of victory over nature than the self-extinguishing yet ecstatic virgin in the convent; by means of a careful selection of secondary influences the century has presented us with the useful, self-reliant, cheerful virgin in the world. Recognizing that a primary physical design of nature is frustrated in herself, this flower of the age is sure, nevertheless, that the fact is too essentially incidental to be regarded as the stamp of failure upon any human destiny; sure that a given relation to one man, one family, cannot constitute the sum total, or even the major part of happiness, which depends rather upon the physical and mental constitution of a person. Under exceptional conditions she would consent to become a wife, hence she has not the sustaining power of a vow in her celibacy, the glamor of self-immolation; she simply realizes that it would

be visionary to build upon conditions so unlikely to materialize, and frames a congenial sphere for her activities without taking them into her calculation. In the varied walks of society she often finds children to love and train, without the unending responsibilities of maternity, the companionship of men in pursuits of mutual interest, without the exclusive claim of wifehood.

This representative of unmated womanhood with which evolution has been very busy for the past fifty years, is now a distinct and classified genus; as a type she is new to history. This generalization does not include such women as feel marriage to be a temperamental necessity; these, by the usual relation between demand and supply, are nearly sure to find what they seek, sooner or later, unless deformity of person or character renders them repulsive to the opposite sex; and this law is likely to have a more extended operation as woman increases her prerogative to assert the needs of her being, and to retain, in doing so, the esteem of society.

Evolution has also been remodeling the Ghost,—an offspring of the religious instinct. Man, after making his God over again in a more humane image and tearing down the Chinese wall around his Heaven, next humanizes his Ghost. The ghost of past ages, though neither god nor angel, man nor devil, was *sui generis*, a most formidable being who came forth with icy breath and steps of doom, "when churchyards yawned and graves gave up their dead," to frighten the unlucky wight into fulfilling a neglected duty, or to announce some awful fiat of divine judgment.

The ghost of to-day has a widely different temperament from his grewsome ancestor: he is a genial fellow, a boon companion in comparison; IF he comes now, it is to assure his friends that he takes a lively interest in their mundane affairs, loves them tenderly as ever, is very happy in his new home, only waiting for them to join him; that there is nothing to alarm them on the other side of the dark valley, and he has too much respect for their nervous systems to give them a serious scare on this side. That baffling conundrum, Modern Spiritualism, has been one agent in making this significant change.

The recording angel may drop a tear and blot out some of its pages when he remembers that Spiritualism has breathed one noble word from the very bosom of fraud, in persuading

thousands to regard death as a friend that enables the spirit to regain its lost estate.

Buddhist ideals, so long relegated to the musty sepulchres of an effete civilization, are having an Occidental avatar. Europe in the East, more especially the British conquest of India, has opened treasures of ancient lore in the Buddhist monasteries, and the Asiatic Societies of European capitals have been flooded with careful translations of Sanskrit literature, beginning soon after the year 1824, the time when the original documents of the Buddhist canon were discovered. It would seem as if India might in turn conquer a very choice part of England, so profoundly has her dreamy pantheism permeated scholarly circles; there is Indo-England in the realm of thought as well as Anglo-India.

Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" touched even the clerical party; Canon Liddon formed a class of young persons in the very shelter of Westminster Abbey to study Buddhism with him in its more spiritual bearings and its correlation to universal religion; and Dean Stanley yielded his sympathetic appreciation to the Oriental Christ of the "Bramo Somaj."

Many societies have been organized to interpret the gospel of the East to the West, teaching pre-existence and re-incarnation, the brotherhood of man, the development of the psychic powers of the soul, a common source of all religions and the need for a better understanding of Self through Intuition.

It is to be regretted that Theosophy was first presented to the world by Madame Blavatsky and her circle from the phenomenal standpoint of "astralism" and the cabinet-seance, for its ethical and intellectual side has an elevating tendency. The movement is suffering in public esteem from its doubtful and mysterious imitation of aerial notes and cigarette papers, the unearthing of occult cups and saucers at picnics, *et id omne genus;* but while looking at this reversionary coil, let us not be blinded by prejudice to the spring which turns toward the stars: society can never afford to lose an impetus in that direction.

This present attraction of so many thoughtful minds towards Buddhist ideals is a natural revulsion from the intense self-consciousness of former religious interpretations. The other-worldly aim of saving the personal soul after one earth life, gives a tremendous swing to the loss of the Ego in

Nirvana, after repeated births and baths of oblivion in a planetary round.

This philosophy of the East is pure and unselfish; it would also unriddle some of the inequalities in human destiny, but there is a deep loneliness in it; for bereavement there is no promise; it offers the last embrace at the bier only the far-distant hope of reaching aims so altruistic, a flight so high above even man's better self to-day, that he will lose the longing for reunion with this immediate beloved, and see him in the beggar who knocks at his door. If he joins in Nirvana ages and æons hence the spiritual principle that lately dwelt in the form he is consigning to the tomb, there may be no recognition, for both will have animated thousands of intervening forms, contracted myriad other ties, and forgotten legions of them. The only sure cure then for the anguish of parting is to be found in the dark waters of Lethe; man is exhorted to consider that "the race is himself, and to kill out all sense of separateness." The universe looks very grand under the wide-spreading canopy of Buddhism, but we soon get lost in its immensity; self — natural, ineradicable,— cries aloud amidst high-swelling generalities, for one familiar mansion in that stupendous Hereafter, where we may identify and keep forever as we know them, those we now hold in the vital centre of our hearts.

Another figure — Alchemy — has travelled back to us from the past, disguised in a thirteenth century fashion called "Mental Healing."

It was Paracelsus who said: "The principles of Alchemy are of universal application, not restricted to the metallic and mineral kingdoms. Gold can be made by physical chemistry, but the process is poor and unproductive in comparison with the gold which can be produced by an exercise of the occult powers which exist in the soul of man;" —and Roger Bacon wrote: "The grand secret (of transmutation) not only ensures the welfare of the commonwealth and the individual, but it may be used to prolong life, for that operation by which the most inferior metals are purged from the corrupt elements which they contain, till they are exalted into the purest gold and silver, is considered by every adept to be eminently calculated to eliminate completely the corrupt particles of the human body."

This conception of a "transcendent and essential unity,"

throughout all nature, whether organic or inorganic, Eternal Mind, the sole benign reality in which all persons and things have their being, is applied by Mental Healers with the utilitarianism of our times, to the extirpation of agues, cataracts, and tumors; the fabled Elixir is declared an inherent quality, mortal life being derived from the divine which can suffer no pain or infirmity; health therefore is only an awakening to this knowledge, and death only a necessity because a more ample garment is required for a wider, fuller sense of living.

This theory is beautiful, so was the theory of Alchemy.

In reading the records left of the Alchemystical philosophers, one is surprised to see the mass of respectable contemporary evidence in support of the "*magnum opus*," sovereigns, courtiers, and sages avowing that their own eyes saw the baser metals turned into gold by being placed in the crucible with an inscrutable dark reddish powder, — a portion, no matter how small, of the Philosophers' Stone. The more spiritual adepts declared that this powder (which was also the base of the "Elixir of Life") was prepared from no rare or magical constituents, that the Hermetic Secret was within the reach even of a child, the ability to discover it residing in the soul of man, "a wisdom-faculty, constituting a divine alliance with the Omniscient." The philosophers were unanimous that the preliminary exercises for the "sublime operation" were moral and spiritual on the part of the operator; the manifestation was merely the outward sign of an inward grace.

We are forced to conclude with all humility in behalf of our kind, that human testimony such as this is very unreliable; every lawyer and judge discovers that even under oath it is almost worthless until the period of novelty, excitement, and passion is past. The vital currents of one invalid in one sick chamber are as subtile as the Hermetic Mystery; the science and experience of the physician, and the presence of the loving heart by the bedside, often equally at fault in calculating the chances of life and death, the true causes of either not lying in the present disease or in the remedies administered, but lost to knowledge somewhere in early environment or in the still dimmer vistas of heredity; hence we may argue that it must be specially difficult to gain trustworthy evidence of the alleged cures of Mental Healers, while we may cordially admit the healthy intuition which would

turn the thoughts of the sick toward recovery, and away from the nerve-centres of disease. The condemnation of drugs, too, may have some of the modifying and salutary effects upon the public mind which Homœopathy has had upon Allopathy, and Unitarianism upon Orthodoxy.

Let us try to keep reason from being lost in this boiling, seething tumult of theories in the world to-day, and also remember that abuse and satire can never calm a mælstrom. We may even learn a deep lesson from the trend of the eddying tide; everywhere it is the insisting *Soul* of things bursting a way through the black gulf of materialism.

Science has only lately convinced thinking man that he has derived the body he cherishes from a long, vanishing line of humble and nameless ancestors — the lower animals — and the spirit within it is fighting valiantly to establish a claim to royal descent and a glorious heritage.

There has been a marked shifting of the basis of Beauty in this decade, making it a law of action in itself. Thousands of earnest people are finding a principle in beauty which is a mental support against its own mere physical allurement, and they are establishing thereby a strong link between ethics and æsthetics.

This is a twist of the spiral of progress back toward the old Platonic doctrine that the Beautiful and the Good are one, but the idea in returning, takes a higher flight than that of the average Greek and Roman, who, with all his apothesis of art, failed to unite "the moral fair" with "the sensual fair."

The æsthetic craze has had fantastic moments; we have been obliged to smile at æsthetic teapots and the difficulty of "living up to them"; some of the moral graces of the lily and the sunflower have been invisible to the ordinary naked eye, but on the whole, the movement has been good for humanity in that it has developed a superior ideal.

The connection between "music and morals" has also been ingeniously traced out by recent talent and enthusiasm.

In Music there is an impressive departure from the old-time simplicity.

The maiden of our great cities does not listen to the ballads of minstrel and minnesinger in her father's banquet hall; her lover is not a soldier-knight who sports her ribbon in his cockade at the tournament of love and beauty, and sings his

soul out to stringed instruments under her window when resting from battle, the sole legitimate calling of gentlemen. She enjoys both love and music as much as the maiden of any past period, but each is specialized; her lover may not be able to turn a tune; she pays a grave band of artists to make music for her in "the Symphony Concert."

The Orchestra promises more and more to be the musical ideal of the future; the typical effect of that upon the soul may be recognized in such a selection as the "Pilgrims' Hymn" from Tannhauser, where an oft-recurring strain is caught in the maze of harmony; now intricate, now wild, broken and low at first, the ear scarcely catching it before it is gone, it gains strength and struggles to be free; the *motif* has a conquering power, tearing itself away at last from the thrall of many instruments it rises in rescued glory on the air, deepens in meaning, swells in volume until it fills the whole dome of aspiration by suggesting infinite satisfactions to men and women whose passionate energies are but pausing a few moments for refreshment from the varied aims which have vaulted far beyond the former contracted horizons of the race.

The Novel, too, is passing through the crucible. The best novels in the last twenty-five years have been largely psychological in character, stories of the chase of elusive ideals in love, art, patriotism, or religion. Love between the sexes is not, as formerly, the sole reigning motive of the novel, — the world still "loves a lover." So prominent a figure in life is not easily dispensed with in fiction, and yet if many authors would confess the truth, they would say they are greatly hampered by the continual demand for love-scenes between their characters; they would gladly put pages of asterisks in place of them, allowing the imagination to supply the hiatus according to taste. Writers are feeling more and more that while their province is fiction, their pleasure and ability lie in the portrayal of other passions and tendencies. If their probe goes deep enough into human nature, their preference, whatever it may be, is going to be accepted in the novel of the near future, the absence of love will be excused; already in many popular stories that ingredient is quite secondary to others. The somewhat redundant pages of "Robert Elsmere" were welcomed with avidity, and even the glaring incongruities of the "Story of an African

Farm" have found their platform, because of their more or less successful effort to fathom some phases of "the awful soul that dwells in clay."

Poetry, also, is becoming more subjective. This generation seems to lack leisure to yield itself wholly to the charm of verse, as its fathers and mothers did; it may be waiting for the rousing voice of a new master, one who will have the courage to exorcise his own mind from out of the spell of the old masters, so that he may reflect more satisfactorily in his verse our ever-expanding psychic world. The way to prepare magnetic conditions for the development of such a poet is to want him, to be on the lookout for him.

Of all arts, the Drama is the most direct reflection of the popular desire; every theatre manager will declare that he has no preference for putting on the boards Shakespeare's plays, the Song of Solomon, Mother Goose Melodies, or "Amazon Marches"; he will bring out just as fast as he can whichever is called for, and promises to pay the best. Forced to admit that the theatre for the last twenty years has been a photograph of our national taste, the more aspiring among us have been ashamed of the clap-trap, the buffoonery; they have deplored the necessity even the best play-writers have seemed to feel, for putting a strain of affectation in triumphant virtue, for striking a falsetto key all through the gamut of deep emotion, for the sake of dramatic effect. They have turned for relief to the Shakesperian drama, which, happily, is always with us, and to a few clean, wholesome old English comedies like the "Rivals."

Now at last there comes a note of reform; the trumpet sounds for a change of cast and the approach of a conqueror, one vigorous enough to throttle Tradition,—and the Norwegian Ibsen comes gravely upon the scene with the reserve power of a great race; he throws aside the soiled and faded finery of "the green room," puts out the garish light which gives us a false standard of coloring; throws open the doors and lets in the outside air, strong and pure if sharp; then he raises the curtain and shows us men and women with life-blood in their veins, makes us mourn real defeats, rejoice in real victories, and by that highest attribute of genius — suggestion — leads us to hope that "the day as we each know it may yet find a voice" upon the stage.

In every line and department of life let us hold fast to

high ideals; if they look like castles in the air, add new chambers, whole stories to them, rather than lower them one inch to fit "the sneering Present."

That marvellous Atom in the beginning, even in its low estate, must have had a latent idealism in the hidden nucleus of its being, or it could not have responded to the divine grant to a higher place in the scale of creation. If man's ideals should ever grow too large to be contained in his present status, he will at once burst his cell-wall of limitation, put out the electric cilia of his spirit, and grasp the tremendous fact that there is no obstacle to his becoming a godlike being even while on this planet.

THE CRIME OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST.

It is a constant amazement to persons awake to the enormity of the offence, that capital punishment continues to be practised in what are called civilized countries. Every consideration of public decency, social morals, ordinary humanity, and plain common sense calls for its abrogation.

It does not prevent or tend to prevent crime. It not infrequently happens that during the week or upon the very day of an execution a murder is committed almost under the nose of the executioner.

Four men were recently hanged in New York, to the scandal of the world. Each had killed a woman—his wife or his mistress. The execution was the talk of the whole country for weeks before it occurred. Everyone knew about it. It was particularly horrible because of the large number of men who were slaughtered. If ever an execution was calculated to strike preventive terror to the heart of a prospective murderer this one was. But there were two women murdered in New York State within two days of that execution, and the famous Luca murder occurred at about the same time.

The fear of the gallows does not tend to prevent murder committed in the heat of passion, as most murders are committed, nor to restrain the deliberate murderer, because he believes that he can conceal his deed. Both in theory and in fact it can be shown to those who are willing to see it, that capital punishment does not prevent or tend to prevent the commission of crime.

Capital punishment is an offence to enlightened thought and well-educated conscience because it is a measure of revenge, a sentiment which no person or people should harbor. It is said by apologists, that the theory of legal killing is not that of revenge, but that the killing is done merely as a warning to evil-doers and for the safety of

society. But this is an afterthought, an explanation which the growing humane sentiment of the people is forcing from the barbarians who defend and practise murder by law. The real reason for capital punishment is that it is commonly supposed that one who commits murder "deserves to die." When the idea of revenge is eliminated from our habits of thought with regard to criminals, capital punishment will be esteemed an act of brutality which no community would think of permitting. When we come to clearly understand that the worse criminal a man is, the more it is our duty to deluge him with moral sympathy and help, the more clearly we shall see that the main motive for capital punishment is revenge ; because, as I have already said, an execution is neither a warning to possible criminals nor a protection to society.

On the contrary, it unquestionably tends to brutalize the minds of the people and familiarize them with the thought of killing. As long as the State employs persons for the express purpose of murdering men, those who are not officially employed and paid for it will also engage in the business.

Every judge who sentences a fellow being to death, every juryman who votes for a verdict of death against a fellow being, every sheriff who carries out the sentence, every hangman who actually springs the drop, every priest or minister who assists at an execution, preparing the criminals for death by teaching them that in submitting to the crime about to be committed upon them they are conforming themselves to that which God approves, is a murderer; none the less so because they act in accordance with the statute law and social custom. Some of the most horrible crimes against humanity are committed according to statute law and common custom. And as long as some of these legal murderers are admitted to our best society, and highly honored *because* of the murderous offices they fill, and all of them except the wretched hangman are quite respectable, murder never will be looked upon with the abhorrence it should produce in every mind.

Wherein is the sense of legally killing a man? Does his murder restore his victim to life? Is it right, can it be right, because one murder has been committed that another should be? A tippling Catholic priest is under sentence of death by hanging in Raleigh, N. C., charged with (although it was by

no means absolutely proved) committing an outrageous assault upon a young woman. What good end will be served by hanging the man, even if he is guilty? His crime, if he committed it, was very awful, but will the maiden be any different than she is if her alleged or real assailant is hanged for the offence? There is no sense in hanging the man except for revenge, and that is a motive which cannot be defended among a civilized people. One would think that the outraged girl herself would plead for the life of the wretch who wronged her, rather than willingly go through life with the ceaseless memory that a man had been shamefully killed on her account.

I have no sympathy whatever with that sentimentality that transforms a person into a hero because he is a murderer. Carrying bouquets to criminals because they are criminals is as silly as it is unfit. A criminal should be made to feel in every possible way that, as a criminal, he has forfeited all right to the respect of his fellows. Neither have I any sympathy with the practice of carrying tracts and delivering religious homilies to criminals. There is no reason why a murderer should be rewarded for his deed by clusters of roses, or compelled to endure the dreary preaching of persons who enjoy rubbing their religion into sinners upon every possible occasion. A murderer is not worthy to be crowned with flowers, and very few of us are good enough to lecture him. We may not be murderers but we are probably not good enough to sit in judgment upon those who are. I do not believe in treating murderers to sentimental gush, or boring them with religious humbug. But neither do I think we should, from the time a man commits his crime until he expiates it on the gallows, show him nothing but the hard, vindictive side of humanity. From the moment a murder is committed, society, in the person of its policemen and prosecuting attorney, becomes a pitiless bloodhound. Clubs, handcuffs, and prison bars fill the criminal's horizon. No pity is shown him. No attempt is made to awaken the good that is in him. No effort is made to redeem him. Society becomes solely an avenger; pitiless, remorseless, thirsting for blood. The human heart turns to ice. The human hand is withheld. The human eye is averted. The human voice grows hard and dry. Society turns into an engine of death, with no more feeling than the cold blade of a guillotine.

It is no wonder that criminals become hard after the steel hand of the law once grips them. It is no wonder that so many criminals fold their arms across their stolid breasts and coolly look judge, jury, and executioner in the face, before they die, with apparent unconcern. We take all this as evidence of their bad natures, and are glad that such base beings are well hanged. We forget that no matter how brutal the murder that one man commits may be, it cannot be as cold-blooded, as base, as heartless, as the judicial murder that is conducted with all the deliberate formality of the law. The deeds of "Jack the Ripper" are fearful and cruel, but they are not so fiendish as that form of murder which conducts a human being through days, weeks, or months, of mental torture preliminary to a deliberate and heartless death at the hands of the hangman.

One of the worst phases of capital punishment, to my mind, is the invariable presence upon the scaffold, as the general assistant of the hangman, of a Christian priest or minister. At every scaffold there is a strange and significant union of Church and State. The State is there in the person of the hangman. The Church is there in the person of the priest or minister. It is the old familiar scene of the State doing deeds of violence and blood in the name of law and order, and with the sanction and concurrence of religion. It is the old combination of the secular arm doing that of which the representative of an ignoble hypothetical God approves. It is a junction of two terrible engines of unhappiness and tyranny — superstition and physical force.

It may be said that to speak of the ministers of religion in this connection and in these terms is unfair, but I think not. Most ministers of the Christian religion are upholders of capital punishment, as they are of every respectable infamy. They co-operate with the "machinery of justice" in preparing the victim of revenge for the slaughter. They are very useful coadjutors, too, because they quiet the victim's mind and, no doubt, prevent many distressing exhibitions of fear which would help to bring legal killing into disrepute. At the last execution in New York the officiating priest actually led one of the condemned men under the noose. The poor wretch was sick with fright and likely to fall down, but the priest did part of the hangman's work for him by leading the man to the shambles to be choked to death.

It is a mystery to me how these pretended disciples of one who was himself cruelly murdered by law, and who was the very apostle of love and gentleness, can engage in this horrible business. Jesus taught that if one should smite us upon one cheek we should turn to him the other, a doctrine as wise as it is humane; that if one forcibly took our overcoat we should give him our undercoat; that we should in all ways return good for evil; that we should forgive those who injure us an indefinite number of times. The whole tenor of his teaching and practice was against everything that looked toward capital punishment. And yet his pretended disciples, the priests and ministers, take part in all the hangings, and I have yet to hear of one who ever walked out upon the scaffold and uttered his protest against the bloody performance as entirely shameful, and particularly so when practised by a people who claim to be at least partially civilized. Instead of doing this they do everything they can to make the prisoners feel that in quietly submitting to be murdered they are only accepting a visitation of just punishment that has come upon them by the desire of their Heavenly Judge who is also their Heavenly Father. One of the kind of fathers, it may be supposed, who takes his child into a back room and assures him that it is very painful to be obliged to flog him, and that in doing so he will hurt himself far more than he will hurt the child, and then proceeds to give the child a beating that the brute nature of the father thoroughly enjoys. No doubt these Christian priests and ministers, many of whom are estimable persons, are quite unconscious of the shameful business in which they engage, but it is none the less a fact that they are simply the hangman's assistants.

It is gratifying to know that there is slowly growing a genuine repugnance to hanging, if not to capital punishment altogether. Cases of persons having been hanged who were afterward discovered to have been innocent; cases like the man who has just been set at liberty from Auburn prison, after having been thirty-seven years serving a life sentence, commuted from hanging, it being now discovered that he is innocent; cases of bungling at the gallows, the breaking of the rope, the struggles of the strangling men, the tearing of a victim's head half off, as recently occurred, the blood dripping down on the scaffold; such specific things, added to the general horror of the performance, are gradually helping to

awaken the sluggish sensibilities of the people to an appreciation of the enormity of the outrage that is being perpetrated upon the common sense and moral nature of the people in the name of law, order, and religion. It is gradually being felt that hanging is at least vulgar, if not wicked, and some other method of human slaughter is being sought for. In New York State killing by electricity has been adopted, and one man is already condemned to die in that manner. This certainly seems to be more in keeping with the scientific spirit of the age in which we live, and it has an air of respectability about it that hanging has not, but, in my opinion, it is a more ghastly method of judicial murder than hanging. It is, in fact, a killing device that rivals in horror the worst tortures of the worst ages of the world. A chair is to be constructed, a reclining chair, in cruel imitation of those chairs that are used for restful comfort. Into this chair the person is to be strapped, to prevent his making any unseemly gestures with his legs or arms in case the treatment makes him nervous, or to prevent his leaving the chair entirely if it should occur to him that the attentions of the legal killer were distasteful. After being strapped into the chair, and tickled a little with an electric current for the highly amusing purpose of discovering, by means of the Wheatstone bridge, how much of the fatal fluid will be required to kill him, bandages are to be placed upon the victim's head, which member will have been previously shaved, and also upon other portions of the body, perhaps the feet. To these appliances are to be attached the ends of the wires that are to convey the killing fluid. When everything is ready the executioner will touch a button and the wretched mortal will be shot with a stream of electricity, a stream of fire seven times hotter than fire is wont to be. The creature may have deep holes burned into him without killing him. He may have to be finally knocked in the head with an axe. He may be slowly burned to death in the chair, his body reduced to a charred cinder — murdered and cremated at the same time. Or, if the killing machine works as it is hoped that it will, in one moment of anguish, his life will go out.

Now, supposing this wicked contrivance works to the charm of the detestable person who could be tempted by money to devise and construct it, think of the mental torture to which the condemned person is put! The victim of the common

murderer is not forced to thus horribly anticipate death. He is not obliged to sit in a chair and see and hear his worse than Quilp-like slayer making, in cold blood, the preparation for his death. And then consider, too, that by the new contrivance this victim of the State is to meet his death in silence and alone. There are to be no witnesses of the grim and dastardly deed; no reporters, no crowd of special constables, no little group of spectators such as always at scenes of hanging enable the dying men to feel that they are in company in their last moments. There will be no expectation that thousands of persons will read the full account of the event the next day. There will be no sustaining sense of being the centre of interest for an hour, at least. This new kind of judicial murder is to be done in secret, and anyone who is familiar with the stories of torture that come to us from the dark ages knows that there were very few of the brave victims of torture in those days who could endure the suffering in solitude.

This new system of judicial murder seems to me worse than the roastings of the savages, worse than the burnings, and pinchings, and stretchings of the Inquisition; worse than these if for no other reason than that it is to be practised by those who claim to be enlightened, civilized beings. Nevertheless, there are some favorable points about it, one of which is that it is the result of a demand that there shall be a change in the manner of our killing; and another is that henceforth in one State judicial killing will be done in secret. This is a tacit confession that it must be done hereafter in secret or not much longer at all. When the State begins to be ashamed of what it does the practice is doomed, you may be sure.

It may now be asked what form of punishment should be substituted for the death penalty. It is not necessary to my purpose in writing this article that I should dwell upon that subject at all. This article is written mainly for the purpose of protesting against the crime of capital punishment, and not for the purpose of explaining what can or should be substituted for it. It will not, however, be out of place to say that the most natural substitute for the death penalty, under our form of government, would be imprisonment for a term sufficiently long to demonstrate that the offender might be safely allowed to go free. It is just as vicious, of course, to imprison a man for revenge, as to hang him for revenge.

There is, therefore, no valid reason why a murderer should be *punished* at all. It is right that he should be apprehended and confined until it is determined whether he is of such a nature or disposition as to be likely to commit more murders. But if this view of the case is too nearly in accordance with humane considerations to suit this cruel and bloodthirsty age, then the obvious mode of punishment to substitute for judicial killing is imprisonment at hard labor for life. This is far too cruel a punishment to visit upon anyone for any crime done under the impulse of passion, but among a people who so frequently say: "Hanging is too good for him," and who are so given to lynching, it is as much of a modification of our present practice as we could expect to get.

It would be far better for society if instead of speculating on the forms of punishment we turned our attention to the means of preventing the crimes for which we punish the offenders. It has been observed that most of the murders occur among the poor people, and upon the top floors of tenement houses; that is to say, among the poorest of the poor. The connection between poverty and the crime of murder, like the connection between poverty and all other crime, is demonstrably close. If we could cure the social disease of poverty, the seeds of crime would be destroyed. The people rarely think of this. They think it is our business to punish crime; but it is our best business to prevent it. Our present organization of society manufactures criminals faster than we can possibly take care of them. Poverty degrades men; it robs them of leisure, which is absolutely necessary for the development of mind, and the proper control of the passions; it keeps the people hungry and fierce; it imbrutes them; it makes Ishmaels of them — their hand is against society as the hand of society is against them. Plant a generation of paupers, and you will reap a crop of criminals.

If we are wise we will turn our attention to the most important problem of this or any age: how to so enrich the people that the temptations to crime will be minified to the last possible degree. The solution of the problem is as simple as it is important. For every millionaire we shall have a thousand tramps; for every monopolist we shall have a hundred burglars; for every woman who lives in idleness upon the fruit of others' toil, filched from them under the

name of interest or rent, we shall have a score of prostitutes; for every vacant land owner and money limiter — the twin man-starvers — we shall have a murderer. One is the seed from which the other grows. Eliminate your monopolists, the king of whom is the owner of vacant land, and your problem of crime is settled. With open opportunities for men to apply their labor to natural wealth productions, tenfold more wealth would be produced and equitably distributed; and with wealth many times multiplied and equitably distributed, a criminal would be more of a curiosity than the original three-toed horse.

But we need *not* wait for the disappearance of criminals before we abolish the death penalty for crime.

NATIONALISTIC SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE, SECRETARY OF BOSTON NATIONALIST CLUB.

In a letter dated July 4, 1888, Mr. Edward Bellamy wrote to a friend in Boston:

"You suggest forming an association to support and propagate the Nationalist ideas of the book (Looking Backward) as offering the best solution of the problems of the day. Go ahead by all means and do it if you can find anybody to associate with. No doubt, eventually, the formation of such Nationalist Clubs or associations among our sympathizers all over the country will be a proper measure, and it is fitting that Boston should lead off in this movement."

It was not until December 15, 1888, that the first regular meeting of the Nationalist Club, as now organized, was held. Within the few months since that time the movement thus started has spread over the entire country. England and Australia even have felt the wave of enthusiasm. Indeed, the seeds of Nationalism seem to take root and grow with astonishing rapidity wherever Mr. Bellamy's ideal presentation of nationalistic co-operation is read. But this can only be so because the most favorable conditions are present for the growth of this flower, whose unobstructed development will bring with it a revolution in our social life that may come without strife or bloodshed. This tendency toward co-operation on a national scale is only the logical outcome of what is taking place in all departments of our life. Within the past few years societies for some sort of mutual benefit have sprung up in countless numbers wherever the relations of life have a common interest for a score or more of individuals. These are the germs of a national co-operation. It is to clear the way for the natural development of these conditions that the Nationalist Club has been organized.

With the change, since the days of the Revolution, in our

ways of living and our social relations, there is a growing conviction that the legislative functions of the body politic have not adapted themselves to the new order of life and are becoming atrophied. The experiment our forefathers made in establishing a republican form of government was probably the wisest of all possible steps. Under the conditions then existing it secured to the people the greatest liberty and at the same time the greatest protection. Yet the same form of government is to-day failing to carry out the principle of ethics asserted in the Declaration of Independence "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This principle is still a self-evident truth, and the government that expresses it must preserve the freedom of all without interfering with the liberty of the individual. With the advance of society, largely due to the mechanical changes of this century, problems have arisen which did not confront the statesmen who so wisely drafted the Constitution of the United States. These problems could no more be foreseen, and their evils guarded against, than can the wisest lawmakers of the present provide for an unlooked-for time when, perchance, natural agents of so destructive a nature have been discovered, that war means the annihilation of such bodies of men as might be engaged in it, and a revolutionary war between classes or castes would be well-nigh as destructive as a continental cataclysm; or when through the application of some now unknown law to the problem of aerial navigation, the citizen becomes a cosmopolitan. Yet such seemingly chimerical possibilities are not further removed from the present than the electric motor, the telegraph, the telephone, the limited express train, are from the days of the stage coach when Franklin with his kite was experimenting with the clouds in a thunder storm. But while the present with its unforeseen conditions and its train of evils as well as advantages could not enter into the consideration of those who framed a constitution and enacted laws for a state of society radically different than the present, they plainly recognized the possibility that the government they were founding might not be fitted to some new and then unknown order of things. Their wisdom was far ahead of their material progress. Recognizing as an eternal truth the

natural and equal rights of men, they justified their own actions and at the same time provided for future and unforeseen contingencies by boldly declaring, "that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

It is in the light of so wise a precedent that the signers of the Declaration of Principles of the Nationalist Club are led to declare:

"The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate, we pledge our best efforts."

It must be remembered that government is more of an experiment than a science, and codes must be constantly changing to suit the progress of a nation or of humanity. It is also true that what might be inexpedient or wrong at one period of the world's history may be in a later time the best means of perpetuating and extending the blessings of civilization. And the Nationalists ask: If the combinations, trusts, and syndicates, of which the people at present complain, yet which they are encouraging, demonstrate the practicability of nationalistic co-operation, why not "seek to push this principle still further and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation — the people organized — the organic unity of the whole people?"

The critics that are ready to reply, ready to prove that of all possible states of society, the system of national co-operation outlined in Looking Backward would be the most undesirable, are more numerous in their attacks than diverse in their arguments. A recently published paper by a prominent educator against what is rapidly becoming a popular movement covers the ground taken by most of the opponents of Nationalistic Socialism who argue that the present system of competition is the true one, and that the goal of Nationalism is an "aspiration of non-scientific enthusiasts."

Dr. William T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education,

in an article in one of the current magazines for October,* takes this view in a criticism entitled "Edward Bellamy's Vision." This gentleman sees in the present social warfare of competition the only chance for "the production of individuality"; and "in the presence of this trend of our civilization and of other civilizations, explained and confirmed by religion and science," he pauses "in surprise before a movement so reactionary as this one of Nationalistic Socialism."

Before looking at the "proposed revolution" from an economical point of view, Dr. Harris touches on the influence of the social-science novel in producing popular movements of a national character. Dickens is mentioned as the one who "first aroused the present impulse to secular charity organization." "Mrs. Stowe, also through a novel, precipitated our civil war." The analysis of Socialistic theories in general is then prefaced by a statement that "Looking Backward" is also an "eminent example" of the social science novel.

For his ground of argument, Dr. Harris states:

"There are two assumptions underlying this book and all books of its species. They furnish the major premise or fundamental reason which is to move the reader to adopt the principles of socialism in place of the doctrine of individual ownership and free competition. The first of these takes for granted that under the principle of competition the rich grow richer and fewer, while the poor grow poorer and more numerous."

"The second assumption is that the few rich people are rich at the expense of the poor; that the poor, in short, create wealth, while the rich have a faculty of depriving them of it, honestly or dishonestly, but under the protection of the law."

In common with most writers against any plan of Nationalistic co-operation, Dr. Harris uses the term government in a sense contrary to the definition of the word by a Nationalist or Socialist. He speaks of "government," "national syndicate," and "nation," as an autocratic power apart from the will of the people. "For this (the present) system of freedom it (Nationalistic co-operation) would substitute," says Dr. Harris, "a strict military system, in which the government is the sole will." In another paragraph: "His (Bellamy's) National Syndicate, which owns all the means of

*The Forum.

production, and governs all the industry, and distributes to each individual in the community an equal share in the total product" is the autocrat feared. He also voices a common but misleading conception of our present government: "Previously (referring to the present) governments existed to administer justice and guarantee to the individual his freedom or action; but under the new regime they shall take charge of and direct all action." In other words, the government is a paternal power which exercises an absolute control over the people and yet is independent of them. At present, according to Dr. Harris, it administers equal justice to the rich and to the poor. Under the form and name of a National syndicate, or some other expression indicating national co-operation, there would be no such thing as justice or freedom of action.

In thus arguing against Nationalistic co-operation, on the ground that it would father some sort of a paternal or autocratic government upon the people, the very danger is assumed as one of the evils of Nationalism, that the Nationalist Club is organized to oppose. The Nationalists believe, first of all, in a true republic, in which the government is the expression of the will of the people. There cannot be an autocracy in a body of self-governing people. A true national government, call it by what name you please, is not the end, but the means to an end for the well-being of the body politic, and if our present industrial system is making it possible for a plutocracy or a national syndicate of capitalists "to take charge of and direct all action," it is self-evident that the people have the right to alter or abolish such a system. In common with Dr. Harris, many writers assert there is no real ground for the Nationalist's assumption that the rich are growing richer and fewer, while as a direct consequence the poor are growing relatively poorer and more numerous.

To support the argument that the Nationalistic and kindred theories of the Socialist concerning the concentration of wealth is "a product of the imagination and not the result of an inquiry into existing facts," British statistics are often quoted, as the problem of the distribution of wealth in this country has not been investigated in the degree that is demanded by the gravity of the question or the interests of those who produce our wealth. The statistics given by Mulhall, Levi, and Giffen prove that in Great Britain, during the

past thirty or forty years, the average income of all classes, even the poorest, has risen. Yet under what circumstances? The figures generally given in proof are the average incomes dating from about the year 1841, when 1,200,000 persons were carried off by the Irish famine, and the income of the poorest classes was not sufficient to keep body and soul together. Mulhall, in his "Fifty Years of National Progress," thus sums up the condition of the British laboring classes between 1840 and 1880: —

"There was an increase of wages averaging 50 per cent. from 1840 to 1880, but since the latter year much of that advance has been lost. Wages are nominally as high now as in 1880, but the number of men working full time is less. . . . After making all deductions we find that the workingman earns 20 or 25 per cent. more than in 1840, and the prices of necessaries have mostly fallen. These advantages are counterbalanced by the rise in rents, for whereas house property in 1840 averaged a value of £30 per inhabitant, it now stands for £75, a proof that rents have risen 150 per cent."*

He then goes on to state that convictions for drunkenness have increased 50 per cent. since 1860; that insanity is spreading, that nervous diseases are becoming more common; that divorce and suicide are increasing. Since 1837, he estimates that 77,000 persons have committed suicide in Great Britain alone. If France, Germany, and Austria are included, the number rises to 610,000. During the same period the general wealth of Great Britain has increased 124 per cent.; trade, 472 per cent.; but the value of land has fallen £430,000,000 or $2,150,000,000 and 9,000,000 souls have emigrated.

In 1887, according to Mulhall's estimate, one-thirteenth of the English people owned two-thirds of the national wealth. This is the real question with which the Nationalist is concerned. It is not whether the incomes of the poorest classes average a little above or a little below the amount absolutely necessary to maintain an existence. If their incomes had not increased, their numbers would have decreased as in the year 1841. The startling fact is that while the incomes of the great mass of the people have increased slightly in an arithmetical ratio, the rich have multiplied their incomes in a

*pp. 99-100.

geometrical ratio. It is patent that even in titled England a new aristocracy of money is beginning to elbow the long line of nobility, whose estates and titles have come down in so many cases, from the days of the Norman robbers and William the Conqueror. It is a trite but true saying that "history repeats itself."

Dr. Harris and several daily and weekly papers after him, in order to prove that the rich cannot become richer and fewer at the expense of the poor, have quoted the true law of capital as announced by Cary and Bastiat: "As capital increases it draws a smaller proportional amount from the product as its share, while labor gets a larger proportional amount." This law in some cases may hold good, when the whole mass of the laborers are considered; but it cannot be applied to the case of the individual. All the law means is that the larger the number of laborers, the larger proportional share they collectively must take of the product of their labor. With the increase in the number of laborers the individual wage of each may be decreased, while the income of the capitalistic employer is rapidly increasing. In fact, this is what generally happens.

It is in America, first, however, not England, that the Nationalists hope for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth of the future. And it is here that statistics in regard to the distribution of wealth most concern us.

In the *Forum* for November, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman presents some most interesting and instructive figures, showing who are "The owners of the United States." A list of seventy fortunes are given representing an aggregate wealth of $2,700,000,000.

"The writer has not," he says, "sought for information concerning anyone worth less than $20,000,000, but has accidentally learned of fifty other persons worth over $10,000,000, of whom thirty are valued in all at $450,000,000, making together 100 persons worth over $3,000,000,000; yet this list includes very few names from New England and none from the South. Evidently, it would be easy for any specially well-informed person to make up a list of one hundred persons averaging $25,000,000 each, in addition to ten averaging $100,000,000. No such list of concentrated wealth could be given in any other country in the world. The richest dukes of England fall below the average wealth of a dozen American citizens; while the greatest bankers,

merchants, and railway magnates of England cannot compare in wealth with many Americans. . . . The average annual income of the richest hundred Englishmen is about $450,000; but the average annual income of the richest hundred Americans cannot be less than $1,200,000, and probably exceeds $1,500,000. It follows, inevitably, that wealth must be far more concentrated in the United States than in Great Britain; because, where enormous amounts of wealth are placed in a few hands, this necessarily implies that the great mass of the people have very small possessions."

While Mr. Shearman thinks that wealth, in England, is more widely distributed than it was forty years ago, owing to the growth of the middle classes, he says of the United States:

"In America the drift has been in precisely the opposite direction. Federal taxation has increased six-fold since 1860, and the whole of this increase has been taken out of the relatively poorer classes. At the same time, the profit which is secured to the wealthier classes by the adjustment of indirect taxation in their interest has been increased not less than ten-fold. The wealthy classes, collectively, have made a clear profit out of the indirect effects of taxation to an amount far exceeding all that they have paid in taxes, although this profit has been absorbed by a minority of even the rich. But, apart from this, the whole system of taxation is and has been such as to take from the rich only from 3 to 10 per cent. of their annual savings, while taking from the poor 75 to 90 per cent. . . . The United States of America are practically owned by less than 250,000 persons, constituting less than one in sixty of its adult male population.

"Within thirty years, the present methods of taxation being continued, the United States of America will be substantially owned by less than 50,000 persons, constituting less than one in five hundred of the adult male population."

Some weeks before the publication of the statistics compiled by Mr. Shearman, Mr. Edward Bellamy, as the result of an independent examination of such statistics as he could obtain upon the subject, estimated that:

"The property of less than 100,000 men in the United States aggregates more than the total possessions of the balance of say, 59,900,000, if we call the present population 60,000,000. In the State of Michigan, to use a single illustration, one two hundredths part of the population own 61 per cent. of the real-estate valuation, and this is a better showing than many States make. Ten thousand people own nearly the whole of New York City with

its 2,000,000 population. The entire bonded debt of the United States is held by 71,000 persons only, and over 60 per cent. of it is in the hands of 23,000 persons. Figures like these, of which a volume could be furnished, suffice to show how completely that equality of citizens upon which the republic was founded, and only could have been founded, has become a tradition."

In a recent lecture in Music Hall, Boston, Rev. W. H. H. Murray stated that so far as the actual wealth of the capitalists of this country could be ascertained, over fifty per cent. of our total wealth was owned by 25,000 persons. Here are three sets of figures which virtually coincide, yet were independently compiled. The story they tell must make every thinking man pause and consider. Yet the rich are not the cause of this growing evil. Those best situated to do so have taken advantage of the fact that production on the largest scale is the cheapest production. This has been demonstrated in every line of business, even down to agriculture. In sections of the West such great food factories as the Grandin farm of 40,000 acres near Fargo, Dakota, have come into competition with the small farms, most of which are heavily mortgaged at a high rate of interest. As a result the number of small tenant farmers is increasing at an enormous rate. In 1880 the number of tenant farmers in the United States was over a million, or some two hundred thousand more than the entire holdings of Great Britain. But these "bonanza" farms are a small matter compared with such accumulations of capital as are represented by the Standard Oil Company, which paid in 1887 a profit of $20,000,000 on a watered capital of $90,000,000; or of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Trust, which has paid $30,000,000 since 1870, on a capital of only $2,500,000. The coal monopoly, the sugar trust, and a thousand other syndicates and corporations are on every hand bleeding the people. And to represent this great money power, we have what is often spoken of as "the Rich Men's Club," the Senate of the United States, the majority of the members of which either are millionaires or directly represent great accumulations of capital. Does this body represent the collective will of the people, or the behests of the few thousand capitalists owning the larger half of the wealth of this great country? Is it to be wondered at that the words of Edward Bellamy touch a responsive chord in so many hearts?

"The nation (the people) became the sole employer (instead of the money kings), and all the citizens by virtue of their citizenship became employees. . . . The nation guarantees the nature, education, and comfortable maintenance of every citizen from the cradle to the grave."

What a different aspect human life might take if we could look out upon our surroundings from the impersonal ground of a Sir John Lubbock watching the manœuvres of a colony of ants. The desire for some personal advantage over our neighbors in wealth, pleasure, social position, fame, would not obscure the real outlines of the great social questions of the day. Had Sir John Lubbock seen, in his ant-hill under view, a few ants of enormous strength appropriating the supplies of food as brought in by the great army of laborers in the colony, and if the gentleman knew by other observations that the workers in the hill had no chance of getting back the product of their industry, even in a winter's famine, there are few who would not agree with him, if his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the many and he summarily ended the existence of the robber ants. Yet, in our own human life, this is only the position of the extreme Socialist in his declaration that if the few persistently oppose a fair distribution among the producers of the products of their labor, such obstructors should be removed, and if necessary, by force. We recoil, however, at the thought of a personal application of the impersonal justice we might meet out to the ants, and quite properly do we feel that such a course would be the extreme of lawlessness. Yet the fact is, that there are a growing body of men, and women too, for that matter, who, rightly or wrongly, look upon the capitalist as a robber who should be summarily executed, as were common thieves in the middle ages. It is of little use to tell them that the capitalist as well as the poor man is one of the unnatural growths of our brutal system of competition. They believe, preach, and teach but one remedy for existing evils, and that is force. Their groups are scattered over our country. Their system of organization is such and so secret, that two mechanics working side by side may belong to different groups of the same organization and be unaware of their fraternity, until, in some crisis, both are called out. In the day of a future year, perhaps, when crops fail or a great financial panic sweeps over the country, and strikes become

general, they hope to place themselves at the head of the thousands of discontented that everywhere will join them and then begin the war of extermination. The Bastile fell when the guards sided with the mob. The rank and file of those who enforce our laws are and must be drawn from the class who are the greatest sufferers from their unjust application. It is a dangerous experiment to educate a man and teach him what are his natural rights, then deprive him of them. Only ignorance and servitude can long keep company.

"How it may come that the New Zealander shall yet sit and meditate on the broken arch of London Bridge, the strike of the London dock laborers gives something like a suggestion," says Henry George. Perhaps John Burns held his ragged army of starving men in check because he knew the time was not yet ripe for action such as he at other times has preached.

The private army of the Pinkertons, of the Coal Barons, the cordon of private soldiers already drawn around the possessions of many of our great corporations, emphasize the fact that an enemy is knocking at the doors of our civilization; a Frankenstein born of the times, and we can neither drive it away nor subdue it, for it is the negative pole of our present social life. By the law of equality, fraternity, co-operation, we can change its nature from evil to good, but to accomplish this, we must alter present conditions at the other pole where are gathered fortunes that dazzle the eyes of the whole world.

The protest of the Nationalist is against both extremes. He is not a revolutionist, but a counter-revolutionist. The logical outcome of individualism is anarchy and chaos. But it is doubtful if this extreme point could be reached. The continuation of the present trend if guided by the rich and selfish must result in a few becoming the masters of the people. It is to prevent this calamity, it is to preserve, not surrender, what has been gained through more than eighteen hundred years of struggle, that the Nationalist asks for a national guarantee, under a co-operative government, that exact and impartial justice shall be dealt out to every man, woman, and child, that compose the nation. Such a guarantee would not restrain the liberty of the individual. It is to-day that the many have no chance for a career. If the products of labor were justly distributed, if the enormous waste and

extravagance of the present system were abolished, not only the fortunate few, as at present, but the many, would have time and opportunity to cultivate the abilities which would best fit them to render that rare service to mankind which is now so seldom given owing to want of scope for natural development. Given the conditions, and the poet, the artist, the scholar, the statesman, the inventor, will live for but one object, — to make great a civilization whose life is to become an incarnation of true divinity.

TO DESTROY THE "RUM POWER."

BY HENRY GEORGE.

For years the liquor question has been largely and widely discussed in the United States. But the discussion has turned on the kind and degree of legal restriction that ought to be applied to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink, and the political effects of this restriction have been but little considered. The "rum power" has been sufficiently recognized and bitterly denounced; but without inquiry into its nature and causes, has been generally treated as one of the evils that make restriction necessary.

Yet the political influence of the various interests connected with the manufacture and sale of liquor is a matter of sufficient importance to demand some consideration in itself, and apart from the question of temperance. For the "rum power" is certainly a fact of the first importance. It is an active, energetic, tireless factor in our practical politics, a corrupt and debauching element, standing in the way of all reform and progress, a potent agency by which unscrupulous men may lift themselves to power, and an influence which operates to lower public morality and official character.

Intemperance is a grave evil. But it is not the only evil. Political corruption is also a grave evil. The most ardent advocate of temperance would probably admit that there may be a point where the one evil may be outweighed by the other, and would hesitate to accept the total abstinence that prevails in Turkey if accompanied with Turkish corruption of government. There is no instance in which intemperance among a civilized people has stopped advance and turned civilization back towards barbarism, but the history of the world furnishes example after example in which this has occurred from the corruption of government, ending finally in corruption of the masses.

While the lessening of intemperance may be the most important end that under present conditions we can seek; while

it may be that in our liquor legislation we should disregard all other effects if we can secure this, it is nevertheless wise that we should at least consider what these effects may be. In the presence of the giant evils springing from the existence of the "rum power" in our politics, it is certainly worth while to inquire how the existence of this power stands related to our restrictive liquor legislation.

A little consideration will show that they are indeed related, and that this relation is that of cause and effect. Not as is generally assumed, the rum power being the cause and the restrictive legislation the effect of opposition aroused by it, but the restrictive legislation being the cause, and the appearance of the "rum power" in politics the effect of this restriction.

This we may see from general principles, and a wide experience. While there is any possibility of changing them through political action, legal restrictions on any branch of business must introduce into politics a special element, which will exert power proportioned to the pecuniary interests involved.

We restrict the importation of wool by putting a duty on wool and immediately there arises in our politics a wool power to send lobbyists to Washington, to secure the nomination and election of members of Congress, to exert an influence upon party organization and conventions and to contribute to political corruption funds. We put a duty on iron and at once there arises an iron power to log-roll and bulldoze, to bribe and corrupt, to use our politics in every way for the defense or promotion of its special interests, and uniting with other special interests of the same kind to exert such influence on the organs of public education and opinion as to make the great body of the American people actually believe that the way to make a people rich is to tax them. We interfere with the industry of making cigars by imposing an internal revenue tax on cigars, and as a consequence we have a league of cigar manufacturers ready to spend money and to exert political influence to maintain the tax, which, by concentrating business, gives them larger profits. The match industry is comparatively very small; yet the tax on matches imposed during the war begot a match power which though not large enough to cut any figure in the politics of the country at large, was sufficient to be perceptible at Washington when the ques-

tion of reducing taxes came up. Or, to take a case where the popular reason for the restriction is of the same kind as that for restriction on the manufacture and sale of liquor, we have put a high duty on opium. Hence the growth of a combination or combinations on the Pacific Coast, making some millions a year by smuggling opium. To make sure of the retention of the duty and keep in place officials blind eyed to the operations of the smugglers, the pecuniary interest thus created must take part in politics — for under our system the power to get votes and to manage conventions is the foundation of the power to make laws and secure appointments.

If such be the effects of simple restrictions what must be the effect of such restrictions as we impose on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. What would they be on any other business? There are people who believe the wearing of corsets a deleterious habit, greatly injurious to American women. Others contend that wearing corsets in moderation is harmless if not helpful, and that it is only the excess of tight lacing that is injurious. But without concerning ourselves with this we can readily imagine the effects of applying to the corset business the restrictions now imposed on the liquor business.

If the Federal Government were to put such a tax on the manufacture of corsets as it does on whiskey, we would soon have a corset ring, with large pecuniary interests in the retention of the tax, in the rulings of the department, and in the appointment of internal revenue officials.

If corset selling were restricted by licenses as is liquor selling, the privilege would become valuable, and its holders have reason to "keep solid" with the dominant party. Where it was prohibited, illicit sales, it is risking nothing to predict, would still go on. These illict sellers would all the more need the favor and connivance of officials owing their places to politics, and must therefore use their influence and spend their money in politics.

Just what would thus follow from corset restrictions has followed from liquor restrictions. The effect of the tax on the manufacture of liquor is to concentrate the business in the hands of larger capitals and stronger men, and to make evasions a source of great profit. It is thus directly to concern large pecuniary interests in politics, in order to maintain

the tax and to influence or control the officials concerned with its administration.

This is the genesis of the American whiskey ring, which sprung into the most pernicious activity with the imposition of the two dollar per gallon tax,—a tax which led to the most wide-spread political debauchery and corruption. The reduction of this tax to fifty cents a gallon—accomplished against the efforts of the ring—has greatly reduced this corruption and lessened the political influence of the whiskey ring.

But it still exists, as it will exist while the tax on liquor remains a potent factor in national legislation, bringing its money and its influence into all elections where its interests are even remotely affected. Here is what Hon. Earnest H. Crosby, in an article in the May *Forum*, entitled "The saloon as a political power," has to say of one branch of it:

"The brewers deserve special notice. Their immense wealth gives them opportunities for wholesale bribery. They raise enormous funds for use in all canvasses in which the temperance issue is raised. But the brewers have a greater power than mere riches. Each brewery has a large number of beer-shops under its direct control. They select men-of-straw, provide the money to establish them in business, and take back chattel mortgages on the saloon fixtures. They thus gain absolute possession of the mortgagor, body and soul, and he follows their directions in politics implicitly. One firm of brewers in a leading city holds six hundred chattel mortgages of this kind, aggregating $310,134 in value. Another has two hundred and eight, valued at $442,063. We can see in a moment the concentration of power which such a system affords. The saloons in order to rule must combine, and here is a plan of combination already provided. One example will show how this power is used. Two years ago the brewers in a strong Democratic district determined to send an attorney of theirs, Mr. A. P. Fitch, to Congress. They secured the Republican nomination for him. The Democratic bar-rooms were ordered to support him, and he was elected. While serving his term in Congress, the Mills Bill, leaning toward free trade, came up for consideration. The brewers were in favor of reducing the surplus in this way, as they desired the internal revenue to remain untouched. Mr. Fitch left his party and voted for the Mills Bill. The brewers turned to, obtained the Democratic nomination for him, and elected him again in the same district."

Not entirely the brewers. Men like myself voted for Mr. Fitch, as we always will vote in favor of a Republican who

inclines to free trade, or indeed a Republican protectionist, as against a Democratic protectionist. As to the political influence of the liquor power in New York Mr. Crosby is right. It was thrown against me in solid mass when I ran for mayor in 1886. A deputation came to me to ask what my course if elected would be. My reply was that so far as it might devolve on me, I would enforce the law without fear and without favor. But I have no reason to think that this had any effect on the action of the liquor men. They supported Mr. Hewitt because the Excise Commissioners and the Police Department were in his favor.

It is high time that these brewers were brought to their senses. They sustain the internal revenue system because it keeps others from competing with their monopoly, and also because they buy their revenue stamps at wholesale, at seven and one-half per cent. discount, and charge them to their customers at par. One well-known firm is said to make $28,000 a year by this arrangement. In their effort to preserve the internal revenue, the brewers support tariff reduction, and even free trade; but only in so far as it does not injure them.

In Great Britain the excise system has produced the same effects — the concentration of the business, the accumulation of enormous fortunes, the control of public houses by brewers and distillers and the building up of a political power which is a bulwark of Tory conservatism and an obstacle to all real reform and advance. To tax liquor is inevitably to call a "rum power" into politics.

Where the liquor sellers do not throw their money and influence into politics of their own volition they are forced to do so. In New York, for instance, the influence and the contributions of the liquor sellers are controlled by the party of factions that control the excise commissioners and the police department, and the liquor sellers are compelled to use their influence and give their money at every election. Indictments are found for violations of excise regulations and corded up in pigeon holes by the thousand, never to be taken down unless the saloon keeper is recalcitrant, while spasmodic raids and arrests enforce the necessity of keeping on the good side of the powers that be.

And besides the work that is compelled and the "voluntary contributions" that are exacted for party, there is special

service and ransom to individual officials and politicians. This is one of the reasons why such enormous amounts of money are spent in New York even in trivial election contests and why officials grow rich on small salaries. This enormous liquor influence, organized, disciplined, and controlled through the very laws intended to lessen the evils of intemperance, is one of the great agencies which have made democratic government in the true sense of the term as non-existent in New York as in Constantinople.

As it is in New York so is it in degree at least in other cities. Where licenses are limited in number they become but the more valuable. When they are raised in price the number of unlicensed liquor sellers who are even more under the control of corrupt politicians than are the licensed ones, increase.

In Philadelphia the adoption of high license and the placing of the power to grant licenses in the hands of judges of the courts has produced remarkable results in diminishing intemperance and crimes growing out of it. But "a new broom sweeps clean." And whether the ultimate result in this respect be good or bad, it is certain that in the long run the political power growing out of the liquor business will not be diminished, and that the pecuniary interests involved in the traffic will enter into the nomination and election of judges.

Prohibition puts liquor selling under the ban of the law. Hence where liquor selling continues, as it does in every prohibition State, it must be by connivance of officials and by favor of politicians. Thus the work and the money of the illegal liquor sellers build up a "rum power" relatively stronger than where restriction has not been carried to the length of prohibition. In Maine, where prohibition has been longest tried, it is said to be the control of the illicit sellers of liquor which keeps the State in the hands of the Republican party — not because it is the Republican party, of course, but because it is the party in power.

In Iowa, where ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in framing legal provisions to absolutely prevent either the manufacture or the sale of liquor, the returns of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that United States license taxes were paid during the last fiscal year by 7 rectifiers, 25 wholesale liquor dealers, 2,758 retail liquor dealers, 41 brewers, 50 wholesale dealers in malt liquors and

223 retail dealers. These people did not pay United States special taxes out of patriotism. If so many of them paid these United States taxes, how much must they, and the far greater number not thus returned (the proportion of 41 brewers and 50 wholesale dealers to 223 retail beer sellers is very significant), have paid as hush money and political subscriptions.

The more carefully the subject is examined the more clear I think it will appear that to eliminate the "rum power" as a corrupting element in our politics by restrictive laws is hopeless. On the contrary it is restriction that brings it into our politics. There is only one way of eliminating it from politics, and that is by doing away with all restrictions, from Federal tax to municipal license, and permitting "free trade in rum."

To many people this will seem like saying that the only way of getting rid of the trouble of keeping pigs out of a garden is to throw down the fences and let them root at will. Others will see in the increase of intemperance which they will associate with free trade in liquor, greater evils than the corrupting political influence of the "rum power." Yet even if this be so, it is at least worth while to see that in attempting to cure one evil by restriction we are creating another.

But is it so? To abolish all taxes on liquor would be to make liquor cheap and easily obtained. But would this be to increase drunkenness?

Is there more intemperance in countries where liquor is relatively cheap than in countries where it is very dear? Did the two dollar tax on whiskey lessen drunkenness? Did the reduction to fifty cents increase it? Is there more drunkenness among the rich whose power to purchase all they want is not lessened by the artificial enhancement in the cost of liquor than there is among the poor, on whose power to purchase this enhancement must most seriously tell? Is it not notorious that men too poor to get proper food, clothing, shelter for themselves and their families do still manage to get drunk? And among the temperate men or total abstainers who read this page, is there one whose abstinence is due to the costliness of liquor?

All our restriction, even to the point of absolute legal prohibition, does not, except perhaps in some places to strangers and in some small communities, really prevent the man who

wants liquor from getting it. Where it even closes the open saloon it only substitutes for it the drug store, the club room, the back door and the kitchen bar.

On one Sunday in New York I had to ride from the upper end of the island to the Astor House to get a little liquor for medicinal purposes, but it was only because one of the periodical raids against Sunday selling was on, that I was a stranger, and perhaps that I looked like a temperance man. People known to the saloon keepers or druggists could get all they wanted. I have never lived in a prohibition State, but I have never been in one where there seemed any difficulty in getting liquor. In Burlington, Iowa, I saw saloons openly doing business; in De Moines, I saw young men drunk in the hall of the principal hotel at mid-day; in Lewiston, Maine, I was recently told that there were some three hundred places where liquor was sold, mostly kitchen bars; and in a Vermont town a prosecuting attorney, even then prosecuting some offenses against the prohibitory law, took me into his back room and producing a bottle and glasses from a closet and setting them on the table remarked, "It is against the law to sell or to give liquor as a beverage, but there is no law to prevent a man from taking it if he sees it lying around."

But the artificial enhancement in the cost of liquor by taxation and restriction does have the effect of promoting adulteration. With no tax whatever upon spirits they would be too cheap to make adulteration pay. But every artificial increase in cost is a premium on the substitution of poisonous mixtures for the pure article. The abuse of liquor is bad enough; but there can be no question that much of the evil that is attributed to liquor is due to adulterations not really entitled to the name. Dr. Willard H. Morse, in the *North American Review*, says: "If two puppies are fed, the one on the whiskey of the saloons, and the other on the purest product of distillation, the autopsy of the former will show a diseased brain, while the brain of the latter will be found to be normal." Drug store whiskey is reputed worse than saloon whiskey, and the worst whiskey of all is said to be prohibition whiskey.

And the effect of these poisonous adulterations which our restrictions promote and encourage is, it must be remembered, not merely to make the drinking habit more deadly, it is to

produce a quicker and stronger craving on the part of those who partake of the stuff, and thus to make confirmed drinkers — to produce a diseased condition of body and mind which urges the victim to satisfy the insane craving at all risks and costs.

That the abolition of all taxes on the manufacture and sale of liquor would increase the consumption of liquor is doubtless true. It would increase its consumption in the arts and for domestic purposes; but that it would increase its consumption as a beverage is not so clear. For there are certain exceptions to the general rule that consumption is inverse to cost. Where a depraved appetite is the cause of consumption no increase of cost that we have found practicable, will reduce consumption, and where ostentation prompts consumption, decrease of cost is apt to lessen it. If invention were to reduce the cost of diamonds to a cent or two a pound their consumption in the arts would much increase, but their consumption for personal adornment would cease. Where sturgeon are scarce and costly, their meat is esteemed a delicacy and placed before guests; where they are very plenty and cheap they are thrown out of the nets or fed to pigs.

The most ardent temperance men, whether favoring high license or prohibition, will not contend that in the present conditions of society it is possible by any amount of legal restriction to prevent liquor drinking. But they will contend that restriction tends to discourage the formation of the drinking habit, by lessening the temptations to begin it.

Now the great agencies in the formation of the drinking habit are social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon.

Does restriction tend in the slightest degree to discourage the setting of liquor before guests in private houses and at social entertainments? There is probably less of this in the prohibition States than in the non-prohibition States, and there is certainly less of it now in all sections than there was in preceding generations when the restrictions were less or did not exist. But this is not because of prohibition or restriction, but because of the stronger moral sentiment against liquor drinking, and of which the restriction or prohibition is one of the manifestations. No man disposed to drink or to set drink before others in private, refrains from doing so be-

cause of any statute law. Legislatures may impose penalties, but they have no power to make people think wrong what before they deemed right. Prohibition may have some little effect on public and official entertainments, and the increased cost of liquor may have some effect in preventing it being set before guests. But on the other hand the prohibition of what is not felt to be wrong in itself provokes a certain disposition to it, and the greater costliness of a thing prompts the offering of it to those we would compliment. The treating habit which springs from a desire to compliment or to return a compliment, is certainly strengthened by the costliness of liquor. Millionaires do not ask each other to go out and take ten cents' worth of whiskey or five cents' worth of beer when they want to be complimentary or sociable. But men to whom five or ten cents is an object do, and unless the treat is in discharge or recognition of some obligation they feel themselves bound to return it in kind. Now with liquor so cheap as it would be if there were no tax or restriction on its manufacture and sale, the treating habit would certainly be largely weakened. If whiskey were as cheap as water, it would entirely die out. Who thinks of treating another to water, or feels the refusal of another to empty a glass of water into his stomach a slight; or imagines that because one man offers a glass of water to each of a party that each one of the party must in his turn offer a glass of water to all the others?

As for the saloon, the license system makes it more gorgeous and enticing; while prohibition drives it into lower and viler forms. What really would be the effect of absolute free trade in liquor? At first blush it may seem as if it would be to enormously multiply saloons. On second consideration it will seem more likely that it would utterly destroy them. This is certain, that if anywhere that saloons exist a proposition were made to do away with all tax, license, or restriction, the saloon keepers would be its most bitter opponents. And they would quickly assign the reason, "If everybody were free to sell liquor we would have to go out of the business."

The liquor saloon as we know it is a specialization which can only exist by the concentration of business which restriction causes. Were liquor as cheap as it would be were all taxes on it removed, and were everyone free to sell it, it might be sold in every hotel, in every boarding or lodging

house, in every restaurant, druggist's, bakery, confectionery, grocery, dry-goods store, or peanut-stand, but places specially devoted to its sale could not be paved with silver dollars, or ornamented with costly paintings, or set fine free lunches, or provide free concerts, even if indeed they could continue to exist. And where liquor was sold in connection with food, entertainment, or other things, and at the prices which free competition would compel, it would not pay to let men drink themselves into intoxication or semi-intoxication or in any way to provoke or encourage the drinking habit.

In short, I believe that examination will show that the sweeping away of all taxes and restrictions, would not only destroy the "rum power" in our politics, but would much decrease intemperance.

And this view has the support of one of the keenest of observers. Adam Smith, who treats this matter at some length in Chap. 3, Book IV, of the Wealth of Nations, says:

"If we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause, not of drunkenness, but of sobriety. The inhabitants of the wine countries are in general the soberest people in Europe. . . . People are seldom guilty of excess in what is their daily fare. Nobody affects the character of liberality and good fellowship, by being profuse of a liquor which is cheap as small beer. . . . When a French regiment comes from some of the northern provinces of France, where wine is somewhat dear, to be quartered in the southern, where it is very cheap, the soldiers, I have frequently heard it observed, are at first debauched by the cheapness and novelty of good wine; but after a few months' residence, the greater part of them become as sober as the rest of the inhabitants. Were the duties upon foreign wines, and the excises upon malt, beer, and ale to be taken away all at once, it might, in the same manner, occasion in Great Britain a pretty general and temporary drunkenness among the middling and inferior ranks of people, which would probably be soon followed by a permanent and almost universal sobriety."

"*Almost* universal sobriety," wrote Adam Smith in Kirkaldy, somewhere in the early seventies of the eighteenth century. Writing as the wonderful nineteenth century nears its final decade and in the great metropolis of a mighty nation then unborn, I can say no more, if as much. The temperance question does not stand alone. It is related — nay, it is but a phase, of the great social question. By abolishing liquor

taxes and licenses we may drive the "rum power" out of politics, and somewhat, I think, lessen intemperance. Thus we may get rid of an obstacle to the improvement of social conditions and increase the effective force that demands improvement. But without the improvement of social conditions we cannot hope to abolish intemperance. Intemperance today springs mainly from that unjust distribution of wealth which gives to some less and to others more than they have fairly earned. Among the masses it is fed by hard and monotonous toil, or the still more straining and demoralizing search for leave to toil; by overtasked muscles and overstrained nerves, and under-nurtured bodies; by the poverty which makes men afraid to marry and sets little children at work, and crowds families into the rooms of tenement houses; which stints the nobler and brings out the baser qualities; and in full tide of the highest civilization the world has yet seen, robs life of poetry and glory of beauty and joy. Among the classes it finds its victims in those from whom the obligation to exertion has been artificially lifted; who are born to enjoy the results of labor without doing any labor, and in whom the lack of stimulus to healthy exertion causes moral obesity, and consumption without the need of productive work breeds satiety. Intemperance is abnormal. It is the vice of those who are starved and those who are gorged. Free trade in liquor would tend to reduce it, but could not abolish it. But free trade in everything would. I do not mean a sneaking, half-hearted, and half-witted "tariff reform," but that absolute, thorough free trade, which would not only abolish the custom house and the excise, but would do away with every tax on the products of labor and every restriction on the exertion of labor, and would leave everyone free to do whatever did not infringe the ten commandments.

A year before the "Wealth of Nations" was published, Thomas Spence, of Newcastle, in a lecture before the philosophical society of that place, thus pictured such a state of things:

"Then you may behold the rent which the people have paid into the parish treasuries, employed by each parish in paying the government its share of the sum which the parliament or national congress at any time grants; in maintaining and relieving its own poor and people out of work; in paying the necessary officers their salaries; in building, repairing, and adorning its houses,

bridges, and other structures; in making and maintaining convenient and delightful streets, highways, and passages, both for foot and carriages; in making and maintaining canals, and other conveniences for trade and navigation; in planting and taking in waste grounds; in providing and keeping up a magazine of ammunition, and all sorts of arms sufficient for all its inhabitants in case of danger from enemies; in premiums for the encouragement of agriculture, or anything else, thought worthy of encouragement; and, in a word, in doing whatever the people think proper; and not, as formerly, to support and spread luxury, pride, and all manner of vice.

There are no tools or taxes of any kind paid among them by native or foreigner but the aforesaid rent, which every person pays to parish, according to the quantity, quality, and conveniences of the land, housing, etc., which he occupies in it. The government, poor roads, etc., as said before, are all maintained by the parishes with the rent, on which account all wares, manufacturers, allowable trade employments or actions are entirely duty free. *Freedom to do anything whatever cannot there be bought; a thing is either entirely prohibited, as theft or murder, or entirely free to everyone without tax or price!*"

COMANCHE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

A BLAZING home, a blood-soaked hearth;
  Fair woman's hair with blood upon!
That Ishmaelite of all the earth
  Has like a cyclone, come and gone —
His feet are as the blighting dearth;
  His hands are daggers drawn.

"To horse! to horse!" the rangers shout,
  And red revenge is on his track!
The black-haired Bedouin in route
  Looks like a long, bent line of black.
He does not halt nor turn about;
  He scorns to once look back.

But on! right on that line of black,
  Across the snow-white, sand-sown pass;
The bearded rangers on their track
  Bear thirsty sabres bright as glass.
Yet not one red man there looks back;
  His nerves are braided brass.

. . . . . .

At last, at last, their mountain came
  To clasp its children in their flight!
Up, up from out the sands of flame
  They clambered, bleeding, to their height;
This savage summit, now so tame,
  Their lone star, that dread night!

"Huzzah! Dismount!" the captain cried.
  "Huzzah! the rovers cease to roam!
The river keeps yon farther side,
  A roaring cataract of foam.
They die, they die for those who died
  Last night by hearth and home!"

His men stood still beneath the steep;
The high, still moon stood like a nun.
The horses stood as willows weep;
Their weary heads drooped every one.
But no man there had thought of sleep;
Each waited for the sun.

Vast nun-white moon! Her silver rill
Of snow-white peace she ceaseless poured;
The rock-built battlement grew still,
The deep-down river roared and roared.
But each man there with iron will
Leaned silent on his sword.

Hark! See what light starts from the steep!
And hear, ah, hear that piercing sound.
It is their lorn death-song they keep
In solemn and majestic round.
The red fox of these deserts deep
At last is run to ground.

. . . . . .

Oh, it was weird, — that wild, pent horde!
Their death-lights, their death-wails each one.
The river in sad chorus roared
And boomed like some great funeral gun.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

Then sudden star tipped mountains topt
With flame beyond! And watch-fires ran
To where white peaks high heaven propt;
And star and light left scarce a span.
Why none could say where death-lights stopt
Or where red stars began!

And then the far, wild wails that came
In tremulous and pitying flight
From star-lit peak and peak of flame!
Wails that had lost their way that night
And knocked at each heart's door to claim
Protection in their flight.

O, chu-lu-le! O, chu-lu-lo!
A thousand red hands reached in air.
O, che-lu-lo! O, che-lu-le!
When midnight housed in midnight hair,
O, che-lu-le! O, che-lu-lo!
Their one last wailing prayer.

And all night long, nude Rachels poured
Melodious pity one by one
From mountain top. The river roared
Sad requiem for his braves undone.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

The Heights, Oakland, Cal.

MAMELONS.*

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

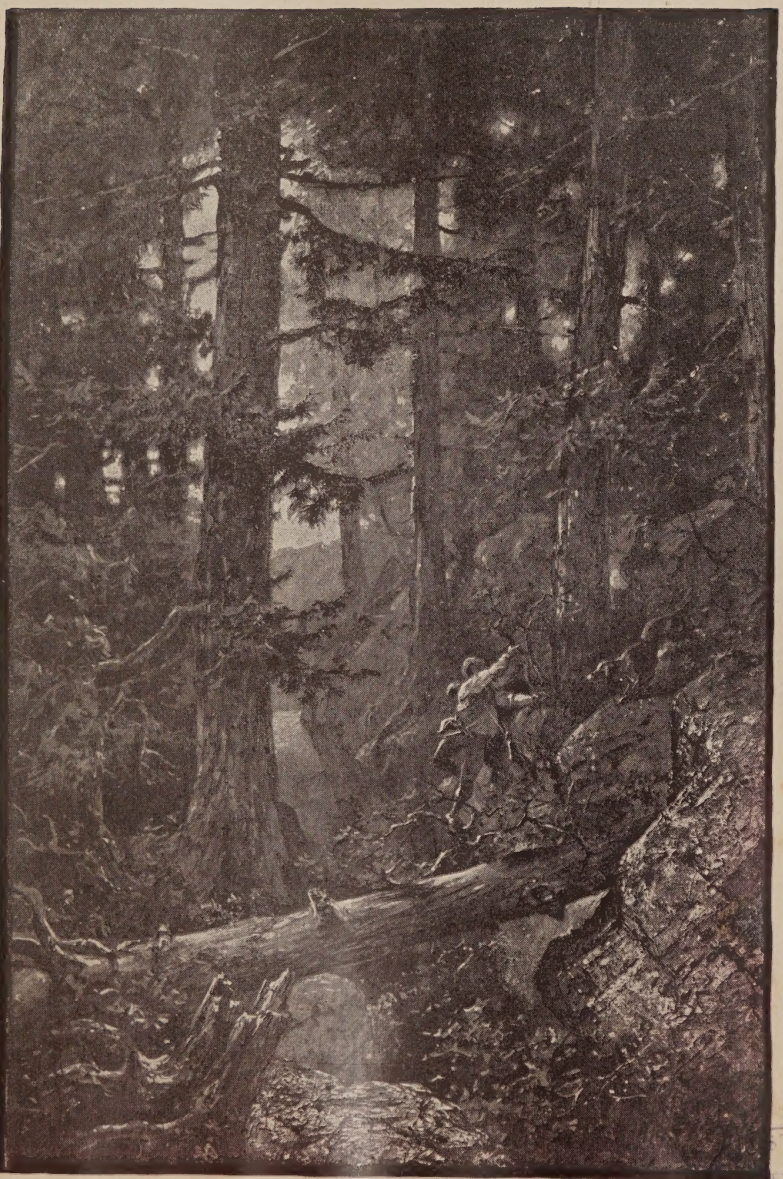
[A few years ago the author published a rough draft of this remarkable literary creation under the title "The Doom of the Mamelons" more to test public opinion than aught else; for while these legends of the north haunted his brain they called for poetic expression, and he seriously questioned whether in an age of unnatural excitement, when light and feverish literature was the reigning craze of the hour, the public would appreciate prose poems even though they dealt with the traditions of our own continent and were so intimately associated with a fast disappearing race. The cordial reception of this imperfect work by those lovers of literary worth who were fortunate enough to enjoy "The Doom of the Mamelons" was as great a surprise to the author as it was a source of regret that he had allowed the work to go forth without careful revision and abounding with defects which he felt in justice to himself as well as the reading public should be remedied. He therefore called in his plates and set to work making a careful revision, enlarging the text and adding explanatory notes as from time to time the subject seemed to demand, until at length he completed the present revised and corrected copy. This marvellously beautiful prose poem is unique in literature and surpassed only by its companion idyl, Ungava, which will follow Mamelons, appearing in our March and April issues, the two making a most valuable contribution to the permanent literature of America. — ED. OF ARENA.]

ARGUMENT.

THE development of the story turns upon the working of an old Indian prophecy or tradition, which had been in the Lenni-Lenape tribe, to the effect, that when an intermarriage between a princess of their tribe and a white man should occur, it would bring ruin to the tribe, and cause it to become extinct at Mamelons. For it was at the mouth of the Saguenay, as they held, that the whites first landed on this western continent. This intermarriage, or "cross of red with white," had occurred, and the time had nearly come when the last of the race should in accordance with the old prophecy, die at Mamelons.

The persons introduced into this tale are John Norton the Trapper, who is comrade and bosom friend of the chief of the Lenni-Lenape; the chief himself, who is dying from an old

*Mamelons. The Indians' name for the mouth of the Saguenay, and signifies the Place of the Great Mounds.



THE BLAZED TRAIL.

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wound received in a fight at Mamelons, and has sent a runner to summon the Trapper to his bedside, to receive his dying message ; a very beautiful woman of that most peculiar and ancient of all known peoples, the Basques of Southern Spain, the last of their queenly line, who has been married in France by the chief's brother, and to whom a daughter has been born, Atla, the beautiful heroine of the story. And, in addition to these, is an old chief of the famous Mistassinni tribe, who had had his tongue cut out at the torture stake by the Esquimaux, from whose fury he had been rescued by a party of warriors, headed by the Trapper.

At Mamelons in a great fight, fought in the darkness and terror of an earthquake commotion, the chief of the Lenni-Lenape had, unknowingly, slain his brother, who, returning from France with his young Basque wife, had been wrecked on the coast of Labrador, and, out of gratitude to the Esquimaux, who had treated him kindly, he joined their ranks as they marched up to Mamelons to the great battle. Thus, fighting as foes, unknown to each other, in the darkness that enveloped the field, he was killed by his brother, having seriously wounded him in return.

The Basque princess, thus widowed by the untimely death of her young husband, gave birth to Atla, who was thus born an orphan, and under doom herself. Her mother, soon after the birth of Atla, was rescued from death by the Trapper, and loved him with all the ardor of her fervent nature. His affections she strove and hoped to win, and would, perhaps, have succeeded, had not death claimed her. Dying, she left her love and hopes as an heritage to her daughter, and charged her, with solemn tenderness, to win the Trapper's affection, and, married to him, become the mother of a mighty race, in whose blood the beauty and strength of the two oldest and handsomest races of the earth should be happily mingled.

The chief, knowing of her wish, and the instructions left to Atla by her departed mother, summons the Trapper to his death-bed, to tell him the origin of the doom, and the possibility or surety of its being avoided by his loving and marrying Atla. For, by the conditions of the old curse it was proclaimed when spoken, that the "doom shall not hold in case of son born in the female line from sire without a cross," viz. — from a pure-blooded white man. The Trapper in his

humility feels himself to be unworthy of so splendid an alliance, and resists the natural promptings of his heart.

But at last the beautiful Atla wins him to a full confession; and at her urgent request, against the trapper's wish, they start for Mamelons to be married, where, before the rite is concluded, she dies, so fulfilling the old prediction of her father's tribe.

In the Basque princess, the mother of Atla, the author has striven to portray an utterly unconventional woman, natural, barbaric, original; splendid in her beauty, and glorious in her passions, such as actually lived in the world in the far past, when women were — it must be confessed — totally unlike the prevalent type of to-day. In her child, Atla, the same type of natural womanhood is preserved, but slightly sobered in tone and shade of expression. But as studies of the beautiful and the unconventional in womanhood, both are unique and delightful.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAIL.

It was a long and lonely trail, the southern end of which John Norton struck in answer to the summons which a tired runner brought him from the north. The man had made brave running, for when he reached the Trapper's cabin and had placed the birch-bark packet in his hands, he staggered to a pile of skins and dropped heavily on them, like a hound which, from a three-days' chase, trails weakly to the hunter's door, spent nigh to death. So came the runner, running from the north, and so, spent with his mighty race, dropped as one dead upon the pile of skins.

He bore the death-call of a friend, whose friendship had been tested on many an ambushed trail and the sharp edge of dubious battle. The call was writ on bark of birch, thin as the thinnest silk the ancients wove from gossamer in the old days when weaving was an art and mystery, and not a sordid trade to earn a pittance with, traced in delicate letters by a hand the Trapper would have died for. A good five hundred miles that trail ran northward before it ended at the couch of skins, in the great room of the great house, in which the chief lay dying. And when the Trapper struck it he struck it as an eagle strikes homeward toward the cradle crag of his younglings, when talons are heavy and daylight scant.

He drew his line by the star that never sets, and little turning did he make for rivers, rapids, or tangled swamp; for mountain slope or briery windfall. He drew a trail no man had ever trod — a blazeless * trail, unmarked by stroke of axe or cut of knife, by broken twig or sharpened rod, struck into mold or moss, and by its angle † telling whence came the trailer, whither went he, and how fast. From earliest dawn till night thickened the woods and massed the trees into a solid blackness, he hurried on, straight as a pigeon flies when homing, studying no sign for guidance, leaving none to tell that he had come and gone. He was at middle prime of life, tough and pliant as an ashen bough grown on hill, seasoned in hall, sweated and strung by constant exercise for highest action, and now each muscle and sinew of his superb and superbly conditioned frame was taut with tension of a strong desire — to reach the bedside of the dying chief before he died. For the message read: "Come to me quick, for I am alone with the terror of death. The chief is dying. At the pillar of white rock, on the lake, a canoe, with oars and paddle, will be waiting."

The Trapper was clad in buckskin from cap to moccasins. His tunic, belted tight and fringeless, was opened widely at the throat for freest breathing. A pack, small, but rounded with strained fullness, was at his back. His horn and pouch were knotted to his side. In tightened belt was knife, and, trailing muzzle down and held reversed, a double rifle. Stripped was the man for speed, as when balanced on the issue of the race hang life and death. As some great ship, caught by some sudden gale off Anticosti or Dead Man's Reef, and bare of sail, stripped to her spars, past battures hollow and hoarse-voiced as death and ghastly white, and through the damned eddies that would suck her down and crush her with stones which grind forever and never see the light, sharpening their cuttings with their horrid grists, runs

* In order to mark the direction of his course in trailing through the woods the trailer slashes with his axe or knife the bark of the trees he passes, by which signs he is able to retrace his course safely, or follow the same trail easily some future time. A blazed trail is one thus plainly marked. A blazeless trail is one on which the trailer has no marks or "blazes" to run by, but draws his line by other and occult signs, which tell him in what direction he is going and which are known only by those initiated in the mysteries of woodcraft.

† Certain tribes of Indians north of the St. Lawrence left accurate record of their rate of progress, and how far they had come, by the length and angle of the slanted sticks they drove here and there into the ground as they sped on. The Nasquapees were best known as practising this habit.

scudding; so ran the strong man northward, urged by a fear stronger than that of wreck on the ghost-peopled shore of deadly St. Lawrence. A hound, huge of size, bred to a hair, ambled steadily on at heel. And though he crossed many a hot scent, and more than once his hurrying master started a buck warm from his nest, and nose was busy with knowledge of game afoot, he gave no whimper nor swerved aside, but, silent, followed on in the swift way his master was so hurriedly making, as if he, too, felt the solemn need which urged the trail northward. Never before had runner faced a longer or a harder trail, or under high command or deadly peril pushed it so fiercely forward.

Seven days the trail ran thus, and still the man, tireless of foot, hurried on, and the hound followed silently at heel. What a body was his! How its powers responded to the soul's summons! For on this seventh day of highest effort, taxing with heavy strain each muscle, bone, and joint to the utmost, days lengthened from earliest dawn to deepest gloaming, the strong man's face was fresh, his eye was bright, and he swung steadily onward, with long, swinging, easy-motioned gait, as if the prolonged and terrible effort he was making was but a morning's burst of speed for healthy exercise.

The climate favored him. October, with all its glorious colors, was on the woods, and the warm body of the air was charged through and through with cool atmospheric movements from the north. It was an air to race for one's life in. Soft to the lungs, but filled to its blue edge with oxygen and that mystic element men call ozone; the overflow of God's vitality spilled over the azure brim of heaven, whose volatile flavor fills the nose of him who breathes the air of mountains. Favored thus by rare conditions, the best that nature gives the trailer, the strong man raced onward through the ripe woods like an old-time runner running for the laurel crown and the applause of Greece.

It was nigh sunset of the seventh day, and the Trapper halted beside a spring, which bubbled coldly up from a cleft rock at the base of a cliff. He cast aside his hunting shirt, baring his body to the waist, and bathed himself in the cool water. He knelt to its mossy rim and sank his head slowly down into the refreshing depths, and held it there, that he might feel the delicious coolness run thrilling through his

heated body. He cast his moccasins aside and bathed his feet, sore and hot from monstrous effort, sinking them knee deep in the cold flowage of the blessed spring. Then, refreshed, he stood upon the velvet bank, his mighty chest and back pink as a lady's palm, his strong feet glowing, his face aflush through its deep tan, while the wind dried him, and the golden leaves of the overhanging maples fell round him in showers.

Refreshed and strengthened, he re-clothed himself, re-laced his moccasins and tightened belt, but before he broke away he drew the sheet of birch-bark from his breast and read again the lines traced delicately thereon.

"Yes, I read aright," he muttered to himself; "the writing on the birch is plain as ivy on the oak, and it says: 'Come to me quick, for I am alone with the terror of death. The chief lies dying. At the pillar of white rock, on the lake, a canoe, with oars and paddle, will be waiting.'" And the Trapper thrust the writing back to its place above his heart and burst away down the decline that led to the lake at a run.

"I've bent the trail like a fool," he muttered, as he reached the bottom of the dip, "or the lake lies hereaway," and even as he spoke the waters of a lake, red with the red flame of the setting sun, gleamed like a field of fire through the maple-trees. The Trapper dashed a hand into the air with a gesture of delight, and burst away again at a lope through the russet bushes and golden leaves that lay like plucked plumage, ankle deep, upon the ground toward the lake, burning redly through the trees not fifty rods beyond. A moment brought him to the shore, bordered thick with cedar growths, and, breaking through the fragrant branches with a leap, he landed on a beach of silver sand, and, lo! to the left not a dozen rods away, washed by the red waves, stood the signal rock, fifty feet in height, and from water line to summit white as drifted snow.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the Trapper, and he lifted his cap reverently. "God be praised that I reckoned the course aright and ran the trail straight from end to end. For the woods be wide and long, and to have missed this lake would have been a sorry hap when one like her is alone with the dying. But where is the canoe that she said should be here, for sixty miles of water cannot be jumped like a brook

or forded like a rapid, and the island lies nigh the western shore, and who may reach it afoot?" And he ran his eyes along the sand for signs to tell if boat or human foot had pressed it.

He searched the beach a mile around the bay, but not a sign of human presence could be found. Then nigh the signal rock he sat upon the sand, unloosed his pack, and from it took crust and meat, of which he ate; then fed the hound, sharing the scant supper with him equally. "It is the last morsel, Rover," said the Trapper to the dog as he fed him. "It is the last morsel in the pack, and you and I will breakfast lightly unless luck comes." The dog surely understood the master's saying, for he rolled his hungry eyes toward the pack as if he bitterly sensed the bitter prophecy; then — canine philosopher as he was — he curled himself amid some dried leaves contentedly, as if by extra sleep he would make good the lack of food.

"Thou art wiser than men!" exclaimed the Trapper, looking reflectively at his canine companion, now snoring in his warm russet bed. "Thou art wiser, my dog, than men, for they waste breath and time in bewailing their hard fortunes, but you make good the loss that pinches thee by holding fast and quickly to the nearest gain." And he gazed upon the sleeping hound with reflecting and admiring eyes.

Then slowly behind the western hills sank the red sun. The fervor faded from the water and the lake darkened. The winds died with the day. Gradually the farther shore retired from sight, and the distinguishing hills became blankly black. The upper air held on to the retreating light awhile, but finally surrendered the last trace, and night held all the world.

Amid the gathering gloom upon the beach the Trapper sat in counsel with his thoughts. At length he rose, and with dry driftage within reach kindled a fire. By the light of it he cut some branches of nigh cedars, and with them made a bed upon the sand, then cast himself upon his fragrant couch. Twice he rose and listened. Twice renewed the fire with larger sticks. At last, tired nature failed the will. The toil of the long trail fell heavily on him. Slumber captured his senses and he slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion. But before he slept he muttered to himself:—

"She said a canoe, with oars and paddle, should be here, and the canoe will come."

The hours passed on. The Dipper turned its circle in the northern sky, and stars rose and set. The warm shores felt the coolness of the night, and from the water's edge a soft mist flowed and floated in thin layers along the cooling sands. The logs of seasoned wood glowed with a steady warmth in the calm air. The fog turned yellow as it drifted above the burning brands, so that a halo crowned the ruddy heat. The night was at its middle watch, when the hound rose to his feet and questioned the lake with lifted nose, but his mouth gave no signal. If one was coming, it was the coming of a friend. Ten minutes passed, then he whined softly, and, walking to the water's edge, waited expectant; not long, for in a moment a canoe, moving silently, as if wind-blown, came floating toward the beach, and lodged upon it noiselessly, as bird on bough. And a girl, paddle in hand, stepped to his side, and, stooping, caressed his head, then moved toward the fire and stood above the sleeping man.

She gently stirred the brands until they flamed, and in the light thus made studied the strong face, bronzed with the tan of the woods, the face of one who never failed friend nor fought foe in vain, and who had come so far and swiftly in answer to her call. She was of that old race who lived in the morning of the world, when giants walked the earth* and the sons of God married the daughters of men.† And the old blood's love of strength was in her. She noted the power and symmetry of his mighty frame, which lay relaxed from tension in the graceful attitude of sleep; the massive chest, broad as two common men's, which rose and fell to his deep breathing; the great, strongly corded neck, rooted to the vast trunk as some huge oak grown on a rounded hill. She noted, too, the large and shapely head, the thick, black hair, closely cropped, and the sleeper's face — where might woman find another like it? — lean of flesh, large featured, plain, but stamped with the seal of honesty, chiseled clean of surplus by noble abstinence, and bearing on its front the look of pride, of power and courage to face foe or fate. Thus the girl sat and watched him as he slept, stirring the brands softly that she might not lose sight of a face which was to her the face of a god — such god as the proudest

* "There were giants in the earth in those days."— GEN. vi. 4.

† "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose."— GEN. vi. 2.

woman of her race, in the old time might, with art or goodness, have won and wedded.

Dawn came at last. The blue above turned gray. The stars shortened their pointed fires and faded. The east kindled and flamed. Heat flowed westward like an essential oil hidden in the pores and channels of the air; while light, brightly clean and clear, ran round the horizons, revealing its own and the loveliness of the world.

Then woke the birds. Morning found a voice sweet as her face. A hermit thrush sent her soft, pure call from the damp depths of the dripping woods. A woodpecker signalled breakfast with his hammer so sturdily that all the elfin echoes of the hills merrily mimicked him. An eagle, hunting through the sky, at the height of a mile, dropped like a plummet into the lake, and, struggling upward from his perilous plunge, heavily weighted, lined his slow flight straight toward his distant crag. The girl rose to her feet, and, leaning on her paddle, for a moment gazed long and tenderly at the sleeper's face, then softly breathed, "John Norton!"

The call, low as it was, broke through the leaden gates of slumber with the suddenness and effect of a great surprise. Quick as a flash he came to his feet, and, for a moment, stood dazed, bewildered, his bodily powers breaking out of sleep quicker than his senses, and he saw the girl as visitant in vision. He stepped to the water's edge and bathed his face, and turning, freshened and fully awake, saw with glad and apprehensive eyes, who stood before him, and tenderly said:—

"Is the daughter of the old race well?"

"Well, well, I am, John Norton," answered the girl, and her voice was low and softly musical, as water falling into water. "I am well, friend of my mother and my friend. And the chief still lives and will live till you come, for so he bade me tell you." And she reached her small hand out to him. He took it in his own, and held it as one holds the hand of child, and answered: —

"I am glad. Thou comest like a bird in the night, silently. Why did you not awake me when you came?"

"Why should I wake thee, John Norton?" returned the girl. "I am a day ahead of that the chief set for your coming. For our runner — the swiftest in the woods from Mistassinni to Labrador — said: 'Twelve suns must rise and set

before my words could reach thee,' and the chief declared: 'No living man, not even you, could fetch the trail short of ten days.' He timed me to this rock himself, and told me when I would come nor wait another hour, that I would wait by the white rock two days before I saw your face. But I would come, for a voice within me said — a voice which runs vocal in our blood, and has so run through all my race since the beginning of the world — this voice within kept saying: '*Go, for thou shalt find him there!*' And so I, hurrying, came. But tell me how many days were you upon the trail?"

"I fetched the trail in seven days from sun to sun," answered the Trapper, modestly.

"Seven days!" exclaimed the girl, while the light of a great surprise and admiration shone in her eyes. "Seven days! Thou hast the deer's foot and the cougar's strength, John Norton. No wonder that the war chiefs love you."

And then after a moment's pause: —

"But why didst thou push the trail so fiercely?"

"I read your summons and I came," replied the Trapper, sententiously.

The girl started at the hearing of the words, which told her so simply of her power over the man in front of her. Her nostrils dilated, and through the glorious swarth of her cheek there came a flush of deeper red. The gloom of her eyes moistened like glass to the breath. Her ripe lips parted as to the passing of a gasp, and the full form lifted as if the spirit of passion within would fling the beautiful frame it filled upon the strong man's bosom. Thus a moment the sweet whirlwind seized and shook her, then passed. Her eyes drooped modestly, and with a sweet humbleness, as one who has received from heaven beyond her hope or merit, she simply said: —

"I have brought you food, John Norton. Come and eat."

The food was of the woods. Bread coarse and brown, but sweet with the full cereal sweetness; corn, parched in the fire, which eaten, lingered long as a rich flavor in the mouth; venison, roasted for a hunter's hunger, within whose crisp surface the life of the deer still showed redly; water from the lake, drunk from a cup shaped from the inner bark of the golden birch, whose hollow curvature still burned with warm chrome colors. So, on the cool lake shore, in the red light of early morn, they broke their fast.

The Trapper ate as a strong man eats after long toil and scant feeding, not grossly, but with a heartiness good to see. The girl ate little, and that absently, as if the atoms in her mouth were foreign to her senses and no taste followed eating.

"You do not eat," said the Trapper. "The sun will darken on the lower hills before we come to food again. Are you not hungry?"

"Last night I was a-hungered," answered the girl musingly. "But now I hunger no more," and her face was as the face of a Madonna holding her child, full of a plentiful and sweet content.

"I do not understand you," returned the Trapper, after a moment's silence. "Your words be plain, but their sense is hidden. Why are you not hungry?"

"You read me once out of your sacred books, John Norton, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth," responded the girl. "I knew not then the meaning of the words, for I was a girl, and had no understanding, and the words were old, older than your books, and therefore deeply wise, and I, being young, did not know. But I know now." And here the girl paused a moment, hesitated as a young bird to leave the sure bough for the first time, then, rallying courage for the deed, gazed with her large eyes lovingly into his, and timidly explained: —

"I am not hungry, John Norton, for God has fed me!"

To the tanned face of the Trapper there rushed a glow like the flush to the face of a girl. The light of a happy astonishment leaped from his eyes, and his breath came strongly. Then light and color faded, and as one vexed and heartily ashamed of his vanity, while the lines of his face tightened, he made harsh answer: —

"Talk no more in riddles, lest I be a fool and read the riddle awry. Nor jest again on matters grave as life, lest I, who am but mortal man and slow withal, forget wisdom and take thy girlish playfulness for earnest talk. Nay, nay," he added, earnestly, as she rose to her feet with an exclamation of passionate pain, "say not another word, you have done no ill. You be young and fanciful, and I — I be a fool! Come, let us go. The pull is long, and we shall need the full day's light to reach the island ere night falls." And,

placing his rifle in the canoe, he signalled to the hound and seated himself at the oars. The girl obeyed his word, stepped to her place and pushed the light boat from the sands on which so much had been received and so much missed. Perhaps her woman's heart foretold that love like hers would get, even as it gave, all at last.

. . . . . .

The house was large and lofty, builded of logs squared smoothly and mortared neatly between the edges. In the thick walls were deep embrasures, that light through the great windows might be more abundant. The builders loved the sun and made wide pathways for its entrance everywhere. The casements, fashioned to receive storm shutters, were proof against winter's wind and lead alike. In the steep roof were dormer windows, glassed with panes, tightly soldered to the sash. At either end of the great house a huge chimney rose, whose solid masonry of stone stood boldly out from the hewn logs, framed closely against its mortared sides. A wide veranda ran the entire length of the southern side. A balustrade of cedar logs, each hewn until it showed its red and fragrant heart, ran completely round it. Above posts of the same sweetly odored wood — whose fragrance, with its substance, lasts forever — was lattice work of poles stripped of their birchen bark, and snowy white, on which a huge vine ran its brown tracery, enriched with bunches, heavily pendent, of blue-black grapes — that pungent growth of northern woods, whose odors make the winding rivers sweet as heaven. In front, a natural lawn sloped to the yellow sands, on which the waves fell with soft sound.

Eastward, a widely acred field showed careful husbandry. Garnet and yellow colored pods hung gracefully from the brown poles. The ripened corn showed golden through the parted husks, and beds of red and yellow beets patched the dark soil with their high colors. The solar flower turned its broad disk toward the wheeling sun, while dahlias, marigold, and hardy annuals, with their bright colors, warmed, like a floral camp-fire, the stretch of gray stubble and pale barren beyond. It was a lovely and a lonely spot, graced by a lordly home, such as the wealthy worthies builded here and there in the great wilderness for comfort and for safety in

the old savage days when feudal lords* made good their claim to forest seigniories with sword and musket, and every house was home and castle,

The canoe ran lightly shoreward. The beach received its pressure as a mother's bosom receives the child running from afar to its reception — yieldingly; and on the welcoming sand the light bark rested. The Trapper stepped ashore and reached his hand back to the girl. Her velvet palm touched his, rough and strong, as thistle-down, wind blown, the oak tree's bark, then nestled and stayed. Thus the two stood hand in hand, gazing up the sloping lawn at the great house, the broad, bright field and the circling forest, glowing with autumnal colors, which made the glorious background. The green lawn, the great gray house, and the vast woods belting it around, brightly beautiful, made such a landscape picture as Titian would have reveled in. It stood, this mansion of the woods, this wilderness castle, in glorious loneliness, a part and centre of a splendid solitude, beyond the coming and going of men, beyond their wars and peace, the creation and embodiment of a mystery deep as the woods around it; a strange, astounding spectacle to one who did not know the history of the forest.

"It is a noble place," exclaimed the Trapper, as he gazed up the wide lawn at the great house, and swept with admiring glance the glorious circle of the woods which curved their belt of splendor round it; "it is a noble place, and if mortal man might find content on earth, he might find it here."

"Could you, John Norton, living here, be content?" inquired the girl, and she lifted the splendor of her eyes to his strong, honest face.

"Content," returned the Trapper innocently, "why, what more could mortal crave than is here to his hand? A field to give him bread, a noble house to live in, the waters full of fish, the woods of game, the sugar of the maple for his sweetening, honey for his feasts, and not a trap within two hundred miles. What more could mortal man, of good judgment, crave?"

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* If the reader will recall that old Canada, *viz.*, the Province of Quebec, was wholly French in origin, and that its organization rested on the feudal basis, the whole territory occupied being divided not into towns and counties, but into seigniories.

"Is there nothing else, John Norton?" asked the girl.

"Aye, aye," returned the Trapper, "one thing. I did forget the dog. A hunter should have his hound."

A shade of pain, perhaps vexation, came to her face as she heard the Trapper's answer. She withdrew her hand from his, and said: "Food, fur, and a house are not enough, John Norton. A dog is good for camp and trail. Solitude is sweet, and the absence of wicked men a boon. But these do not make home nor heaven, both of which we crave, and both of which are possible on earth, for the conditions are possible. The chief has found this spot a dreary place since mother died."

"Your mother was an angel," answered the Trapper, "and your words are those of wisdom. I have thought at times of the things you hint at, and, as a boy, I had vain dreams, for nature is nature. But I have my ideas of woman and I love perfect things. And I — I am but a hunter, an unlearned man, without education, or house, or land, or gold, and I am not fit for any woman that is fit for me!"

The change that came to the girl's face at the Trapper's words — for he had spoken gravely, and through the honesty of his speech she looked and saw the greatness and humility of his nature — was one to be to him who saw it a memory forever. The shadow left it and its dusky splendor was lighted with the glow of a blessed assurance. This man would love her! This man with the eagle's eye, the deer's foot, the cougar's strength, the honest heart, would love her! This man her mother reverenced, her uncle loved, who twice had saved her life at the risk of his, whose skill and courage were the talk of a thousand camps, whose simple word in pledge held faster than other's oaths — this man into whose very bosom her soul had looked as into a clean place — this man would love her! If heaven be what good men say, and all its bliss had been pledged to her when she lay dying, her body would not have thrilled with a warmer glow than rushed its sweet heat through her veins at that instant of blessed conviction. Wait! She could wait for years, but she would win him — win him to herself; win him from his blindness, which did him honor, to that dazzling light in whose glory man stands but once; but, standing so, sees, with a glad bewilderment, that the woman he dares not love, because she is so infinitely better than he, loves him! Yes,

she would win him — win him with such sweet art, such patient approaches, such seductiveness of innocent passion, slowly and deliciously disclosed, that he should never know of his temerity until, thus drawn to her, she held him in her arms irrevocably, in bonds that only cold and hateful death could part. Through all her leaping blood this blessed hope, this sure, sweet knowledge flowed like spiced wine. This man, this man she worshipped, he would love her! It was enough. Her cup ran full to the brim and overflowed. She simply took the Trapper's hand again, and said: —

"We will go to the chamber of the chief. His eyes will brighten when he sees thy face."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT AT MAMELONS.*

"It was a dreadful fight, John Norton. We went into it a thousand warriors on a side, and in either army were twenty chiefs of fame. We fought the fight at Mamelons, where, at sunset, we met the Esquimaux,† coming up as we were going down. The Montaignais headed the war. The Mountaineers,‡ whose fathers' wigwams stood at Mamelons, had fought the Esquimaux a thousand years, and both had wrongs to right. My father died that summer, and I, fresh from the fields of France, headed my tribe. You know how small it was, the last remnant of the old Lenape root, but every man a warrior. I knew not the right or wrong of it, nor did I care. I only knew our tribe was pledged to the Nasquapees§ of frozen Ungava, and they were allies of the Mountaineers,

*This old battle-ground is located on the high terraces which define the several sand mounds now standing back of Tadousac.

†The Esquimaux were numerous and very warlike, and at one time had pushed their conquests clean up to the Saguenay.

‡The Montaignais Indians held the country, from Quebec down to the Esquimaux, near Seven Islands, and called themselves "Mountaineers."

§The Nasquapees are one of the most remarkable families of Indians on the continent, and of whom but little is known. Their country extends from Lake Mistassinni eastward to Labrador, and from Ungava Bay to the coast mountains of the St. Lawrence. They are small in size, fine featured, with mild, dark eyes, and extremely small hands and feet. The name Nasquapees — Nasqupics — means "a people who stand straight." They have no Medicine man or Prophet, and hence are called by other tribes atheists. Their sense of smell is so acute that it rivals the dog's. "Spirit rappings," and other strange manifestations peculiar to us moderns, have been practised immemorially among them, and carried to such a shade of success that one of our Boston seances would be a laughable and bungling affair to them. Their language is like the Western Crees, and their traditions point to a remote eastern origin.

and hence the fight held us to its edge. That night we slept under truce, but when the sun came up went at it. I see that morning now. The sun from out the eastern sea rose red as blood. The Nasquapees, who lived as atheists without a Medicine man, cared not for this, but the prophet of the Mountaineers painted his face and body black as night, tore his blanket into shreds, and lay in the sand as one dead. The Nasquapees laughed, but we of the mountains knew by that dread sign that our faces looked toward our last battle. We made it a brave doom. We fought till noon upon the shifting sands, nor gained an inch, nor did our foes, when suddenly the sun was clouded and a great wind arose that drove the sand so thickly that it hid the battle. The firing and the shouting ceased along the terrace where we fought, and a great, dread silence fell on the mighty mounds, save when the fierce gusts smote them. Thus, living and dead, friend and foe, we lay together, our faces plunged into the coarse gravel, our hands clutching the rounded stones, that we might breathe and stay until the wind might pass. And such a wind was never blown on man before, for it was hot and came straight down from heaven, so that our backs winced as we lay flattened. Thus, mixed and mingled, we clung to the hot stones, while some crept in beneath the dead for shelter. So both wars clung to the ground for an hour's space. Then, suddenly the sun rushed out, and shaking sand from eyes and hair, and spitting it from our mouths, at it we went again. It was an awful fight, John Norton, and more than once, in the mad midst of it, smoke-blinded and sand-choked, I thought of you, and that I heard your rifle crack."

"I would to God I had been there!" exclaimed the Trapper, and he dashed his huge hand into the air, as if cheering a line of battle on, while his eyes blazed and his face whitened.

"I would to God you had been!" returned the chief. "For whether one lived through it, or died in it, we made it great by great fighting. For we fought it to the end in spite of interruptions."

"Interruptions!" exclaimed the Trapper, "I do not understand ye, chief. What but death could interrupt a fight like that?"

"Listen, Trapper, listen," rejoined the chief, excitedly. "Listen, that you may understand what stopped the fight,

for never since man was born was fought such fight as we there fought, high up above the sea, that day at Mamelons. I told you it was an old feud between the Mountaineers and Esquimaux, a feud that had held its heat hot for a thousand years, and we, a thousand on each side, one for each year, fought on the sand, while above, below, and around, the dead of a thousand years, slain in the feud, fought too."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Trapper. "Chief, it cannot be. The dead fight not, but live in peace forever, praise be to God," and he bowed his head reverently.

"That is your faith, not mine, John Norton, for I hold to an older faith — that men by a knife's thrust are not changed, but go, with all their passions with them, to the Spirit-Land, and there build upward on the old foundation. And so, I say again, that the dead of a thousand years fought in the air above and around us on that day at Mamelons. For in the pauses of the wind, we who fought on either side heard shrieks, and shouts, and tramplings as of ten thousand feet, and over us were roarings, and bellowings, and hollow noises, dreadful to hear, and through all the battle went the word that '*the old dead were fighting, too!*' and that made us wild. Both sides went mad. The dying cheered the living, and the living cheered the dead. So went the battle — the fathers and the sons, the dead and living, hard at it. The waters of the Saguenay, a thousand feet below, were beaten into foam by the rush of fighting feet, and the roaring of a great battle filled its mouth. Its dark tide whitened with strange death-froth from shore to shore, while ever and anon its surface shivered and shook. And under us on the high crest, cloud-wrapped, the earth trembled as we fought, so that more than once as we stood clinched, we two, the foe and I, still gripped for death, would pause until the ground grew steady, for its tremblings made us dizzy, then clinch the fiercer, mad with a great madness at being stopped in such death-grapple. Under us all the long afternoon the great mounds rose and sank like waves that have no base to stand upon. The clouds snowed ashes. Mud fell in showers. The air we breathed stank with brimstone and burnt bones. And still it thickened, and still both sides, now but a scattered few, fought on, until at last, with a crash, as if the world had split apart, darkness, deep as death, fell suddenly, so that eyes were vain, and we who were not dead, unable to

find foe, stood still. And thus the battle ended, even drawn, because God stopped the fight at Mamelons.*

"At last the morning dawned at Mamelons, and never since those ancient beaches† saw the world's first morning, had the round sun looked down on such a scene. The great terraces on which we fought were ankle deep with ashes mixed with mud, and cinders black and hard, like burnt iron, and all the sand was soaked with blood. The dead were heaped. They lay like drifted wreckage on a beach, where the eddying surges of the battle tossed them in piles and tangled heaps like jammed timber. For in the darkness, we had fought by sound, and not by sight, and where the battle roared loudest, thither had we rushed, using axe and knife and the short seal spears of the damned Esquimaux. And all the later battle was fought breast to breast, for ere half were dead, powder and lead gave out, and the fray was hand to hand, until, by the sickening darkness, God stopped it.

"I searched the dreadful field from end to end to find my own, and found them. With blackened hands, clouted with blood, I drew them together. Forty in all, I stretched them, side by side, and the savage pride of the old blood in me burst from my mouth in a shrill yell, when I saw that twenty swarthy bosoms showed the knife's thrust deep and wide. They died like warriors, Trapper, true to the old Lenape blood, whose Tortoise‡ steadfastness upheld the world. I

*The Saguenay is undoubtedly of earthquake origin. The north shore of the St. Lawrence from Cape Tourmente to Point du Monts, is one of the earthquake centres of the world. In 1663 a frightful series of convulsions occurred, lasting for more than four months ; and, it is said, that not a year passes that motions are not felt in the earth. The old maelstrom at Bai St. Paul was caused by subterranean force, and by subsequent shocks deprived of its terrible power. The mouth of the Saguenay was one of the great rendezvous of the Indian races long before Jacques Cartier came, and the great mounds above Tadousac have been the scene of many great Indian battles; but I would not make affidavit that an earthquake ever did actually take place while one was being fought, although there may have been, and certainly, from an artistic point of view, there should have been, such a poetic conjunction.

†These Mamelons, or great sand mounds, are believed to be the old geologic beaches of earliest times. They rise in tiers, or great terraces, one above the other, to a great height, the uppermost one being a thousand feet or more above the Saguenay, and represent, as they run down from terrace to terrace, the shrinking of the "face of the deep" in the creative period, by the shrinking of which the solid earth rose in sight.

‡The Lenni-Lenape had, at the coming of the whites, their territory on the Delaware, but their traditions point to long journeyings from the east over wide waters and cold countries. Their language, strange to say, has in it words identical with the old Basque tongue, and establishes some community of origin or history in the remote ages. The Lenni-Lenape had as their Totem, or sacred sign of origin and blood, a Tortoise with a globe on its

made a mound above their bodies, and heaped it high with rounded stones which crowned the uppermost beach, and made wail above friends and kindred fallen in strange feud. And there they sleep, on that high verge, where the unwritten knowledge of my fathers, told from age to age, declare the waters of the earliest morning first found shore."

"Never did I hear a tale like this," exclaimed the Trapper. "Strange stories of this fight I heard in the far north, chanted in darkness at midnight, with wild wailing of the tribes; but I held it as the trick of sorcerers to frighten with. Go on and tell me all. Chief, what next befell thee?"

"John Norton, thou hast come half a thousand miles to hear a tale of death told by a dying man. Listen, and remember all I say, for at the close it touches close on thee. A fate whose meshes woven when our blood was crossed has tangled all that bore our name in ruin from the start, and with my going only one remains to suffer further."

Here the chief paused while one might count a score, then, looking steadily at the Trapper, said: —

"Last month, when the raven was on the moon,* my warning came. The old wound opened without cause, and, lying on this bed, I saw the hour of my death, and beyond, thee I saw, and beside thee the last and sweetest of our line, and the same doom was over her as has been to us all since the fatal cross — the doom which sends courage and beauty to a quick, sad death."

"I do not understand," replied the Trapper. "Tell me what befell thee further, step by step, and how I, a man without a cross,† can be connected with the old traditions of thy tribe and house?"

"Listen. In coming from the field, I saw, half-covered by the ashes, a body clothed in a foreign garb. It lay face downward where the dead were thickest, one arm outstretched, the hand of which, gloved to the wrist, still gripped a sword, red to its jewelled hilt. The head was foul with ash and sand, but I noted that the hair was black and

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back, and boasted that they were the oldest of all races of men, tracing their descent through the ages to that day when the world was upheld by a Tortoise, or turtle, resting in the midst of the waters. As a tribe they were very brave, proud, and honorable.

*When the raven was on the moon. An Indian description of an eclipse.

†A man without a cross, *viz.*, a pure-blooded man. A white man without any Indian or foreign blood in his veins.

long, and worn like a warrior's of our ancient race. Then I remembered a habit of boyish days and pride. Trembling, I stooped, lifted the body upward and turned the dead face toward me. And there, there on that field of Mamelons, where it was said of old, before one of my blood had ever seen the salted shore, the last of our race should die, all foul with ash and sand and blood, brows knit with battle rage, teeth bared and tightly set, *I saw my brother's face!*"

"God in heaven?" exclaimed the Trapper. "How came he there, and who killed him?"

"John Norton, you know our cross, and that the best blood of the old world and the new, older than the old, is in our veins. My grandsire was the son of one who stood next to the throne of France, and all our line have studied in her polished schools since red and white blood mingled in our veins. There did we two, my brother and I, remain until my father called us home. I left him high in the court's favor. Thence, suddenly, without sending word, with a young wife and office of trust, he voyaged, hoping to give me glad surprise. A tempest drove his ship on Labrador; but he saved wife and gold. The Esquimaux proved friendly, and gave him help, and, reckless of consequence, as have been all our line since the French taint came to us, not knowing cause, he joined the wild horde, and came with them to fatal Mamelons and its dread fight.

"So chanced it, Trapper. I dropped the body from my arms, for a great sickness seized me and my head swam, and in the bloody tangle of dead bodies I sat limp and lifeless. Then in a frenzy, clutching madly at a straw of hope, I tore the waistcoat, corded with gold, from the stiff breast to find proof that would not lie. And there, there above his heart, with eyes bloodshot and bulging, I saw the emblem of our tribe—the Tortoise, with the round world on his back; and through the sacred Totem of our ancient lineage, which our father's hand had tattooed on his chest and mine; yea, through it and the white skin above his heart, there gaped a gash, swollen and red, which my own knife had made. For in the darkness of the fight, bearing up against an Esquimaux rush, ash-blinded, I found a foe who swore in French and had a sword. He and I fought grappling in the dark, when the earth hove beneath our feet and ashes rained upon us; and his sword ran me through even as I thrust my long knife into him.

"And thus at Mamelons, where sits the doom of our race awaiting us, in its dread fight, both fighting without cause, I slew my brother, and from his hand I got the wound from whose old poison I now die.

"Thus I stood among the dead at Mamelons, a chief without a tribe and my brother's murderer. I moved some bodies and scraped downward, that I might have clean sand to fall upon; then drew my knife to let life out, and thus meet bravely the old doom foretold for me and mine as awaiting us since man was born on the shore of that first world. But even as I bent to the knife's point, a voice called me and I turned.

"It was an Esquimau; the only chief left from the fight; my brother's host seeking my brother. He knew me, for he and I had clinched in the great fight, but the earth opening parted us, and so both lived. Each felt for each as warriors feel for a brave foe when the red fight is ended and the field of death is heavy. Thus, battle-tired, amid the dead, we lifted hands, palm outward, and met in peace. He knew the language of old France, and I told him of my woe, of our old race, of tribesmen dead, of brother slain by my own hand, and of the doom that waited for us over Mamelons. And then he spoke and told me that which stayed my hand and held me unto further life.

"Seven days I journeyed with him, and on the eighth I came to where she sat, amid his children, in his rude house at Labrador. Never, since God created woman, was one made so beautiful as she. She was of that old Iberian race, whose birth is older than annals, whose men conquered the world and whose women wedded gods. She was a Basque,*

*As far back in time as annals or traditions extend, a race of men called Iberians dwelt on the Spanish peninsula. Winchell says that "these Iberians spread over Spain, Gaul, and the British islands as early as 5000 B. C. When Egypt was only at her fourth dynasty this race had conquered all the world west of the Mediterranean."

They originally settled Sardinia, Italy, and Sicily, and spread northward as far as Norway and Sweden. Strabo says, speaking of a branch of this race: "They employ the art of writing, and have written books containing memorials of ancient times, and also poems and laws set in verse, for which they claim an antiquity of 6000 years. These old Iberians to-day are represented by the Basques. The Basques are fast dying out, and but a small remnant is left. They undoubtedly represent the first race of men. They are proud, merry, and passionate. The women are very beautiful, and noted for their wit, vivacity, and subtle grace of person. They love music, and dance much. Some of their dances are symbolic and connected with their ancient mysteries. Their language is unconnected with any European tongue or dialect, but, strange to say, it is connected by close resemblance, in many words, with the Maiya language of Central America and that of the

and her ancestor's ships had anchored under Mamelons a thousand years before the Breton came. Fresh from the dreadful field, with heart of lead, my brother's face staring whitely at me as I talked, I told her all — the fight, the death of brother and of tribe, and the doom that waited for our blood above the shining sands at Mamelons.

"She listened to the end. Then rose and took my hand and kissed it, saying: 'Brother, I kiss thy hand as head of our house. What's done is done. The dead cannot come back.' Then, covering up her face with her rich laces, she went within the hanging skins, and for seven days was hidden with her woe.

"But when the seven days were passed she came, and we held council. Next morn, with ten canoes deep laden with gold and precious stuffs, that portion of her dower saved from the wreck, we started hitherward. This island, after many days of voyaging, we reached, and landed here, by chance or fate, I know not, for she spake the word that stopped us on this shore, not I. For on this island did my fathers live, and here the fateful cross came to our blood, that cross with France which was not fit; for the traditions of our tribe — a mystery for a thousand years — had said that any cross of red with white should ripen doom at Mamelons; for there it was the white first landed on the shore of this western world.*

"She needed refuge for within her life another life was

Algonquin-Lenape and a few other of our Indian tribes. Duponceau says of the Basque tongue:

"This language, preserved in a corner of Europe by a few thousand Mountaineers, is the sole remaining fragment of perhaps a hundred dialects, constructed on the same plan, which probably existed and were universally spoken at a remote period in that quarter of the world. Like the bones of the mammoth, it remains a monument of the destruction produced by a succession of ages. It stands single and alone of its kind, surrounded by idioms that have no affinity with it."

* The antiquity of European visitation to the St. Lawrence is unascertained, and, perhaps, unascertainable. But there is good reason to think that long before Jacques Cartier, Cabot, or even the Norsemen, ever saw the American continent, the old Basque people carried on a regular commerce in fish and fur with the St. Lawrence. It is not impossible but that Columbus obtained sure knowledge of a western hemisphere from the old race, who dwelt, and had dwelt immemorially, among the mountains of Spain, as well as from the Norse charts. Their language, legends, traditions, and many signs compel one to the conclusion that the old Iberian race, who once held all modern Europe and the British isle in subjection, was of ocean origin, and pushed on the van of an old-time and world-wide navigation beyond the record of modern annals. Both Jacques Cartier and John Cabot found, with astonishment, old Basque names everywhere, as they sailed up the coast, the date of whose connection with the geography of the shores the natives could not tell.

growing. Brooding, she prayed that the new soul within her might not be a boy. 'A boy,' she said, 'must meet the doom foretold. A girl, perchance, might not be held.' Her faith and mine were one, save hers was older, she being of the old trunk stock, of which the world-supporting Tortoise were a branch; and so my blood was later, flowing from noonday fountains; while hers ran warm and red, a pure, sole stream, which burst from out the ponderous front of dead eternity, when, with His living rod, God smote it, in the red sunrise of the world. On this her soul was set, nor could I change her thought with reason, which I vainly tried, lest if the birth should prove a boy, the shock should kill her. But she held stoutly to it, saying:—

"'The women of our race get what they crave. My child shall be a woman, and being so, win what she plays for.'

"And, lo! she had her wish; for when the babe was born it was a girl.

"All since is known to you, for you, by a strange fate, blown, like the cone of the high pine from the midst of whirlwinds, when forest fires are kindled and the gales made by their heat blow hot a thousand miles across the land, dropped on this island like help from heaven. Twice was I saved from death by thee. Twice was she rescued at the peril of thy life; mother and child, by thy quick hand, snatched out of death. And when the cursed fever came, and she and I lay like two burning brands, you nursed us both, and from your arms at last, her eyes upon you lovingly, her soul unwillingly, under fate, went from us. And her sweet form, instinct with the old grace and passion of that vanished race which once outrivaled heaven's beauty, and won wedlock with the gods, lay on your bosom as some rare rose, touched by untimely frost, while yet its royal bloom is opening to the sun, lies, leaf loosened, a lovely ruin rudely made on the harsh gravel walk."

Here the chief stopped with a gasp, struck through and through with sharp pains. His face whitened and he groaned. The spasm passed, but left him weak. Rallying, with effort, he went on: —

"I must be brief. That spasm was the second. The third will end me. God! How the old stab jumps to-night!

"Trapper, you know how wide our titles reach. A hun-

dred miles from east to west, from north to south, the manor runs. It is a princely stretch. A time will come when cities will be on it, and its deeds of warranty be worth a kingdom. Would that a boy outside the deadly limits of the cross, but dashed with the old blood in vein and skin, were born to heir the place and live as master on these lakes and hills, on which the mighty chiefs who bore the Tortoise sign upon their breasts when it upheld the world, beyond the years of mortal memory, lived and hunted! For when the doom in the far past, before one of our blood had ever seen the salted shore, was spoken, it was said:

"'This doom, for sin against the blood, shall not touch one born in the female line from sire without a cross.'

"I tell you, Trapper, a thousand chiefs of the old race would leave their graves and fight again at Mamelons to see the old doom broken, and a boy, with one clear trace of ancient blood in vein and skin, ruling as master here! And I, who die to-night, I and he who gave me death and whom I slew, would rise to lead them!

"John Norton, you I have called; you who have saved my life and whose life I have saved; you, who have stood in battle with me when the red line wavered and we two saved the fight; you who have the wild deer's foot, the cougar's strength, whose word once given stands, like a chief's, the test of fire; you, all white in face, all red at heart, a Tortoise, and yet a man without a cross, have I called half a thousand miles to ask with dying breath this question:

"May not that boy be born, the old race kept alive, the long curse stayed, and ended with my life forever be the doom of Mamelons? Speak, Trapper, friend, comrade in war, in hunt and hall, speak to my failing ear, that I may die exultant and tell the thousand chiefs that throng to greet me in the Spirit-land that the old doom is lifted and a race with blood of theirs in vein and skin shall live and rule forever mid their native hills?"

From the first word the strange tale, half chanted, had rolled onward like the great river flooding upward from the gulf between narrowing banks, with swift and swifter motion, growing pent and tremulous as it flows, until it challenges the base of Cape Tourment with thunder. And not until the dying chief, with headlong haste, had launched the query forth — the solemn query, whose answer would fix the bounds

of fate forever — did the Trapper dream whither the wild tale tended. His face whitened like a dead man's, and he stood dumb — dumb with doubt, and fear, and shame. At last, with effort, as when one lifts a mighty weight, he said, and the words were heaved from out his chest, as great weights from deepest depths: "Chief, ye know not what ye ask. My God! I am not fit!"

Across the swarth face of the dying man there swept a flash of flame, and his glazed eyes lighted with a mighty joy.

"Enough! enough! It is enough!" he cried. "The women of her race will have their way, and she will win thee. God! If I might live to see that brave boy born, the spent fountain of the old race filled again by that rich tide in her which flows red and warm from the sunrise of the world! Nay, nay. Thou shalt not speak again. I leave it in the hands of fate. Before I pass the seeing eye will come, and I shall see if sunlight shines on Mamelons."

He touched a silver bell above his head, and, after pause, the girl, in whom the beauty of her mother and her race lived on, whose form was lithe, but rounded full, whose face was dark as woods, but warmly toned with the old Basque splendor, like wine when light shines through it, type of the two oldest and handsomest races of the world, stood by his side.

Long gazed the chief upon her, a vision too beautiful for earth, too warm for heaven. The light of a great pride was in his eyes, but shaded with mournful pity.

"Last of my race," he murmured. "Last of my blood, farewell! Thou hast thy mother's beauty, and not a trace of the damned cross is on thee. Follow thou thy heart. The women of thy race won so. My feet are on the endless trail blazed by my fathers for ten thousand years. I cannot tarry if I would. I leave thee under care of this just man. Be thou his comfort, as he will be thy shield. There is a chest, thy mother's dying gift, thou knowest where. Open and read, then shalt thou know. Trapper, read thou the ritual of the church above my bier. So shall it please thee. Thou art the only Christian I ever knew who kept his word and did not cheat the red man. Some trace of the old faiths, therefore, there must be in these modern creeds, albeit the holders of them cheat and fight each other. But, daughter of my house, last of my blood, born under shadow, and it may be unto doom, make thou my burial in the old fashion of thy

race, older than mine. These modern creeds and mushroom rituals are not for us whose faiths were born when God was on the earth, and His sons married the daughters of men. So bury me, that I may join the old-time folk who lived near neighbors to this modern God, and married their daughters to His sons."

Here paused he for a space, for the old wound jumped, and life flowed with his blood.

Then suddenly a change came to his face. His eyes grew fixed. He placed one hand above the staring orbs, as if to help them see afar. A moment thus. Then, whispering hoarsely, said:—

"Take thou his hand. Cling to it. The old Tortoise sight at death is coming. I see the past and future. Daughter, I see thee now, and by thy side, thy arms around his neck, his arms round thee, the man without a cross! Aye. She was right. 'The women of my race get what they crave.' Girl, thou hast won! Rejoice, rejoice and sing. But, oh! My God! My God! John Norton! Look! Daughter, last of my blood, in spite of all, in spite of all, above thy head hangs, breaking black, the doom of Mamelons!"

And with these words of horror on his lips, the chief, whose bosom bore the Tortoise sign, who killed his brother under doom at Mamelons, fell back stone dead.

So died he. Three days went by in silence. Then did the two build high his bier in the great hall, and place him on it, stripped like a warrior, to his waist, for so he charged the Trapper it should be. Thus sitting in the great chair of cedar, hewn to the fragrant heart, in the wide hall, hound at feet, the Tortoise showing plainly on his breast, a fire of great knots, gummed with odorous pitch, blazing on the hearth, the two, each by the faith that guided, made, for the dead chief of a dead tribe, strange funeral.

And first, the Trapper, standing by the bier, gazed long and steadfastly at the dead man's face. Then the girl, going to the mantel, reached for a book and placed it in his hand and stood beside him.

Then, after pause, he read:—

"*I am the resurrection and the Life.*"

And the liturgy, voiced deeply and slowly read, as by one who readeth little and labors with the words, sounded through the great hall solemnly.

Then the girl, standing by his side, in the splendor of her beauty, the lights shining warmly on the dark glory of her face, lifted up her voice — a voice fugitive from heaven's choir — and sang the words the Trapper had intoned :—

"*I am the resurrection and the Life.*"

And her rich tones, pure as note of hermit-thrush cleaving the still air of forest swamps ; clear as the song of morning lark singing in the dewy sky, rose to the hewn rafters and swelled against the compressing roof as if they would break out of such imprisonment, and roll their waves of sound afar and upward until they mingled with kindred tones in heaven.

Again the Trapper :—

"*He who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!*"

And again the marvellous voice pealed forth the words of everlasting hope, as if from the old race that lived in the dawn of the world, whose blood was in her rich and red, had come to her the memory of the music they had heard run thrilling through the happy air when the stars of the morning sang together for joy.

Alas, that such a voice from the old days of soul and song should lie smothered forever beneath the sand of Mamelons !

Thus the first part. For the Trapper, like a Christian man without cross, would give his dead friend holy burial. Then came a pause. And for a space the two sat silent in the great hall, while the pitch knots flamed and flared their splashes of red light through the gloom.

Then rose the girl and took the Trapper's place at the dead man's feet. Her hair, black with a glossy blackness, swept the floor. A jewel, large and lustrous, an heirloom of her mother's race, old as the world, burning with Atlantean flame, a miracle of stone-imprisoned fire, blazed on her brow. The large gloom of her eyes was turned upon the dead man's face, and the sadness of ten thousand years of life and loss was darkly orbed within their long and heavy lashes. Her small, swarth hands hung lifeless at her side, and the bowed contour of her face drooped heavy with grief. Thus she, clothed in black cloth from head to foot, as if that old past, whose child she was, stood shrouded in her form, ready to make wail for the glory of men and the beauty of women it had seen buried forever in the silent tomb.

Thus stood she for a time, as if she held communion with the grave and death. Then opened she her mouth, and in the mode when song was language, she poured her feelings forth in that old tongue, which, like some fragrant fragment of sweet wood, borne northward by great ocean currents out of southern seas, for many days storm-tossed, but lodged at last on some far shore and found by those who only sense the sweetness, but know not whence it came, lies lodged to-day upon the mountain slopes of Spain. Thus, in the old Basque tongue, sweet fibre of lost root, unknown to moderns, but soft, and sad, and wild with the joy, the love, the passion of ten thousand years, this child of the old past and the old faiths, lifted up her voice and sang:—

"O death! I hate thee! Cold thou art and dreadful to the touch of the warm hand and the sweet lips which, drawn by love's dear habit, stoop to kiss the mouth for the long parting. Cold, cold art thou, and at thy touch the blood of men is chilled and the sweet glow in woman's bosom frozen forever. Thou art great nature's curse. The grape hates thee. Its blood of fire can neither make thee laugh, nor sing, nor dance. The sweet flower, and the fruit which ripens on the bough, nursing its juices from the maternal air, and the bird singing his love-song to his mate amid the blossoms — hate thee! At touch of thine, O slayer! the flower fades, the fruit withers and falls, and the bird drops dumb into the grasses. Thou art the shadow on the sunshine of the world; the skeleton at all feasts; the marplot of great plans; the stench which fouls all odors; the slayer of men and the murderer of women. O death! I, child of an old race, last leaf from a tree that shadowed the world, warm in my youth, loving life, loving health, loving love. O death! how I hate thee!"

Thus she sang, her full tones swelling fuller as she sang, until her voice sent its clear challenge bravely out to the black shadow on the sunshine of the world and the dread fate she hated.

Then did she a strange thing; a rite known to the morning of the world when all the living lived in the east and the dead went westward.

She took a gourd, filled to the brown brim, and placed it in the dead man's stiffened hand, then laid a rounded loaf beside his knee, and on a plate of copper at his feet — ser-

pent edged, and in the centre a pictured island lying low and long in the blue seas, bold with bluff mountains toward the east, but sinking westward until it ran from sight under the ocean's rim, a marvel of old art in metal working, lost for aye — she placed a living coal, and on it, from a golden acorn, at her throat, which opened at touch, she shook a dust, which, falling on the coal burned rosy red and filled the hall with languorous odors sweet as Heaven. Then at triumphant pose, she stood and sang:

Water for thy thirst I have given,
  Hurry on! hurry on!
Bread for thy hunger beside thee,
  Speed away! speed away!
Fire for thy need at thy feet,
Mighty chief, fly fast and fly far
To the land where thy father and clansmen are waiting.
Odor and oil for the woman thou lovest,
Sweet and smooth may she be on thy breast,
  When her soft arms enfold thee.

O death! thou art cheated!
He shall thirst never more;
He shall eat and be filled;
The fire at his feet will revive him;
Oil and odor are his for the woman he loves;
He shall live, he shall live on forever
  With his sires and his people.
He shall love and be loved and be happy.

O! death grim and great,
O! death stark and cold,
By a child of the old race that first lived
  And first met thee;
The race that lived first, still lives
  And will live forever.
By the child of the old blood, by a girl!
  Thou art cheated!

(*To be continued.*)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE PRESENT.

I DO not share the opinion recently advanced by a well-known writer wherein he maintained that "the present belonged to the dreamers." To me it appears that the hour of prophecy and dreaming is fast vanishing before the more certain light of active thought. Yesterday men dreamed; to-day they are thinking; to-morrow they will act. There are two elements in life to-day from which we can expect nothing, at least until society has been regenerated. One is found in the lowest walks of life where the animal instinct so far eclipses reason that one sometimes wonders whether there remains aught but instinct; and the other is the gay, selfish, butterfly element in the society life of our great cities, that which thinks of little that does not relate to self-gratification. From these we do not look for even dreams that are born of souls yearning for a nobler existence and loftier ideals, but outside these two elements the present hour is marked by earnest and awakened public thought. The profound depths of man's nature are being moved as is only the case before some great moral upheaval; some great struggle that marks an onward step for humanity. The problem of capital and labor forms a striking illustration of this deep-rooted agitation that is visible in the various fields of thought and departments of life. The time when men toiled patiently without once questioning the justice of their lot has happily departed forever. The influx of light that came with the printing-press, the influence of popular education and the increased wants which the possession of this knowledge and the demands of the present civilization have awakened in the rank and file of the bread winners, have made them an army of active thinkers. Nay more, a determined band with eyes fixed upon a higher justice than wealth or rank has as yet conceded them. To-day from the artisan to the philosopher men are thinking, talking, and proposing measures to avert a national catastrophe, which thinking people realize must come

unless some more equitable adjustment of the social problem be speedily reached. The unprecedented sale of Henry George's works on social problems; the formation of "single tax" societies throughout the land; the almost simultaneous appearance of numerous journals devoted to the exposition of multitudinous means and measures calculated to relieve the condition of the masses and abridge the almost supreme power of the money kings; the marvellous sale of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which according to the publishers some weeks ago was averaging one thousand copies a week; the rapid growth of numerous Socialistic and Nationalistic societies throughout the length and breadth of the land;—these are signs which reveal most eloquently the fact that the moral nature of man is being awakened; that the higher impulses are being quickened. And what is true in reference to the labor problem is also true in a certain degree of other great social and ethical questions which are pressing upon society for solution, as for instance, popular education, where we note the rapid growth of sentiment in favor of industrial schools and an awakening appreciation of the value of moral education. The fact is we are rapidly nearing one of those great crises which ever mark the recognition and acceptation of a vital truth, and which distinctively indicates the upward trend of civilization. What then is our duty? to agitate, to compel men to think; to point out wrongs inflicted on the weak and helpless; to impress higher ideals on the plastic mind of childhood; to labor at all times and in all places for the triumph of that which is pure and noble, unselfish and humane; to stimulate a love for truth, for liberty and justice; to encourage learning but frown upon bigotry; to demand the broadest possible liberty compatible with public safety; to infringe on the rights of no man; and impress upon others by life as well as teaching, the supreme loveliness of the spirit of toleration.

These are duties that devolve on every one who catches the spirit of the hour and would help the world onward. We may labor in different fields, we may entertain views that are widely unlike, our paths may not lie side by side, yet if these aims, motives, and impulses guide and govern us, each will contribute his or her quota to the consummation of a new triumph for humanity, a prophecy of which may even now be seen purpling the East.

SHALL WE CONTINUE TO KILL OUR FELLOWMEN?

In this issue Mr. Pentecost, who is nothing if not radical, enters a vigorous protest against what he terms the Crime of Capital Punishment. It is one of the many inspiring signs of the times that earnest thinking men and women are coming more and more to realize how revolting is this legacy of a barbarous past, this assumed right on the part of the government to take a human life, this crime against justice in whose name the measure is executed. For justice considered from a high moral plane — and in the presence of so grave a question as that involving human life, we certainly have no right to regard it in any other light — demands that when a criminal is judged, all the extenuating circumstances shall be taken into consideration. Were this rule observed, the victim of the law would seldom appear in so bad a light as the government that passed the sentence. Let me illustrate this thought: a man commits murder: the government in turn sentences the man to death. Here we have two parties who have presumed to take a human life. In the first instance the criminal by the great law of heredity has in all probability to a great extent inherited the vices and criminal instincts of his ancestors; by early home association rife with sin and degradation, the young nature has been warped toward criminality, while the public nurseries of sin and schools of vice, which every intelligent person admits to be unmitigated evils, but which the State and society tolerate, and in some instances license, have fed the baser instincts while they smothered the nobler impulses. These prime causes, or some of them, will be found to have operated strongly in almost every case where the murderer has not committed the crime while intoxicated or in the frenzy of passion. While by a grievous fault on the part of society the limited public schooling received, if any, has wrought little good in the way of counteracting these baneful outside influences, for it has given him nothing beyond a scant intellectual training, leaving the moral nature to wither, dry up, and die. Inheriting such a birthright, reared in the midst of such adverse and ruinous influences; knowing so much of night, seeing so little of day, we find this poor wretch, who in the very nature of the case does not begin to comprehend the value and sanctity of life, committing murder,

for which he should be punished but *not slain*. So much for the first criminal. Now let us glance at the other party who has taken a human life. The government, supposed to represent the loftiest embodiment of wisdom and justice; to breathe forth in its laws the highest conception of right and equity; to know the priceless worth of a human soul and to fully appreciate how dear life is to all and how inconceivably awful death is to a darkened spirit; — this government which we are asked to believe is so thoroughly awake to the impulses of the highest civilization; so imbued with the spirit of justice, wisdom, and love, sitting in judgment on this miserable, sin-diseased nature that from the blackness of its own moral night has stricken a fatal blow; this august representative of justice sentences to a horrible death the wretched criminal, thus emphasizing in a startling manner the law of retaliation by sending a deathless soul into the great unknown, clothed in sin, degradation, and crime.

Viewed from a high ethical standpoint, is not the fact plain that two great wrongs have been committed? If this is true, the question now arises, upon the shoulders of which party rests the greatest guilt? A most solemn thought. There are many extenuating circumstances in the first instance, but what can be said in justification of the government? Only this, the criminal had committed murder and society must be protected. If, however, it can be shown that society can be protected without the taking of human life; if we can prove that the criminal can be punished and possibly redeemed while being punished, then the *only* excuse is swept away, while the fact remains that the government, clothed in light and wisdom, has cruelly and deliberately taken a human life.

That it is necessary to protect society against dangerous individuals is admitted by all. That it is necessary to punish crime in order to restrain a certain class of undeveloped natures is equally true, but in the punishment of the evil-doer there should enter no thought of revenge. The idea of retaliation belongs to an essentially savage age. There should be no punishment of crime that does not look toward the redemption of the criminal. Because society has to be protected from madmen we must not infer that the insane should be put to death. And what is crime? Moral insanity — nothing more. A disease of the soul. Nothing has been

more clearly demonstrated than that capital punishment does not prevent murder. While on the other hand it has been proven time and again that society may be properly protected from its offenders by our penitentiaries. If it is urged that the pardoning power is frequently abused, we answer that it would be a little matter to make certain conditions wherein the executive clemency could extend only to those cases where the innocence of the condemned had been established, or where the general voice of the people demanded the release of the prisoner. Abolish capital punishment and make our penitentiaries great moral and industrial universities, where every effort shall look toward the development of the moral and spiritual elements of the inmates, where the prisoner will have to work hard and steadily at some employment that in and of itself shall carry an ennobling and educating influence. This treatment certainly would be far more in harmony with the impulses of our present civilization than our present brutal treatment of criminals. The lines on which the government should act in every case involving punishment for crime should be those of redemption instead of destruction. The sin-degraded should have opportunities never before enjoyed of high moral education for eternity. In reply to those who argue that such would not be punishment enough, I urge that just in proportion as we quicken the conscience and awaken the moral nature of the criminal we increase the intensity of his suffering. But by punishment of this character we are saving instead of destroying life, not only for this world but for eternity. By placing our criminals in the midst of a pure and inspiring atmosphere, treating them with the kindness that would have made useful men of them had they received it either at home or at the hands of the State when they were children, we appeal to the highest element of their nature. We touch their conscience. Then day by day as they grow, the enormity of their crime will necessarily be unfolded before them and they cannot fail to suffer. But the punishment that is born of this suffering is in perfect harmony with the great moral laws that govern man's being. There is nothing savage, cruel or barbarous about it. It carries with it an inspiring influence that bears humanity upward. It is in harmony with the highest impulses of the present day.

THE GREAT NEED OF ETHICAL CULTURE.

Great as has been the development of our moral nature in certain directions, the fact remains that intellectual growth has far outstripped our ethical development. This is probably largely owing to the reaction which followed the rigid and unreasonable rule of our forefathers who framed and executed with such grim pleasure the blue laws. Recoiling from the cruelty and brutality of that age, men and women came to confuse the intolerant and non-progressive views of the ultra religionists of olden days with the great principles that underlie the highest morality and true spirituality, and in their desire to free themselves from the bondage of the one failed to recognize the importance of the other.

Thus while the intellectual facilities have rapidly expanded until our attainments in this realm may well challenge the admiration of all ages, our moral development has fallen so far short of keeping abreast with the march of mind, that one is constantly startled when brought face to face with the real status of society, such for instance as is revealed in the Register General's report for 1888, in which he shows from actual statistics that *one person in every five who die annually in the great Christian city of London perish in the poorhouse, the hospital or the madhouse.*

If during the past four generations the broad, healthful, and ennobling principles of ethical culture had found proper emphasis in the schoolroom, and had the church instead of quarreling over the doubtful meaning of the letter of the law taught her children the spirit of charity and unselfishness, together with that fine sense of tolerance, and that appreciation of truth and honor that is the sign royal of true manhood, the spirit of unrest which is everywhere felt at the present time would be conspicuous by its absence, for poverty would be decreasing before a broadening spirit of unselfishness. What then is to be done? Emphasize morality. Let the principles of ethics be inculcated at the fireside, in the school, in the press, and on the rostrum. This great duty appeals to the soul of every man and woman who even in a degree appreciates the crying need of the hour. Everyone has a measure of influence and that influence, feeble though it seem, may reach down for generations to come, carrying a blessing to unnumbered lives.

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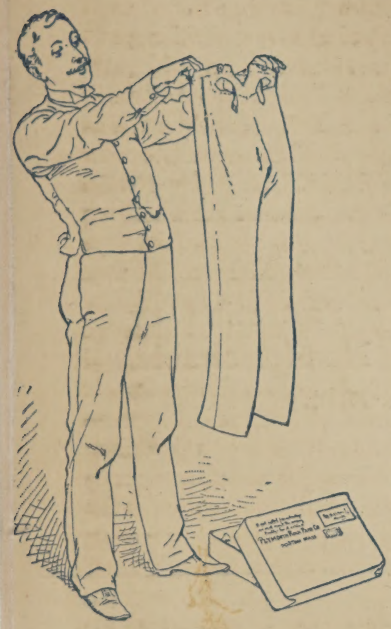

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IN THIS NUMBER.

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"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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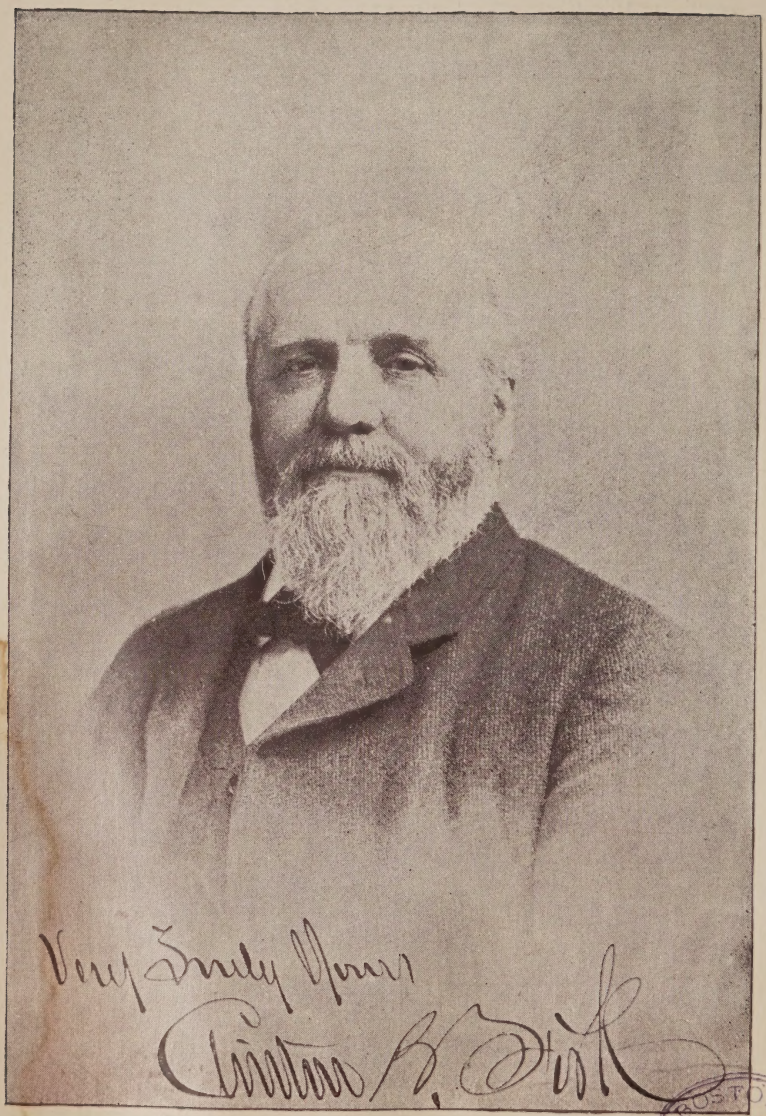

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THE ARENA.

No. III.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

IN THE YEAR TEN THOUSAND.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

(*Two citizens meet in a square of the vast city, Manattia, ages ago called New York.*)

First Manattian.

Welcome. Whence come you?

Second Manattian.

I? The morn was hot;
With wife and babes I took the first air-boat
For polar lands. While huge Manattia baked
Below these August ardors, we could hear
Our steps creak shrill on dense-packed snows, or see
The icy bulks of towering bergs flash green
In the sick arctic light.

First Manattian.

Refreshment, sure!
How close all countries of the world are knit
By these electric air-boats, that to-day
Seem part no less of life than hands or feet!
To think that in the earlier centuries
Men knew this planet swept about her sun,
And even had learned that myriad other globes
Likewise were sweeping round their myriad suns,
Yet dreamed not of the etheric force that makes
One might of motion rule the universe;
Or, if they dreamed of such hid force, were weak
To grasp it as are gnats to swim a sea.

Second Manattian.

They dreamed of it; nay, more, if chronicles
Err not, they worshipped it and named it God.
We name it Nature, and it worships us;
A monstrous difference! . . . Yon lithe fountain plays
Cool in its porphyry basin; shall we sit
On this carved couch of stone and hear the winds
Rouse in the elms melodious prophecies
Of a more temperate morrow?

First Manattian.

As you will. (*They sit.*)
Watch how those lovely shudderings of the leaves
Make the stars dance like fire-flies in their glooms.
It is a lordly park.

Second Manattian.

Ah, surely it is!
And lordliest this of all America's
Great ancient cities. Yet they do aver
That once 'twas fairly steeped in hideousness.
The homes of men were wrought with scorn of art,
And all those fantasies of sculpture loved
By us they deemed a vanity. I have seen
Pictures of their grim dwellings in a book
At our chief library, the pile that hoards
Twelve millions volumes. Horrors past a doubt
Were these dull squat abodes that huddled close
One to another, row on dreary row,
With scarce a hint of our fine frontages,
Towers, gardens, galleries, terraces and courts.
They must indeed have been a sluggard race,
Those ancestors we spring from. It is hard
To dream our beautiful Manattia rose
From such uncouth beginnings.

First Manattian.

You forget
The city in their dim years, as records tell,
Was but a tongue of island — that lean strip
Of territory in which to-day we set
Our palaces of ease for them that age
Or bodily illness incapacitates.
Then, too, these quaint barbarians were split up
In factions of the so-named rich and poor.
The rich held leagues of land; the poor were shorn
Of right in any . . . I speak from vague report;

Perchance I am wrong . . . Manattia's ancient name
Escapes me, even, and I would not re-learn
Its coarse, tough sound. In those remoter times,
Churches abounded, dedicate to creeds
Of various title, yet the city itself
Swarmed with thieves, murderers, people base of act,
So that the church and prison, side by side
Rose in the common street, foes hot with feud,
Yet neither conquering . . . Strange it seems, all this,
To us, who know the idiocy of sin,
With neither church nor prison for its proof.

Second Manattian.

I, too, have heard of lawless days like these,
Though some historians would contend, I think,
That fable is at the root of all events;
Writ of past our fourth chiliad — as, indeed,
The story of how a man could rise in wealth,
Above his fellows, by the state unchid,
And from the amassment of possessions reap
Honor, not odium, while on every side
Multitudes hungered; or of how disease,
If consciously transmitted to the child,
By his begetter, was not crime; or how
Woman to man was held inferior,
Not ably an equal; how some lives were cursed
With strain of toil from youth to age, while some
Drowsed in unpunished sloth, work being not then,
The duty and pride of every soul, as now,
Nor barriered firm, as now, against fatigue;
With zeal sole-used for general thrift, and crowned
By individual leisure's boons of calm.

First Manattian.

You draw from shadowy legend, yet we know
That once our race was despicably sunk
In darkness like to this crude savagery,
Howe'er the piteous features of its lot
Have rightly gleamed to us through mists of time.
From grosser types we have risen, through grades of change,
To what we are; this incontestably
We clutch as truth; but I, for my own part,
Find weightiest cause of wonder when I note
That even as late as our five-thousandth year
(Though fifty-millionth were it aptlier termed!)
Asia, America, Europe, Africa,

Australia, all, were one wild battle of tongues,
Nor spoke, as every earthly land speaks now,
The same clear universal language. Think
What misery of confusion must have reigned!

Second Manattian.

Nay, you forget that then humanity
Was not the brotherhood it since has grown.
Ah, fools! it makes one loth to half-believe
They could have parcelled our fair world like this
Out into separate hates and called each hate
A nation, — with the wolf of war to prowl
Demon-eyed at the boundary-line of each.
Happy are we, by sweet vast union joined,
Not grouped in droves like beasts that gnash their fangs
At neighbor beasts, — we, while new epochs dawn,
Animal yet above all animalism,
Rising toward some serene discerned ideal
Of progress, ever rising, faltering not
By one least pause of retrogression! . . .

First Manattian.

Still,
We die . . we die . .

Second Manattian.

Invariably; but death
Brings not the anguish it of old would bring
To those that died before us. Rest and peace
Attend it, no reluctance, tremor or pain.
Long heed of laws fed vitally from health
Has made our ends as pangless as our births.
The imperial gifts of science have prevailed
So splendidly with our mortality
That death is but a natural search for sleep,
Involuntary and tranquil.

First Manattian.

True, but time
Has ever stained our heaven with its dark threat.
Not death but life contains the unwillingness
To pass from earth, and science in vain hath sought
An answer to the eternal questions — *Whence?*
Whither? and *For What Purpose?* All we gain
Still melts to loss; we build our hopes from dream,
Our joy upon illusion, our victory
Upon defeat . . . Hark how those long winds flute
There in the dusky foliage of the park!

Such voices, murmuring large below the night,
Seem ever to my fancy as if they told
The inscrutability of destiny,
The blank futility of all search — perchance
The irony of that nothingness which lies
Beyond its hardiest effort.

Second Manattian.

Hush! these words
Are chaff that even the winds whereof you prate
Should whirl as dry leaves to the oblivion
Their levity doth tempt! Already in way
That might seem miracle if less firm through fact,
Hath science plucked from nature lore whose worth
Madness alone dares doubt. As yet, I allow,
With all her grandeur of accomplishment,
She hath not pierced beyond matter . . . but who knows
The hour apocalyptic when her eyes
May flash with tidings from infinitude?

First Manattian.

Then, if she solve the enigma of the world
And steep in sun all swathed in night till now,
Pushing that knowledge from whose gradual gain
Our thirst hath drunk so deeply, till she cleaves
Finality with it, and at last lays bare
The absolute,— then, brother, friend, I ask
May she not tell us that we merely die,
That immortality is a myth of sense,
That God . . . ?

Second Manattian.

Your voice breaks . . . let me clasp your hand!
Well, well, so be it, if so she tells! At least
We live our lives out duteously till death,
We on this one mean orb whose radiant mates
Throb swarming in the heaven our glance may roam.
Whatever message may be brought to us,
Or to the generations following us,
Let this one thought burn rich with self-content:
We live our lives out duteously till death.

(*A Silence.*)

First Manattian.

'Tis a grand thought, but it is not enough!
In spite of all our world hath been and done,
Its glorious evolution from the low

Sheer to the lofty, I, individual, I,
An entity and a personality
Desire, long, yearn. . .

Second Manattian.

Nay, brother, *you* alone!
Are there not millions like you?

First Manattian. (*With self-reproach*)

Pardon me!

(*After another longer silence.*)

What subtler music those winds whisper now! . .
'Tis even as if they had forsworn to breathe
Despair, and dreamed, however dubiously,
Of some faint hope! . .

Second Manattian.

I had forgot. That news
The astronomers predicted for to-night . . .
They promised that the inhabitants of Mars
At last would give intelligible sign
To thousands who await it here on earth.

First Manattian.

I, too, had quite forgot; so many a time
Failure hath cheated quest! Yet still, they say
To-night at last brings triumph. This being true,
History will blaze with it.

Second Manattian.

Let us go forth
Into the great square. All the academies
That line it now must tremble with suspense.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

1. GHOSTS.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D., SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

I PROPOSE in a series of articles to explain the chief lines of enquiry in which societies for psychical research are engaged. The method of enquiry is partly experimental and partly comparative; much of the labor of the investigation having been given to the collection and examination of evidence in cases which do not admit of direct experiment. In this way much material concerning psychical experiences has been obtained in the past few years, both in England and America, but opinions vary considerably as to the conclusions which should be founded on this material, and very difficult problems arise as to the exact explanations of the various narratives which have been presented to us.

I premise at the outset that I shall assume, for our present purpose, that there do exist supernormal* phenomena.

The most important of such phenomena were originally grouped by the English society, for convenience of reference and discussion, under the heads of thought-transference, apparitions and haunted houses, spiritualistic phenomena, and hypnotism or mesmerism, including clairvoyance. Common stories, however, as well as the popular interest, appear to be connected mainly with apparitions or ghosts, and it is about these very ghosts that the greatest confusion pre-

*Mr. Myers writes: "I have ventured to coin the word 'supernormal' to be applied to phenomena which are *beyond what usually happens—beyond*, that is, in the sense of suggesting unknown psychical laws. It is thus formed on the analogy of *abnormal*. When we speak of an abnormal phenomenon we do not mean one which *contravenes* natural laws, but one which exhibits them in an unusual or inexplicable form. Similarly by a supernormal phenomenon, I mean, not one which *over-rides* natural laws, for I believe no such phenomenon to exist, but one which exhibits the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in every-day life. By higher (either in a psychical or in a physiological sense), I mean apparently belonging to a more advanced stage of evolution." *Proceedings of the S. P. R., vol. iii., p.* 30.

vails in the ordinary thought. I shall, therefore, begin by some accounts of ghosts, and show the difficulty of analyzing these mysterious phenomena in the present stage of our enquiry.

I need hardly remind my readers that an essential part of our investigation, where it concerns the accounts of spontaneous experiences, consists in eliminating errors due to the deficiencies of human observation and memory, deficiencies which are found even in the most honest and intelligent witnesses. My object here, however, is not to deal with this part of our subject, but to suggest the difficulty of finding the psychical laws to which the phenomena described must conform, supposing that our phenomena are truly supernormal. My own opinion is that the cases which we have received, taken together, involve the occurrence of phenomena which are inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis, though it is impossible here to enter fully into the evidence for this.

My intention now is rather to lead the ordinary intelligent reader who may be unfamiliar with the details of psychical research, along the tracks of the enquiry which suggest positive results, so that he may be able to appreciate, if not the more subtle psychological questions that are involved, at least the general drift of the investigation. And it seems to me that I shall best succeed in this by beginning with certain stories of the apparition class which are not easy either to explain or to explain away, and which will serve to show how complicated are the questions which demand a solution before we can arrive at assured theories on the subject.

I have thus a double reason for inviting my reader's attention in the first place to some "ghost stories." As we proceed we shall be led from the spontaneous to the experimental side of our investigation, and back once more to the spontaneous, each group of experiences throwing some light upon the other, until we shall, I venture to think, reach one conclusion with perfect confidence, *viz.*, that the living human being is a far wider and profounder thing than we can hope to survey in our most exalted moments, or to fathom in our deepest dreams, that there are hidden realms in every personality which we can yet explore but little, and possibilities of correlation between embodied human minds which may

indeed eventually prove to be fraught with vast significance as regards man's destiny when the organisms in which those minds are embodied have long passed into corruption.

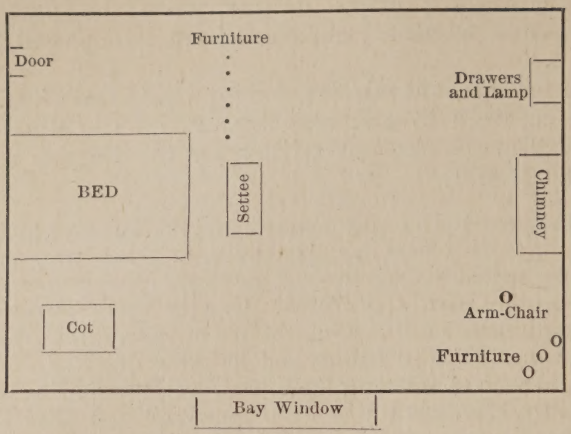
The first account which I shall quote is that of an incident which occurred to Mr. and Mrs. P. on Christmas Eve of 1869. The account was written for the English society in 1885 by Mrs. P.

In the year 1867 I was married, and my husband took a house at S——, quite a new one, just built, in what was, and still is probably, called "Cliff Town," as being at a greater elevation than the older part of the town. Our life was exceedingly bright and happy there until towards the end of 1869, when my husband's health appeared to be failing, and he grew dejected and moody. Trying in vain to ascertain the cause for this, and being repeatedly assured by him that I was "too fanciful," and that there was "nothing the matter with him," I ceased to vex him with questions, and the time passed quietly away till Christmas Eve of that year (1869.)

An uncle and aunt lived in the neighborhood, and they invited us to spend Christmas Day with them — to go quite early in the morning to breakfast, accompanied by the whole of our small household.

We arranged therefore to go to bed at an early hour on the night of the 24th, so as to be up betimes for our morning walk. Consequently, at 9 o'clock we went upstairs, having as usual carefully attended to bars and bolts of doors, and at about 9.30 were ready to extinguish the lamp; but our little girl—a baby of fifteen months — generally woke up at that time, and after drinking some warm milk would sleep again for the rest of the night; and as she had not yet awakened, I begged my husband to leave the lamp burning and get into bed, while I, wrapped in a dressing gown, lay on the outside of the bed with the cot on my right hand. The bedstead faced the fireplace, and nothing stood between but a settee at the foot of the bed. On either side of the chimney was a large recess — the one to the left (as we faced in that direction) having a chest of drawers, on which the lamp was standing. The entrance door was on the same side of the room as the head of the bed, and *to the left of it* — facing therefore the recess of which I speak. The door was locked; and on that same side (to my left) my husband was lying, with the curtain drawn, towards which his face was turned.

Roughly, the position was thus: —



As the bed had curtains only at the head, all before us was open and dimly-lighted, the lamp being turned down.

This takes some time to describe, but it was still just about 9.30, Gertrude not yet awake, and I just pulling myself into a half-sitting posture against the pillows, thinking of nothing but the arrangements for the following day, when to my great astonishment I saw a gentleman standing at the foot of the bed, dressed as a naval officer, and with a cap on his head having a projecting peak. The light being in the position which I have indicated, the face was in shadow to *me*, and the more so that the visitor was leaning upon his arms which rested on the foot-rail of the bedstead. I was too astonished to be afraid, but simply wondered who it could be; and, instantly touching my husband's shoulder (whose face was turned from me) I said: "Willie, who is this?" My husband turned, and for a second or two lay looking in intense astonishment at the intruder; then lifting himself a little, he shouted: "What on earth are you doing here, sir?" Meanwhile the form, slowly drawing himself into an upright position, now said in a commanding, yet reproachful voice: "Willie! Willie!"

I looked at my husband and saw that his face was white and agitated. As I turned towards him he sprang out of bed as though to attack the man, but stood by the bedside as if afraid, or in great perplexity, while the figure calmly and slowly moved *towards the wall* at right angles with the lamp in the direction of the dotted line. As it passed the lamp, a deep shadow fell upon the room as of a material person shutting out the light from us by his intervening body, and he disappeared, as it were, into the wall. My husband now, in a very agitated manner, caught up the lamp,

and turning to me said: "I mean to look all over the house, and see where he has gone."

I was by this time exceedingly agitated too, but remembering that the door was locked, and that the mysterious visitor had not gone towards it at all, remarked: "He has not gone out by the door." But without pausing, my husband *unlocked the door*, hastened out of the room, and was soon searching the whole house. Sitting there in the dark, I thought to myself, "We have surely seen an apparition! Whatever can it indicate — perhaps my brother Arthur (he was in the navy, and at that time on a voyage to India) is in trouble; such things have been told of as occurring." In some such way I pondered with an anxious heart, holding the child, who just then awakened, in my arms, until my husband came back looking very white and miserable.

Sitting upon the bedside, he put his arm about me and said: "Do you know what we have seen?" And I said: "Yes, it was a spirit. I am afraid it was Arthur, but could not see his face," and he exclaimed: "O no, it was my father!"

Now you will say this is the strangest part of the story, and unprecedented. And what could have been the reason of such an appearance?

My husband's father *had been dead fourteen years:* he had been a naval officer in his young life; but, through ill health, had left the service before my husband was born, and the latter had only once or twice seen him in uniform. I had never seen him at all. My husband and I related the occurrence to my uncle and aunt, and we all noticed that my husband's agitation and anxiety were very great, whereas his usual manner was calm and reserved in the extreme, and he was a thorough and avowed sceptic in all — so-called — supernatural events.

As the weeks passed on my husband became very ill, and then gradually disclosed to me that he had been in great financial difficulties; and that, at the time his father was thus sent to us, he was inclining to take the advice of a man who would certainly — had my husband yielded to him (as he had intended before hearing the warning voice) — have led him to ruin, perhaps worse. It is this fact which makes us most reticent in speaking of the event; in addition to which my husband had already been led to speculate upon certain chances which resulted in failure, and infinite sorrow to us both as well as to others, and was indeed the cause of our coming to ——, after a year of much trouble, in the January of 1871.

Mr. P. confirmed the details of the above account, and Dr. and Mrs. C., friends of Mr. and Mrs. P., added: "This narrative was told us by Mrs. P. as here recorded some years ago."

Now if we suppose the above account to be even only moderately accurate, what explanation can be suggested? Mrs. P.'s own opinion is that "no condition of 'overwrought nerves' or 'superstitious fears' could have been the cause of the manifestation, but only, so far as we have been able to judge by subsequent events, a direct warning to my husband in the voice and appearance of the one that he had most reverenced in all his life, and was the most likely to obey."

The narrative cannot be dismissed as a mere "yarn." I need hardly say that I shall quote no accounts which we have not satisfactory reasons for believing to have come from persons of integrity. We must of course leave an ample margin for inaccuracy of description of the real occurrence, etc., but my object, as already stated, is not now to minimise the testimony by descanting upon the deficiencies of human memory and observation. I shall suppose that we have enough fairly well evidenced accounts of analogous phenomena to render it tolerably certain that in the case before us Mr. and Mrs. P. believed themselves to have been looking at an objective figure of some kind which resembled Mr. P.'s father, and which was not that of an ordinary human being. It is the theoretical difficulties which arise after testimony has been accepted, to which I purpose here to call attention. Granted then, for this purpose, that the account is substantially reliable, what did the figure consist of? Say it was the ghost of Mr. P.'s father. How does that help us? Did the ghost consist of ordinary matter? How then did it form, and how did it disappear? Was it composed of some such stuff as the luminiferous ether? How then was it visible, and how could it cast a shadow? Are there ghosts of clothes as well as of human organisms? Where did the ghost of the uniform come from? *Would you and I, had we been in the room, have seen and heard the ghost as well as Mr. and Mrs. P.?* Or was the figure no real external "ghost," but a hallucination generated in the mind of Mr. P., and transferred *telepathically** to the mind of his wife, or the converse? Let us see if our next story taken from Vol. v. of the Proceedings of the English S. P. R., will throw light on any of these questions.

* "Telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense."

—From Mr. D. M. Tyre, 157 St. Andrew's-road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

October 9, 1885.

In the summer of 1874, my sister and I went during our holidays to stay with a gardener and his wife, in a house which was built far up, fully three-quarters of a mile, on the face of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful lochs in Dumbartonshire, just on the boundary of the Highlands. A charming spot indeed, although far off the main roadway. We never wearied, and so delighted were we with the place that my people took a lease of the house for the following three years. From this point my narrative begins. Being connected in business with the city, we could not go down to Glen M. altogether, so that my two sisters and myself were sent away early in May to have the house put in order, and attend to the garden, etc., etc., for the coming holidays, when we would be all down together. We had lots of work to do, and as the nearest village was five miles distant, and our nearest neighbors, the people at the shore, nearly a mile away, we were pretty quiet on the hill and left to our own resources.

One day, my elder sister J. required to go to the village for something or other, leaving us alone; and as the afternoon came on, I went part of the way to meet her, leaving my other sister L. all alone. When we returned, about 6 P. M., we found L. down the hill to meet us in a rather excited state, saying that an old woman had taken up her quarters in the kitchen, and was lying in the bed. We asked if she knew who she was. She said no, that the old wife was lying on the bed with her clothes on, and that possibly she was a tinker body (a gipsy), therefore she was afraid to go in without us. We went up to the house with L.; my younger sister L. going in first said, on going into the kitchen, "There she is," pointing to the bed, and turning to us expecting that we would wake her up and ask her what she was there for. I looked in the bed and so did my elder sister, but the clothes were flat and unruffled, and when we said that there was nothing there she was quite surprised, and pointing with her finger, said: "Look! why, there's the old wife with her clothes on and lying with her head towards the window"; but we could not see anything. Then for the first time it seemed to dawn upon her that she was seeing something that was not natural to us all, and she became very much afraid, and we took her to the other room and tried to soothe her, for she was trembling all over. Ghost! why, the thought never entered our minds for a second; but we started chopping wood and making a fire for the evening meal. The very idea of anyone being in the bed was ridiculous, so we attributed it to imagination, and life at the house went on as usual for about two days, when one afternoon, as we were sitting in the

kitchen round the fire, it being a cold, wet day outside, L. startled us by exclaiming: "There is the old woman again, and lying the same way." L. did not seem to be so much afraid this time, so we asked her to describe the figure; and with her eyes fixed on the bed and with motion of the finger, she went on to tell us how that the old wife was not lying under the blankets, but on top, with her clothes and boots on, and her legs drawn up as though she were cold; her face was turned to the wall, and she had on what is known in the Highlands as a "sow-backed mutch," that is, a white cap which only old women wear; it has a frill round the front, and sticks out at the back, thus.* She also wore a drab-colored petticoat, and a checked shawl round her shoulders drawn tight. Such was the description given; she could not see her face, but her right hand was hugging her left arm, and she saw that the hand was yellow and thin, and wrinkled like the hands of old people who have done a lot of hard work in their day.

We sat looking at the bed for a long time, with an occasional bit of information from L., who was the only one who saw the figure.

This happened often—very often, indeed so frequently that we got used to it, and used to talk about it among ourselves as "L.'s old woman."

Midsummer came, and the rest of our people from the city, and then for the first time we became intimate with our neighbors, and two or three families at the shore. On one occasion my elder sister brought up the subject before a Mrs. M'P., our nearest neighbor, and when she described the figure to her, Mrs. M'P. well-nigh swooned away, and said that it really was the case; the description was the same as the first wife of the man who lived in the house before us, and that he cruelly ill-used his wife, to the extent that the last beating she never recovered from. The story Mrs. M'P. told runs somewhat like this, of which I can only give you the gist:—

Malcolm, the man of the house, and his wife Kate (the old woman), lived a cat and dog life; she was hard-working, and he got tipsy whenever he could. They went one day to market with some fowls and pigs, etc., and on their way back he purchased a half-gallon of whiskey. He carried it part of the way, and when he got tired gave it to her, while he took frequent rests by the wayside; she managed to get home before him, and when he came home late he accused her of drinking the contents of the jar. He gave her such a beating that he was afraid, and went down to this Mrs. M'P., saying that his wife was very ill. When Mrs. M'P. went up to the house she found Kate, as my sister described, with her clothes on, and lying with her face to the wall for the pur-

*A sketch of the profile was here given.

pose, as Mrs. M'P. said, of concealing her face, which was very badly colored by the ill-treatment of her husband. The finish up was her death, she having never recovered.

The foregoing is as nearly a complete compendium of the facts as I, with the help of my sister J., can remember.

My sister L. is now dead, but we often go back to the house, when we are anyway near the locality, because it is a bright spot in our memory.

(signed) D. M. Tyre.

Now was the ghost of the old woman the same kind of ghost as that seen by Mr. and Mrs. P.? It would seem clear that if there was actually the substantial shape of an old woman on the bed when Miss L. T. saw one there, it could not have been composed of ordinary matter, or else her brother and sister would have seen it also. And hence Miss L. T. did not perceive the figure, whatever it may have been, by normal sense of vision. Apparently Miss L. T. either exercised, at least transiently, some faculty of supernormal perception which enabled her to perceive something actually on the bed, but not perceptible to the ordinary sense-organs of human beings,—or the figure which she saw was a hallucination, not morbid, however, but *veridical*, *i. e.*, truth-telling, or corresponding to some action going on elsewhere. This second alternative I shall explain at greater length hereafter; for the present it will suffice to make the following suggestion.

Mrs. M'P. doubtless not infrequently formed a vivid mental picture of the old woman lying on her bed as she had seen her when summoned by her husband after he had given her the beating which resulted in her death. This mental picture may have been transferred telepathically to the mind of Miss L. T. and may have produced a hallucination. In other words, this hypothesis involves that Miss L. T. was specially sensitive to impressions by thought-transference, and that the externalized phantasm which she saw, was the effect of an impression transmitted directly from one living person to another.

The next story I quote, not because it is well evidenced, since the testimony at present depends on the memory of only one person, but because some of the important circumstances are curiously like those in the preceding instance. The apparition was seen by one person only, whereas if it

had consisted of ordinary matter it would have been visible to others present: — it would moreover seem to have been of no use to anyone, exhibiting no indications of any life whatever, much less of any larger and diviner life which so many deem the departed ought to show if they can reappear at all in our common world, and suggesting rather such images as the skeleton of a disintegrating leaf, the withered and evanescent remnant of a once living organism, or a picture of the dead painted on the air. We obtained the case at the close of 1888 through the kindness of Dr. S. T. Armstrong, from a lady who is unwilling that her name should be used.

One night in March '73 or '74, I can't recollect which year, I was attending on the sick bed of my mother. About eight o'clock in the evening I went into the dining-room to fix a cup of tea, and on turning from the sideboard to the table, on the other side of the table before the fire which was burning brightly, as was also the gas, I saw standing with his hands clasped to his side in true military fashion a soldier of about thirty years of age, with dark, piercing eyes looking directly into mine. He wore a small cap with standing feather, his costume was also of a soldierly style. He did not strike me as being a spirit, ghost, or anything uncanny, only a living man; but after gazing for fully a minute I realized that it was nothing of earth, for he neither moved his eyes nor his body, and in looking closely I could see the fire beyond. I was of course startled, and yet did not run out of the room. I felt stunned. I walked out rapidly however, and turning to the servant in the hall asked her if she saw anything; she said not. I went into my mother's room and remained talking for about an hour, but never mentioned the above subject for fear of exciting her, and finally forgot it altogether. Returning to the dining-room, still in forgetfulness of what had occurred, but repeating as above the turning from sideboard to table in act of preparing more tea, I looked casually towards the fire and there I saw the soldier again; this time I was entirely alarmed, and fled from the room in haste; called to my father, but when he came, he saw nothing. I am of a nervous temperament, but was not specially so that night, was not reading anything exciting, had never heard any story about this incident at all before. Four years after however, my brother attended a boys' school next door to this house and an old gentleman told stories of the old houses in the neighborhood during the war; and one was about a soldier who was murdered and thrown in the cellar. My brother told it, as a story connected with our old home, not as relating to my experience;

for he being very young then, I don't think it was communicated to him. The family, however, were all impressed by the coincidence. This is as near the exact state of facts as 'tis possible to write after the lapse of so many years.

In reply to inquiries we learn that the figure of the soldier occupied precisely the same position on both occasions of its appearance, that it was visible from different points of the room, and that the lady continued to see the figure at the time that her father was unable to see anything.

Be it observed that I am not putting forward the telepathic hypothesis as *the* explanation of the foregoing narratives, but as one of the hypotheses that suggest themselves. Some of my readers may regard such an explanation as very far-fetched. That it is not so, will appear from the following incident, which occurred in this country towards the end of 1885.

Dr. G., a cultured lady, an M. D., — some of whose experiences as percipient have been recorded in the proceedings of the American S. P. R., — drew my attention some time ago to an account which she had given, in *The Herald of Health*, of an experience where she herself was the agent, and a friend of hers whom I shall call Mrs. C., the percipient. According to the account, which I abridge, Dr. G. arranged, early in October of 1885, to try voluntarily to appear or cause a vision of herself to appear to Mrs. C. at a distance. Soon afterwards Dr. G. went to a city 500 miles from where Mrs. C. was living, and at intervals endeavored (vainly) to go to her friend mentally; but no written communication took place between them, nor had any hour been fixed for the experiment.

. . . One night I went to bed in a high fever consequent upon a sudden but slight indisposition. My mind was idly but nervously occupied by a great number of topics. Among other things I thought of a certain reception which I had to attend in a few days, of having no dress suitable for the occasion, but of one which I had at home and wished for. And then I wandered, by association of ideas, to think of a certain evening company which I had attended with the friend with whom I wished to try my experiment in telepathy. I thought of this idly, without volition, but as in fever the mind seems to cling to idle thoughts with great persistence, so these thoughts kept repeating themselves. I became weary of their persistence, yet could not escape them.

I finally began to wonder why I could not appear to my friend, but did not try — only kept thinking of it.

Suddenly my body became slightly numb, my head felt light, my breathing became slow and loud, as when one goes to sleep. I had often been in a similar state. When I came out of it I lit the candle and looked at my watch. The next day I thought of the experience of the night as meaningless, and was ashamed of having considered a change of breathing as anything more than a premonition of going to sleep.

A few days after this experience I received a letter from my friend, forwarded from where she supposed I was, in which she stated that I had appeared to her on a certain evening, giving the time; that I wore a dresss he had never seen before, but which she perfectly described; that I stood with my back to her and remained but a moment or two.

As I had not written to her of my efforts to appear to her, and as the opportunities of two months for guess-work or deception had elapsed, I felt that my proof was as positive as I could desire. Not proof, however, of the outgoing of an astral body. Had I appeared to my friend as I was at the moment, in bed in my nightdress, the case would have simply paralleled many of which we have read; but my appearance in a dress that was two hundred miles away, and which had never been seen by the percipient, forms proof of the best theory that has yet been propounded by students of telepathy. . . .

I have received a corroborative account from the lady who had this vision, and her original letter has also been kindly forwarded to me for my inspection. It reads thus: —

New York, Nov. 21, 1885.

Dear ——

Did you come to me last evening, Friday, Nov. 20? Somebody did, near 10 o'clock. She wore a blue velvet dress, handsomely draped, with white cuffs at the wrist. But I only saw the figure. The face was not revealed to me. I had gone to bed, and put out the light. It was with the interior sight I saw. It was gone in an instant. Yours, ———

Putting aside for the present the theory of mere chance coincidence, not many would be disposed to think that Dr. G. actually travelled as a ghost (in the sense of some tenuous material thing) and arrayed her ghostly organism in the ghostly garments of her distant reception dress. They would rather incline, in this case at all events, to the theory of telepathy,— the ability of one mind to impress or to be

impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense.

But let me quote another case, which may seem at first sight to be of the same variety as the foregoing, but which is more closely *reciprocal*, *i. e.*, a case where there appears to have been a mutual influence of the two persons concerned upon each other.

October 28, 1888.

About fifteen years ago I was living, and my daughter Allie with me, in Newburgh, N. Y., and Charley (engaged to Allie) had gone to Chicago. He had been away several months when one night a young girl in my employ named Nettie Knapp came running into my bedroom, saying: "Oh, Mrs. Crans, come in here quick, something awful's the matter with Allie." I went to my daughter's room. She was lying in the bed, very cold and apparently lifeless. I rubbed her with camphor and tried to arouse her, and after a short time succeeded in doing so. She then said: "I've been to Chicago and seen that little devil." She said she saw him in bed with another man.

In about two days I received a letter from Charley asking me whether there was anything the matter with Allie, as he had seen her standing at the foot of his bed the night before. He wrote his on the day following the night of my daughter's experience.

(signed) Mrs. N. J. Crans.

I confirm all of the above statements that relate to me.

(signed) C. A. Kernochan.

Miss Crans afterwards became Mrs. Kernochan, and died in 1879, so that her account could not be obtained.

This case, my readers will doubtless urge, introduces a difficulty in the way of the telepathic hypothesis. Possibly it does. The task which I have set myself in this article is precisely to suggest some of the chief difficulties that rise to confront our explanations. The late Mr. Edmund Gurney would probably have classed this case as an illustration of what he called "telepathic clairvoyance." He would have supposed a supernormal extension of the susceptibility of Miss C., accompanied by the power of acting telepathically upon Mr. K.

The next two cases which I shall quote we have received from a lady, Mrs. N. G., who has had various psychical experiences. She writes, in a letter of Dec. 25, 1887: —

I will now relate an incident which happened when I was a young girl.

I sat looking out of the window, and I saw a lady coming up the street toward the house. I made the remark to my mother, "There comes Mrs. Charlie Davis, and I think she is coming here." Then my mother came to the window and said: "Where is she? I don't see her or anyone." Of course I was surprised and insisted upon it, saying she had on a bonnet trimmed with red, then turned to look at my mother to see what she meant by saying so. I looked back again out of the window, and to be sure I could not see anyone. But I was so sure that I went out of doors and looked, but could discover no one. This was just a short time before dinner. I kept constantly expecting her to come, and shortly after dinner the door-bell rang and upon going to the door, who should be there but Mrs. Davis. As soon as seated almost I asked her if she had not been up this way before. She replied in the negative. I insisted, telling her that she had on the same bonnet that she was now wearing. (This was on Monday.) Her reply was that she got the bonnet new Saturday and that it had been so very stormy on Sunday that she did not go out of the house, and while doing her washing this forenoon, a lady came in just before dinner and wanted her to come up and ask if I would take part in an entertainment to be given at the church, and at that time had considerable conversation in regard to my personal appearance, in connection with this character that she was to ask me to represent, etc.

Mrs. G. T. G., mother of Mrs. N. G., confirms as follows:—

I remember the circumstance of my daughter seeing the lady coming up the street. She said: "There comes Mrs. Davis," and as I did not see the lady we let it pass, thinking she did not see her or anyone else. Shortly after dinner of the same day, Mrs. D. came to our house. My daughter asked her if she had not been up this way in the forenoon. Her reply: "No; I have not been out of the house before to-day for I have been very busy, but was thinking very strongly of you in the forenoon, as we are going to have tableaux at our entertainment at the church and want you for 'Rebecca at the well.' I thought I would come up to see you after dinner and so here I am."

My daughter reiterated, "But you must have been up this way to-day," to which Mrs. D. insisted she had not.

I will further state that she had on the same apparel that my daughter described when she thought she saw her in the forenoon.

The other experience was recent, and the account of it was sent to me on the day immediately following. Mrs. G. writes, on May 18, 1888: —

. . . For nearly two weeks I have had a lady friend visiting us from Chicago and last Sunday we tried the cards and in every instance I told the color and kind; but only two or three times was enabled to give the exact number. . . .

I must write you of something that occurred last night; after this lady, whom I have mentioned above, had retired and almost immediately after we had extinguished the light, there suddenly appeared before me a beautiful lawn and coming toward me a chubby, yellow-haired little boy, and by his side a brown dog which closely resembled a fox. The dog had on a brass collar and the child's hand was under the collar just as if he was leading or pulling the dog. The vision was like a flash, came and went in an instant. I immediately told my friend and she said: "Do you know where there are any matches?" and began to hurriedly clamber out of bed. I struck a light, she plunged into her trunk, brought out a book, and pasted in the front was a picture of her little boy and his dog. They were not in the same position that I saw them but the dog looked exceedingly familiar. Her little boy passed into the beyond about four years ago. . . .

Mrs. I. F. corroborates as follows: —

May 18, 1888.

I wish to corroborate the statements of Mrs. N. G. relative to . . . and her wonderful vision of my little boy, and my old home. Mrs. G. never saw the place, the little child, and never even heard of the peculiar-looking dog, which was my little son's constant companion out of doors. She never saw the photograph which was pasted in the back of my Bible and packed away.

(signed) I. F.

Mrs. G.'s experience in this last case reminds us of the description given by Mrs. C. in the case cited above, of the vision to her of Dr. G. in the blue velvet dress. The visions appear to be as it were half-way between a simple mental picture and a complete externalization. And in each case the vision of the percipient was not improbably a reproduction of the picture in the mind of the agent.

Even from the few specimen experiences before us we may infer that there are ghosts and ghosts, and that before we either tremble or scoff at the thought of a disembodied spirit, it behooves us to seek further into the rarer qualities of the human individual while yet embodied, to explain the ghosts of the living of whom we know much, before we attempt to explain the ghosts of the dead, of whom we know so little.

But we have not yet exhausted our types of ghosts. Those

that we have considered so far, apart from any special signification which we may give to the term ghosts, have fallen unquestionably into one of two classes — ghosts of the dead, and ghosts of the living. What now shall we say of *death-wraiths*, the commonest type of all, the figures that are seen by friends at a distance at the time of the death of the persons whose apparitions are seen? Are these ghosts of the dead or ghosts of the living? Further, how are we to class the figures seen at different times by different persons, and the various noises, etc., alleged to occur, in houses reputed to be "haunted"? These points I must leave for consideration in my next article.

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP.

BY NICHOLAS P. GILMAN.

THE system of recompensing labor which is known in France, where it has its greatest vogue, as participation in profits (*participation aux bénéfices*) commonly receives the name in England of Industrial Partnership. Treating this system of late in full detail,* I preferred to use, as a rule, a phrase identical in meaning with the French term. "Profit sharing" should be defined by the addition of the words "between employer and employee." Mr. Sedley Taylor obscured a proper distinction when he qualified the division as one "between labor and capital." It is not the capitalist but the employer, as such, who contracts with the employee; even when the two functions are united, as they often are in the same person, they should be kept logically distinct.

Profit sharing, thus defined, is a step forward, both natural and necessary, "in the evolution of the wages system." But two or three of the most forcible, as they are also the most recurrent, objections to this development derive their apparent strength from a very obvious criticism on the name of it. Profit and loss are the Siamese twins of business. If one is mentioned the other immediately presents itself to the mind. Hence the one commonest of objections to any scheme of profit sharing is that it does not mention the sharing of losses by the employee. Because loss is not associated with "profit" in the name of the method, it does not by any means follow, however, that no provision has been made in fact to remedy the inequity which it requires no keenness of mind to detect on the surface. If we consider the matter a little more closely, we shall see that the standard systems of profit sharing now in effect come off victorious from the encounter with an objection the whole force of which lies in its immediate plausibility.

* Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One point only need be remembered to change the vigor of the criticism in question into weakness. No party to an industrial undertaking can rightly be expected to lose what he did not put in. The capitalist who loans money to establish a manufactory may, in the course of trade, lose not only interest — the usual return for his investment — but a part of the funds themselves also, which he has put in. The manager, who has hired this money, may fail of that recompense to which his business talent and his labor of mind seem to entitle him, in salary and profits. What he puts into the undertaking is skill as a manager, be it great or small. As long as the business is decently prosperous, he draws or allows himself a salary in proportion to the demands of the place. If it flourishes he takes a large share of the profits, if not all. But if it is unsuccessful, he can only redouble, if possible, his pains and skill. The capitalist does not require him in a bad year, or a series of bad years, to pay back a part of the large salary which he received in the preceding prosperous time. The manager fails first to obtain a profit above his salary and the interest due. If the misfortune continues and the payment of interest becomes uncertain, he will next curtail his salary (the workmen are not now under consideration) which stands as the just recompense of his output of mental power. He does not diminish that output, as compared with more successful years; he is more likely to increase it. But he *loses* in bad years the difference between his normal salary and that which he actually receives; he does not pay out of this reduced salary a portion towards making good the loss of interest to the capitalist. He puts in brains; he loses a part of the usual recompense of brains in business.

Now we come to the employee. He contributes hand-labor, qualified by a varying amount of intelligence, to the joint undertaking, to which the capitalist has given money and the employer industrial and commercial skill. For this hand-labor he receives, under the common wages-system, a fixed return by the day or week. He can expect nothing beyond this in the shape of a share, however small, in the net profits after all expenses for interest, salaries, wages, reserve, depreciation, and repairs have been met. Let us suppose that his employer admits him to a share in the profits, determined in all its aspects by the employer, and

moderate in size especially because based on a calculation on the probabilities of a series of years. Under the stimulus of this additional return the workman is expected to increase the efficiency of his labor, as regards quantity and quality of product, economy, carefulness, and good order. He does so, and thus makes an extra contribution to the business, as compared with the common workman. At the end of the year, if it is prosperous he receives a bonus. This is not a sheer gift from the employer; it is a fair return, warranted by the nature of the industrial contract and by the state of trade, for his increased contribution to the joint undertaking.

But if the year has brought no profit to the concern, and no loss, the employee who has put forth this extra effort receives no return for it in the shape of a bonus. He obtains his wages as the manager takes his salary, both sums being the return which it is desirable, for many reasons, shall suffer from no retroactive demands.

In bad years the manager loses a reward for his mental service going beyond the fixed salary supposed to correspond to the average state of prosperity in the business. So, likewise, the employee fails of a return for the extra-ordinary manual service he has rendered, the amount of effort by which he has surpassed the usual achievement of workers in his industry. If times continue bad, salaries and wages both fall, as they must. But the manager will not be assessed on his past year's salary to pay interest to the capitalist. No more should the workman be called upon to pay back anything out of his wages to make good the salary of the manager, or the interest of the capitalist. The workmen contribute one kind of effort, the manager another, and the capitalist the stored-up-effort in money. It is thus clear that in a profit-sharing establishment the workman shares losses in bad years, even if his wages are not reduced.

Furthermore, no wise firm, whether giving its employees a share in realized profits or not, neglects to lay up a reserve fund out of the profits of good years to meet the probable losses of bad times. An annual payment to such a reserve fund precedes any dividend, in excess of interest, salary, and wages, until the reserve has reached a perfectly safe size. To its formation, the employee in a profit-sharing firm contributes as well as the manager, for if there were no such reserve the

bonus to the employee and the profit to the employer would be larger. The workman thus adds in prosperous times to a fund expressly intended to meet the losses of adverse years; in these latter years he suffers a loss of the bonus which measures roughly his unusual exertion as compared with that of the simple wage-earner.

It will be further asserted, however, and very properly, that the capitalist is exposed to the risk of losing his capital in whole or in part, as well as his interest, owing to the incapacity or the misfortunes of the employer. The employer, too, who has prospered a number of years and laid up a fortune, small or great, may come to times when he must break in upon this accumulation in order to pay the interest to the capitalist which he has not realized from his business. If then the workman is not called upon to pay back any share of his wages, which he has saved up, is there not an obvious inequity, despite all that has thus far been urged in his defence? The answer is plain. There would be an injustice if the workmen received as much of the profit as the employer or the capitalist. But, in fact, no profit-sharing establishment places the three parties on an equality. A portion of the profits, ranging from five or ten per cent. up to twenty or twenty-five, goes to the employees. This division is justified by the fact that they are free from the much greater risks which the manager and the capitalist incur. An equal division could only be defended did the workmen incur similar risks. But the actual inequality of the shares of profit corresponds well to the inequality of the risks among the three parties.

We have thus taken the bull squarely by the horns. We have used the term "Profit Sharing," which offers so easy an opening for the objection that no provision is made for the sharing of losses. Such provision *is* made in reserve funds; losses *are* shared in profit-sharing firms, as we see if we bear in mind the whole output of effort. Those who dwell on this objection as finally disposing of the whole matter practise a curiously cheap-and-easy style of argument. They make a remarkable reflection upon the mental abilities of the two hundred firms now practising the system in question if they suppose it has never occurred to these firms. The fact that so many establishments have adopted profit sharing, when the objection must have presented itself at the

outset to them, would seem to intimate its fallacious character.

Putting aside however, all the preceding argument, in which the term Profit Sharing has occurred only too frequently, let us approach the fact for which the term stands from another side. Man has no greater helper than words, and he often has no worse enemy. When they present themselves to him as fully equal to expressing reality, they lead him astray. Our friends, the Prohibitionists, for instance, declaim earnestly against the "license" of the liquor traffic by government as if it were making money out of acknowledged crime. But the private citizen has neither license nor liberty to sell liquor as freely as he pleases. The people regard it as a dangerous traffic, and "control" or "regulate" it as strictly as they think the existing state of moral civilization will allow. The legal document called a liquor license is largely a restriction on the holder; it is altogether a restriction on all but the small body of liquor sellers. The rest of the community is absolutely inhibited from engaging in the business.

In the industrial world there is a somewhat similar confusion about the matter we are discussing. "Profit sharing" is but one feature of a certain system of associating employer and employee. "Industrial partnership" is a term which includes this feature and numerous others. It is the more comprehensive term, and it is also the more characteristic. The advocates of profit sharing do not need to seek the advantage of a name less open to obvious retort, but it is said to be a test of a good thought that it will bear a change of clothing. If both the advocates and the opponents of profit sharing, then, will look carefully at the entirely synonymous name "Industrial Partnership," and consider all its implications, new light may result and the principle be more fully appreciated as good, because of its novel dress — novel, that is to say in this country, where the English term for profit sharing is not familiar.

The central difficulty in the existing labor situation is the loss of the feeling of association in a common cause which characterized the relation of master and man in the simple and limited industries of former times. The farmer working his own land with his sons to help him is an instance of perhaps the closest kind of interested co-operation. When his farm requires the work also of two or three "hired men,"

he continues in the field, superintending and working side by side with them. The shoemaker in the little shops which used to be so common in Massachusetts sat on the bench in the same room with his small company of workmen. In these two industries, not to go further for instances, the association of employer and employee was close and familiar. Labor troubles were very slight in such an atmosphere. But in these days of great shoe factories using the most elaborate machinery and employing hundreds of men the productive industry and the commercial handling of the product are sharply separated. The factory and the counting-room know each other, at most, only by sight. The space which separates a shoe factory in Milford from the selling office in Boston is but a slight index of the personal separation between the actual shoemaker and the partners in the firm. The field is thus open for every kind of misunderstanding, suspicion, and dislike. The record of recent industry shows how well this opportunity is improved. The usual attitude of the two parties in too many instances is ill-concealed hostility.

The primitive feeling of partnership has vanished in the stupendous development of modern industrial civilization. Master and man talk of each other as if they were two distinct species, with the fewest possible points of sympathy or contact between them. It is this profound alienation between those who hire labor on a large scale and their employees that strikes the rest of the world as the most lamentable feature of modern industrial warfare. The employer is too wont to treat his men as so many machines, or, at the best, as creatures largely irrational. The workman regards the owner of the vast establishment where he toils as a selfish tyrant, chiefly bent on reducing wages to the lowest possible point. The masters combine against the men and the men combine against the masters. Workingmen dream of the happy day when all industry shall be purely co-operative and the employing class be abolished. The capitalist dreams, perchance, of the time when improved machinery shall have reduced the need of hand-labor to its minimum. Meanwhile, the right and natural combination of the employer and his men in each industrial establishment is left out of sight.

It is not possible, of course, to call back the simple arrangements of primitive industry. Mediæval guilds have perished, too, with the ages that brought them forth. The

scale of modern industry no longer permits the employer to know his men personally. The fundamental question, however, is not to be put by: Is not the old spirit of association capable of revival in some new form? Mankind has gone on swiftly in these later times, in a marvellous development of manufacture and commerce. Carried along by its tremendous material sweep, we have had little time or thought to spend upon that most important matter, the adjustment of the new material conditions according to the laws of morality and humanity. The morally "unreasoning progress of the world" has brought us to the days of lock-outs, black-lists, strikes, and boycotts, in one word, to industrial war. Our foremost need now is to pause and reflect on the means of reconciliation of the hostile classes. We may be very sure that the problem is largely a moral one, and at the same time that the solution must be grounded on a readjustment of the material interests involved. Fine words butter no parsnips, and to little purpose do employers repeat that the interests of labor and capital are one. *Which* one, we may well ask, as in the case of a matrimonial contract. The answer that the common capitalist practically makes is evident. The employing class have yet to convince the world at large of the sincerity of this profession of the identity of interests of capital and labor.

Standing in no attitude of hostility to employers, and rejecting totally the notion that they are to be superseded, I am firmly of the opinion that they should now take some forward step in the reasoning, conscious evolution of the wages system. Such a move is in the direct line of their own interest. For, as M. Charles Secretan has lately said: "Whether we regret it or rejoice over it, the fact remains that society cannot be fossilized, and the alternative is not, as some would fain believe, between the enfranchisement of the masses or the perpetuity of their serfdom and vassalage, but between enfranchisement and the universal bondage with which a state socialism threatens us." He continues: "Socialism knows perfectly well that co-operation is its deadliest foe, while the dissatisfied are its abettors. Two ways, and only two, lie open before us — to revolt against the reign of liberty by coercion and violence, or to support it by reforms freely effected. We advocate the latter course. We advise masters to give their employees a share in their profits. We recom-

mend to the wage-earning class co-operative stores, with a view to collective saving and to the combination of producers."

The best kind of socialism is the kind which employers have it fully in their power to inaugurate and develop — partnership with their workmen. This evidently should not be a *commercial* partnership. The workmen have not the capital to contribute. As a body, in any given establishment, they have not the acquaintance with the conditions of trade which would make their advice of value. Of commercial skill they are naturally destitute, and their interference with the books or the plans of the partners who combine their capital and their skill in the firm would be ruinous. The confusion by workmen of the two kinds of partnership, industrial and commercial, is the cause of the failure of most co-operative productive establishments. The same confusion, by business men, is the source of the chief objection to profit sharing — that it does not carry along with it loss sharing out of wages paid. When the distinction is clearly made and firmly held, co-operative workmen will leave the commercial conduct of their factory to a manager, with large powers and a high salary; and employers will cease to ask that workmen shall share losses which are due to the commercial department.

Profit sharing rests for its justification upon the fact that in the industrial department of a business the workmen increase the quantity of the product, improve its quality, take better care of implements, economize materials, diminish the cost of superintendence, and put an end to labor troubles, in view of a promised bonus. The existing evidence going to prove this fact is now accessible to every employer, and need only be here alluded to. No one claims that profit sharing gives the workmen skill in buying raw material or in selling the finished product.

The limit to which the industrial partnership should go is thus easily discernible. If the workmen in a productive establishment actually make the gains just indicated in quantity, quality, economy, and good order, then they earn a bonus in addition to wages. If the employer chooses, he can make the bonus payable in every year when this gain over the usual cost of manufacture is realized, without regard to the results in the commercial department. The Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company, of Stamford, Ct., practise such a system, devised by Mr. Henry R. Towne, to which he

gives the name of "Gain Sharing." * "It consists in ascertaining the present labor cost of a given product, and in dividing equitably with those engaged in producing it the gain or benefit accruing from increased efficiency or economy on their part." The industrial department being thus entirely separated from the commercial, a bonus to labor might be earned, and would have to be paid, in years when the commercial department showed a loss. So far as the workmen are concerned, they have done all they could to help the firm by diminishing the actual cost of manufacture. One part of the gain in production has gone to them and the other to the firm. Both parties, therefore, are gainers so far by the industrial partnership.

Professional advocates of "the cause of labor" (whose own exertions are chiefly vocal) will denounce even this kind of association under which the employees would get a bonus in every year in which the usual cost of production is diminished by them, because the employer also profits by the decrease. But advantage to all parties concerned is the very essence of partnership of any kind. It would be a curious invitation, in a world where self-interest must play an important rôle in human affairs, did we ask the employing class to adopt a new system which is to work only to the benefit of the workmen. The sound position is that every step of genuine progress is a benefit to all who take it. The workman objecting to a ten per cent. bonus on his wages, because his employer has also increased his gains, from the rise in the quality of labor, is fit for the lunatic asylum. It is not the industrious workmen who make this remarkable objection to any improvement of their own condition, but those persons who imagine that a benefit to one class should always be accompanied by an injury to another, and who would be seriously disturbed by seeing employer and employee prospering together in a real partnership!

The method called Gain Sharing is more favorable to the workmen than the less strictly logical system of profit sharing, or industrial partnership, under which the payment of a bonus to labor is conditioned on the commercial prosperity of the firm. This brief consideration of it will however help, I

* I have elsewhere described it briefly, and it may be found in detail in the Tenth Volume of the Transactions of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

trust, to enlighten those who rest in the argument for loss sharing as finally disposing of profit sharing. If gains are made in one department by workmen, and losses are incurred in another with which they have nothing to do, it is not reasonable that they should be called upon to share these losses out of their wages if they have received no bonus on account of the gain they have made in production. They take the risks of labor and they improve its quality and quantity. If they do this, it is highly irrational to ask them to share also the risks of capital and management. The irrationality would vanish did the workmen own shares, have free access to the books and a voice in the control of the business. But the undesirability of these features, all together, is to nobody more clear than to the advocates of loss sharing out of wages.

How far shall the partnership between master and men go? It should be confined to the industrial department, and stop short of a voice in the management, inspection of the accounts, and responsibility for losses. These three things stand together. Establish the third, and you must admit the first two; deny the advisability of the first two, and you must also reject the equity of the third.

Gain sharing is probably too logical an arrangement for the mass of employers; they would be unwilling to pay a bonus to labor in years in which the business as a whole, including the productive and the commercial departments, shows no profit or a positive loss. The practical effect of the majority of profit-sharing systems in operation to-day is that the workman takes the risk that the commercial department will do as well as the industrial department of the manufactory. The workmen have it fully in their power to make a reduction from the present average cost of production in an iron foundry or a cotton mill, and if they do not accomplish this, then profit sharing would be recommended to little purpose and with slight reason. Making their contribution to the success of the business as a whole, they must then depend upon the business ability of the firm for the payment of any bonus. But this dependence is probably the best arrangement for the producer. He allies himself, having industrial ability, with one or two or three men of commercial talent. If the firm cannot succeed in selling goods at a profit, much less would a combination of simple

producers be able to do it. The workman to-day depends for his wages, in the long run, upon the shrewdness and perseverance of his employer. It would probably be best in the great majority of cases where profit sharing is introduced that he should depend for his bonus also upon the same conditions. He then casts in his lot as a producer with the manager of the buying and selling department, and there is no separation in interests between the two departments, however logically desirable it might seem to be.

Thus considered, the objection that is most commonly raised to profit sharing, that it does not involve loss sharing, will be seen to be a boomerang in the hands of its users. The workman in an industrial partnership shares profits only when the whole establishment makes a profit to which he has contributed his share in his department. He fails to receive a bonus, and thus shares losses, when he has actually done his part toward making a dividend, but the firm has not done as well, because success with them is not so simple a matter. Objection might be made from the workman's side with more consistency than from the employer's side. But when we take both parties into full consideration and remember that it is a *partnership* they seek, in which one department must not expect to profit when the other is losing, then the equity of profit sharing becomes manifest.

The year 1889 has seen a marked growth of a public sentiment favorable to industrial partnership. At the Paris Exposition, the exhibition in the Group of Social Economy was one of the most noted features, "a collection," said President Carnot, "of invaluable information concerning productive industry and the means of improving it." Its second section was devoted to Profit Sharing and Co-operative Production. Here were to be seen in great abundance books, reports, charts, diagrams, and other illustrative matter, showing the history and present status of these two movements. The French Society devoted to the practical study of profit sharing, which had charge of this section, was recognized last March by a governmental decree as "an institution promoting the general welfare," and at the Exposition it was awarded a Grand Prize, in company with the Maison Leclaire and the Bon Marché, the foremost profit-sharing establishments of France. Medals—gold, silver, and bronze — were liberally bestowed on similar firms, at home

and abroad, and the authors of works on the system. Profit sharing, indeed, came off with flying colors and drums beating, from this industrial congress of the nations. Never before occupying an important place in such exhibitions, it can hardly fail of honor in future expositions where the condition of labor is represented. The entire Paris exhibit of Social Economy is to remain as the nucleus of a permanent museum which will not be least among the treasures of that city of libraries, collections, and galleries.

I was able to report last spring 137 establishments of all sizes, in Europe and America, in which profit sharing had been in operation, from one year to forty-seven. Later investigation by French and English authorities on the subject add 17 cases in France and Switzerland, and 20 in England; most of these are of recent date, but some run back a number of years. In the United States 6 additional instances have become known to me; there are doubtless numerous others in which the firms have reason for shunning publicity at present. The number of profit-sharing establishments enumerated in my volume should probably be diminished by subtracting 2 cases, making the number 135. Adding to this list the 17 French, the 20 English, and the 6 American instances, just mentioned, we have a total of 178 profit-sharing houses now. There are also in England 42 productive co-operative societies (not counted in my first list), which give the workmen a share in the profits. The grand total thus gives 220 business houses in which the principle of industrial partnership is to-day fully recognized.

The cordial reception which the year 1889 saw given by the American and English press to publications treating this just and sane plan of uniting the interests of employer and employee, is a plain sign that its progress is to continue. Undoubtedly, profit sharing has a future. That it will be prominent in the modified wages system of the new decade seems certain. It will be one among several methods generally recognized as more equitable and satisfactory than the unmodified time-wages system. More than this I am not disposed to claim for it; but it deserves a very fair and thorough trial in all directions. The result of such a trial will probably be to secure its adoption in many industries. Profit sharing is to be a great factor in solving the labor problem. This conviction strengthens as we listen to the variety of voices

which assert its justice and its reasonableness. I will here quote but two such utterances. They shall be of Englishmen, as we have used the English phrase, "industrial partnership."

Lord Derby (formerly Lord Stanley), speaking at Rochdale last month on labor questions, said: "I have a decided opinion as to the direction in which we ought to look. What is vaguely called co-operation — profit sharing would be a more accurate name — seems to me to give the best chance of reconciling employer and employed. It has, at any rate, three great advantages. It asks for no Parliamentary action, it meddles with no man's liberty, and it requires neither help nor money from the outside world. . . . I know that these successes have been gained in one department of industry mainly — that of distribution, and that where production is concerned the results have been more doubtful. That proves only that there is something left to be accomplished, not that the principle is unsound. For my own part I believe in the principle. That is to say, I believe that the most effectual way of reconciling employers and employed is to give them one interest. Where the worker gains directly by the prosperity of the business, he must be a hopeless idiot if he does not exert himself to the utmost of his power."

My second quotation emphasizes the union of aristocracy and democracy in business, of which profit sharing is a practical exemplification. When Edme-Jean Leclaire was dividing his first bonus to labor in 1843, Thomas Carlyle was thus writing in *Past and Present*. "A question arises here: Whether in some ulterior, perhaps some not far distant stage of this 'chivalry of labor' your master-worker may not find it possible and needful to grant his workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs? So that it become in practical result what in essential fact and justice it ever is—a joint enterprise; all men, from the chief master down to the lowest overseer and operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it; — which question I do not answer. The answer near or else far is perhaps, Yes;—and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises. I am told they do not tolerate 'freedom of debate' on board a Seventy-four! Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in cotton mills, and yet observe there too, freedom, not nomad's or ape's freedom, but man's freedom; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it! To

reconcile despotism with freedom: — well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way? It is to make your despotism *just*. Rigorous as destiny, but just, too, as destiny and its laws. The laws of God: all men obey these, and have no freedom at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way,— and courage and some other qualities are needed for walking on it."

The problem thus set by Carlyle, the man of thought — the reconciliation in industry of aristocracy and democracy — was soon worked out by Leclaire, the man of action!

ROBERT BROWNING'S MESSAGE TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JAMES T. BIXBY, D. D., PH. D.

It is a prevalent impression that our modern thought is of too independent a spirit, to be willing any longer to follow leaders, and that the chance for individual minds, however great, to make any strong impression on the age has gone by. Nevertheless, he who watches the currents about him will see, I think, that our age is, on the contrary, an age particularly desirous of guidance. The enthusiasm with which it runs after anyone in whom it finds suggestion of an outlook noticeably wider, or a vision considerably deeper than usual, is astonishing. The difficulty is usually, I think, not that there are not multitudes to-day ready to follow wise guides, but that these guides have rarely the needed combination of qualities to meet at once the demands of both the mind and heart of modern humanity. Our popular guides are apt to be too one-sided, seeing only one hemisphere of truth, and often but a narrow section in that. Take some of those whose writings are most revered as oracles and see what their position is on the great questions of faith and morals.

In Herbert Spencer, science is taken as a creed, and religion is regarded as a theory of the universe of the unverifiable order, which will more and more be recognized as irrelevant and superfluous.

To George Eliot, religion is not a speculation but a matter of feeling. While, of course, the supernatural realm is unknowable, we are yet summoned by irresistible sympathy and pity to alleviate the evanescent life of our fellow-sufferers in this vale of tears, and find our heaven in the improved social state and high-developed nationality that shall succeed us.

A Tolstoi tells us that we should wait neither for immortality nor posterity, nor trust in society nor politics, but realize the realm of peace and goodwill at *once* by fraterniz-

ing with the poorest, erasing all lines of race, abolishing government and property, and ceasing to resist evil.

A Newman cries: "All these wild new theories but demonstrate more clearly the error of abandoning the old ways and authority. Back to Rome. There is the only safety. To keep faith in God you must abhor faith in man as rebellion, and beat back resolutely the sceptical, corrosive human reason."

Is there any faith, then, possible to one acquainted with modern knowledge and glowing with the passions of the nineteenth century? Are all believing minds necessarily reactionary, hiding in crevices of antique rubbish? Or are all progressive minds necessarily sceptic and pessimistic? How shall we save faith in man and progress, and, at the same time, belief in God and heaven? and where can we find a guide whose spiritual stature is tall enough, whose vision is large and clear enough to include both worlds?

This is the problem that to-day perplexes thinking minds. And this was the fortunate rôle of Robert Browning, the happy combination that existed in him, that while his feet were planted firmly on the rock-ribbed earth, his eyes looked clearly into the heavens. He was a modern man of the amplest type, untiring in searching for reality, acquainted with all the nineteenth century's advances in knowledge, his veins throbbing with warmest red blood; and yet he was a religious pilgrim, who in earnest aspiration climbed Pisgah's height, to gaze on the promised land and breathe a rarer ether and a diviner air than the valleys of our daily life allow. In his poetic symphonies he ranged over the whole gamut of human emotion — the careless joyousness of youth and the vague yearnings of the brooding heart; the trumpet call to duty, and the pathetic minor strains of sorrow. All the chords and discords of our mingled humanity are found successively struck in his writings. What Wagner is among modern musicians, that Browning is among modern poets. His genius is dramatic. He likes to place what he has to say in the mouths of others. He delights to put himself inside the consciousness of an historic figure or some typical modern character, and unravel the motives that move them. It might seem, therefore, difficult to get at his real thought, but as a matter of fact we see very quickly that all these actors on his stage are but masks, through which Browning himself is speaking.

Thus, in spite of the dramatic form of his work, Browning had always a lesson to convey, a message to utter. His teaching, when you master the obscurity of the expression, is never ambiguous or hesitating. Its tone is thoroughly wholesome — a healthy tonic to enfeebled wills. In all the struggles of the great modern battle between flesh and spirit he may be counted upon with confidence as one to be found on the side of the angels. As Aaron in olden time stood before the altar, adorned with bells of gold and embroidered pomegranates on the hem of his robe round about, so, in the beautiful garments of poesy, fringed with the bells and pomegranates of exquisite fancy, does Browning stand in the great temple of humanity as a high-priest of the spiritual life.

This is the secret of his power. It is the popular idea of the day that literature, to be strong, should be realistic; and that realism means limitation to that which can be observed and verified by sense; fidelity to the visible and the natural. But no elevated poetry can grow on such arid soil as this. To awaken noble emotions, there must be noble incitements. To create that ideal light which poetry would shed over all things, there must be some solar corona of diviner power than that which astronomers photograph.

Now, Robert Browning possessed distinctively this poetic insight. He had the wisdom ever to "hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing that's spirit."

In all his writings, he delighted to show us "beyond the ugly actual,—lo! imagination's limitless domain." Thought is to him at once the centre of the nearest and the arc that carries its curve about the most distant. Mind is the key that unlocks all; and the whole world of matter in his view, is but the sphere of spirit, writ large and coarse for the dull eyes, who else could not discern it.

In this reality and supremacy of the spiritual, I find the harmonic note, the fundamental chord that runs through all Robert Browning's many volumes.

In his Essay upon Shelley, he describes the subjective poet as one who struggles toward "not what man sees, but what God sees." This world that lies plain to God's eye is what Browning has himself ever sought to discern, and to interpret the gross pictures upon the human retina by those finer, more eternal visions of the soul.

Every star, and rose, and beetling crag — the whole material world, is to Browning a shell within which this Divine life throbs. It is this felt proximity of the everlasting world that gives its charm to the landscapes of our changing world. It is these waves, unseen by all but the inner eye, that in the hour of lofty communion roll into the heart and flood it with joy, a mystic expression of infinite power looking forth from it, and the familiar outlines of our homely surroundings, and each kindly act of our daily companions, glow with an exhalation of love and beauty as if transfigured by some wonder-working master.

The things of the spiritual world then are to Browning the enduring realities. "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand fast." And the true knowledge is that which discloses this world, unseen by mortal eye. Our higher instincts and intuitions are not, to him, objects of suspicion, to be put into the crucible of philosophic analysis and dissolved into relics of pre-historic fear, selfishness, and superstition; but they are the rifts through which the light of spiritual truth, in the hour of high emotion, streams in upon us. Though in ordinary days our selfishness and dullness of heart obscure this true sunlight of the mind, yet to all, at times, the purer vision is vouchsafed. As the lover of Christina says: —

> "Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
> But not quite so sunk, that moments
> Sure, tho' seldom, are denied us,
> When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprize it, if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing."

Whence do these flashes come that blaze out of the midnight, and before which our swollen ambitions dwindle into nothingness? It is in the inmost centre of the spirit that truth dwells. Around, wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in, and to know, as is said in Paracelsus:—

> "Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
> Than in effecting entry for a light,
> Supposed to be without."

It is through his transparency to this inner soul-light that the true poet becomes "God's glow-worm," as he pictur-

esquely says; the luminous revealer of the Divine. And every earnest human soul, that is true to its higher instincts, becomes also, in proportion to its spiritual vision, an avenue for the incoming of Divine truth. Inspiration, in Browning's view, is no miraculous break in the circuit of human thought, but the glowing incandescence it assumes in him who lives in close communion with his maker. And Duty is no careful balance-sheet of the probable net results of action, as with George Eliot and Herbert Spencer, but faithful obedience to our purest ideal; resolute to stand by the vision that in our loftiest hour of insight we have reverenced: — though all the heaven of our happiness fall in ruin thereby.

Browning is thus a thorough-going intuitionalist. But there is more than one kind. Emerson and Carlyle were also intuitionalists. To Emerson, the source of truth was the intellect. To Carlyle it was the conscience. The supreme thing to the first was, therefore, knowledge; to the second it was Duty. But Browning knows what he considers a better oracle, a more precious thing yet. "The heart," as he makes Lucia say, "leads surelier." Love is the one thing that has intrinsic, supreme worth. That modern passion for knowledge that idolizes science as the key which is to unlock paradise for man, seems to him to have got hold of only one-half, and that the smaller half, of the truth. As he shows in Paracelsus, such a one-sided direction of our energies and expectations inevitably leads to failure. The exclusive worshipper of knowledge sleeps in fairy-land, to wake in bitter disappointment. To give completion to life, the thirst to know should be supplemented with the longings and outpourings of affection. "Take away love from human life, and our earth," as is said by Fra Lippo, "is a tomb." In this activity of the heart, human nature reaches its noblest expression. It is the crown of the most heroic; the saving salt in the lowest. As is said in Sordello, "It is love that leads the soul to its true perfection, and by this path alone can man in any degree approximate to God. It was our author's most happy lot both to woo and to win one of the purest, tenderest women whom the world has seen. The union of the two poets — Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett — was an ideal one; a complete harmony of mind and heart in which each inspired and strengthened the other. It is no wonder that the sunshine of such a love became to him

a source of illumination upon all the mysteries of existence. Henceforth, the natural world gained a new significance as the sphere wherein love shows itself and learns to understand its own nature; and as he comes to recognize human affection as no self-made invention, but the overflow of a more bounteous Fountain, he sees in this privilege of loving in turn and being beloved,

"Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent,"

and in this slow, impure affection of human flesh a sparkle of the Divine Glory. As it is God's most precious gift to man, so it is the clearest disclosure of God's essential nature. Without it, indeed, God would be unworthy of our reverence, no matter how infinite His power and majesty.

> The loving worm, within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Within his worlds."

This is the sublime truth in Christianity, — its picture of a God who overflows with pity for our infirmities, through whose thunder there comes the human voice of tender compassion, saying: "O heart I made, a heart beats here."

Now, to say that such a conception of God is baseless, is to make man's heart more loving than God's, and therefore the nobler. In proportion as we experience the range of the beneficent power of human love, we must believe in the Divine love. This is one of Browning's fundamental tenets. It is the source, first, of his constant faith in God's being; second, of his sunny hope and unswerving trustfulness. He holds that

> "The truth in God's breast
> Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed,"

and from the dim image of that which is noblest in humanity, we get assurance of the transcendent Godhead. How powerfully is this brought out in Browning's Saul. What a vivid picture is that of the agonized king, blind and stark with his pain, hanging on the cross-beam in the black tent in the desert. In song after song the sweet singer of Israel tries in vain to touch the better soul within the possessed man. In vain he chants of the beauty and peace of nature,— the tale of human joys and sorrows; in vain he reminds him of his own glorious past, and the elevation of the lot of posterity that comes by personal suffering. But though he goes the

whole round of creation, nothing seems to stir the crushed heart of the king. David's sympathy seems to outrun God's compassion. Then the truth flashes over David.

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift, that I doubt His own love can compete with it?" In that case, he says, the creature would surpass his creator.

"Would I fain in my impotent yearning, do all for this man?
And dare doubt He alone shall not do it, who yet alone can?
Would I suffer for him that I love?
So wouldst thou,— so wilt thou.
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown;
And thy love fill infinitude wholly."

It is thus that the magnet of the unselfish heart points to the pole-star of a divine love. But while Browning's faith in God's existence is firm, his conception of His character is by no means the orthodox one. For that popular anthropomorphism that projects into the divine nature so much of human nature's crudest dross, he has a profound contempt. In "Caliban upon Setebos, or, Natural Theology in the Island," he satirizes in the most stinging manner the low ideas of Deity prevailing in the popular churches. By the island, of course, he means Christendom; Setebos is its God, and Caliban the thick-headed dogmatist who thinks God as capricious and tyrannical as he himself would be if elevated to the post of Lord of the universe. Caliban lies in the ooze and revolves in his mind what sort of a life and being that of his mother's God must be, and what he himself would do, were he the creator and ruler of all things about him. As he himself once built up a fanciful structure of turfs and chalk, and ornamented it in his rude way, not for any use, but just to occupy the time, and some day knock it down again,— so he fancies his God creates. He would like to make a bird out of clay, and if the creature should break a leg, and pray to have the wrong repaired, he would perhaps

"Give the manniken three legs for one,
Or pluck the other off, and leave him like an egg,
And lessened he was mine and merely clay."

So his God, he fancies, makes and mars human clay according to His caprice. Setebos is a stern and jealous God, and the best way to escape his ire is "not to seem too happy." So Caliban only "dances in the dark," when his

God cannot see him, and "moans in the sun," when eyes may be upon him. If he aroused the anger of his God, he would think the best way to avert his jealousy and to appease him to be, —

> "To cut a finger off,
> Or of my three kid yearlings, burn the best."

How grovelling and irrational seem such ideas of the Divine! Yet how little more degraded are they than the notions contained in many an accepted creed, and preached in the pulpit of many a popular church? In these current doctrines of divine election, and damnation, and vicarious atonement, or in these ascetic mortifications of the flesh which so many practice for forty days, what else do we see than the superstitious relics of the Caliban period of the human mind?

One of the accepted attributes of God is that of His Omnipresence; yet in the current faith of Christianity, even among the soundest believers, it is tacitly ignored, and all their philosophy makes a profound gulf between Nature and God. To Browning, however, this universal nearness of God is a living truth. As he makes one of his characters say: —

> "He glows above with scarce an intervention,
> Presses close and palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours."

The whole vast structure of the world, in fact, seems to Browning but the walls of a divine temple, and the face of God, that former generations saw lean above it, and later sceptics have analyzed away, —

> "That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes, but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and grows."
> — *Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ.*

With such an intimate consciousness of God, there is, of course, no room in Browning's philosophy for pessimism. He is an optimist of the most serene sort. His faith in a Providence that orders all things is unquestioning. To him

> "God is the perfect poet,
> Who in creation acts His own conceptions,"

and as His power is equal to His love, all must be right. "God guides me and the bird," as Paracelsus says, "and

therefore in good time I shall arrive at the goal of my journey." Beneath the prickly burr of evil things Browning recognizes a sweet kernel of good, and in the most deformed human nature a power of final deliverance. Even as he gazes on the mortal remains of the miserable suicide in the morgue by the Seine, he feels the hope that

> "A sun will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That after last returns the first,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched;
> That what began best, can't end worst,
> Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

"But do we in this world," the hard-headed man of fact will demand, "see such compensations and happy consummations? Within our brief earthly life is there, indeed, room and verge enough for them?" It is not there that Browning looks for them. Believing in the soul within man as our true being, he naturally believes that it does not cease its existence with the decay of the *flesh*. His faith is that

> "All that is at all
> Lasts ever, past recall.
> What entered into thee,
> That was, is, and shall be."

In "Evelyn Hope," "La Saisiaz," "The Ring and the Book," "Prospice," "Any Wife to any Husband," this firm faith in a continued personal existence and the joyful hope of a happy reunion with those we love, is the conviction lying at the foundation. That which sustains his lovers, even in the bitter hour when the grave yawns for the beloved one, is the faith that Elvire voices, "Love is all, and death is nought." Eternity is ahead in which to complete all that we have begun here. It is this conception that, in a "Grammarian's Funeral," vindicates the pin-points upon which the special student works. It is a bad prudence that draws the circle prematurely at the earth's horizon, and says: "Live now or never." The truly wise throw on God the task

> "To make the heavenly period perfect the earthen.
> What's time?
> Leave now for dogs and apes. Man has forever."

In that forever there is room for the vindication of all earth's injustices, the setting right of all the failures, the realizing of every earnest aspiration. With what lofty

beauty of expression and what convincing cogency of thought this is brought out in "Abt Vogler." Extemporizing on the organ which he has invented, and pouring into his playing all his feelings of yearning and aspiration, he evokes a magic palace of sweet sounds, whose musical forms and arabesques, rising ever higher and higher, soar aloft; as St. Peter's dome, at a midnight illumination, towers through the sky's expanse, his soul, upborne on the surging waves of harmony, has reached the highest elevation, till he seems to have overpassed all limitations of space and time, and to know nought but the inconceivable splendors of the heavens that flash on his ecstatic spirit. Wrapt in his emotions, his hands had dropped, and the fairy structure had melted into thin air. Like the baseless fabric of a dream it had vanished, and with it, his lofty mood. Depressed at the sudden loss and descent to earthly scenes, the sad tears involuntarily start. He turns in his melancholy mood to Him, the Ineffable One, who, like the musician, but on a still grander scale, is a Builder of houses not made with hands. And then the word of reassurance comes to the musician. He sees how idle it is to doubt when God's power expands his heart with any noble longing, but what that same Power can satisfy the aspiration which it has quickened. God's present love is the assurance, likewise, of His continuing care, for He is not one who raises expectations merely to disappoint. As all true life and energy are rooted in God, no effort shall be in vain.

"There shall never be one lost good. What was shall live as before.
All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist—
The high that proved too high: the heroic for earth too hard
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,—
Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it by-and-by.

It is in the illumination of these same high faiths, that Browning looks upon human existence. "What is the object of life?" is a question repeatedly asked at the present day. And our scientific oracles, to whom the multitude turn nowadays for instruction, seem to have great difficulty in answering. They search land and water, the prince's palace and the philosopher's sanctum, in vain, to find much, if anything, that makes life worth living. Browning's muse, however, is singularly clear and confident on this point.

Whatever vagueness and confusion this modern Sibyl may exhibit in other points, here she sings no uncertain note. To Browning this world is no blot,

> "No blank,
> It means intensely, and means good."

And that good is "the development of the soul," the unfolding of the divine seed within us to its appointed fulness. "Why stay we on the earth," as he makes Cleon ask, "unless to grow?" Or, as Norbert says in the drama, "In a Balcony," "I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man." When we have once recognized this as our destined work, we see how all things in life may minister to it. Even the most outward things, all the attractions of flesh and sense, "the lip's red charm, the pride of the brow," may be turned, by the soul that knows how to use them, "from an earthly gift to an end divine." And not only may all the joys and blessings of the earth minister to this spiritual discipline — but still more, life's temptations and trials. Were there no evil to wrestle with, our moral muscles would lose all that exercise that is essential to produce "the wrestling thews that throw the world." The primal thesis to him is

> "Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
> Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.
> Grant this?— then man must pass from old to new,
> From vain to real, from mistake to fact;
> From what once seemed good, to what now proves best.
> How could man have progression otherwise?"

It is this power of ascent from lower to higher that is, in our poet's view, the distinctive mark of *man*, as distinguished from the God above who can do all he knows, and the beasts below, who can know no more than they can perform. Our temptations are not then, defects in life's plan, but, as the old Pope says in the "Ring and the Book," the opportunity for man mastering them, "to be pedestalled in triumph, learning anew the use of soldiership, self-abnegation, freedom from all fear"; and thus, by stern experience, he becomes "Initiated in Godship; set to make a fairer moral world than this he finds." It is when the fight begins within himself, as Bishop Blougram says, that a man's worth something. "God stoops o'er his head, Satan looks up

between his feet; both tug, he's left himself in the middle; the soul wakes and grows."

The discords in our life's symphony, as Abt Volger intimates, are but thrown in, to make the harmony more prized. Or better, to use the beautiful figure in Rabbi Ben Ezra's soliloquy: "Man is like the clay in the hands of a Master Artist, who by spiritual processes will shape up to fulfil his wise purpose." Bound to the wheel of life, whirling dizzily around, how can we understand the form or use that Divine Moulder of our life designs us for? It is for us to trust that each pressure and groove and whirl contributes something to give the soul its finished shape, and when completed the cup will be as perfect in its way as the Infinite Wisdom that fashions it can make it. It is the part alike of humility and of wisdom to say, with the pious Rabbi: —

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough;
> Each sting, that bids nor sit or stand but go;
> Be our joy, three parts pain?
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain.
> Learn, nor account the pang.
> Dare, — never grudge the throe."

And this brings us to the great practical problem of life. How most wisely to use it, — how to carry ourselves in the presence of these two worlds — that of flesh and of soul. The true human life, in Browning's view, is neither that which scorns earth nor that which ignores heaven. Man is properly (to use a favorite figure of his) an amphibian. Our life is like that of the swimmer — the sea beneath him, the heaven above him. Immersed in the grosser element, he breathes and lives by the more ethereal medium. He sees and knows the upper air and the infinite, star-jewelled azure, though all the fishes, whose only thought is to nibble the sea-weed on the bay's bottom, declare such things non-existent. The life of the emancipated spirit, we are as yet unequal to. But we must either strive after it, living with them in dream and longing, till our wings also unfurl.

That to which Browning summons mankind, therefore, as the supreme virtue, is earnest, unfailing aspiration. "'Tis not what man does that exalts him," he says, "but what man would do." As long as we cherish within us, as a sacred fire, the longing for a glory beyond all earth's glory, there is

hope. It is only when we find ourselves resting in satisfaction with our own finite achievements, that we should feel discouraged. This is the lesson hinted in Andrea Del Sarto, the faultless painter. His technique is perfect. Color and drawing exactly match and accurately embody all that his mind conceives. And it is just for this reason, because he has no infinitude of aspiration beyond all that marble or pigments can express, that he falls below the rank of a supreme artist, such as Raphael or Michael Angelo.

> "A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's heaven for?"

The spirit of Browning's poetry is always, therefore, cheerful, brave, and sympathetic. Sunshine and love always lie ahead and above us. Toward all the wanderings of human passion and the errors of finite thought, he has immense leniency. As an intuitionalist, he naturally cares little for tradition and authority. His religion carries a candle of the Lord, all its own. For the forms and creeds, liturgies and institutions in which Christian faith in various quarters has embodied itself, he has small interest. If there is no life-blood of reverent trust and warm, unselfish ardor coursing within them, they are but as mummies, turning their blind eye-balls to the sky. But if these spiritual pulses are there, then they shall not fail to nourish the soul, however they are named. No matter how humble or imperfect be the world of such devotion, it shall be accepted by the Heavenly Judge. As the little silk-winder sung, "All service ranks same with God." Though his own convictions of the reality of the invisible world are firm, he has the broadest charity for all various forms of faith, and even for the most radical scepticisms. We find in his pages much of the deep things of faith, the essence of our common Christianity. But we find in them nothing of narrowness and sectarianism. You may read through the whole long row of his published writings in vain to learn to what denomination he belongs. All you will find is that his faith is as firm as it is free. His religion is the recognition of love as the noblest dower of man and the inner life of the universe, and he reveres Christianity as the best expression of this divine affection. Every church within which we can find the heart-beats of an earnest faith deserves, in his view, our regard. With what wonderful

power and beauty has he enforced in his poem of "Christmas-Eve" this duty of sympathy with all sincere forms of worship, however diverse or imperfect. First, he describes for us the little Dissenting Chapel, in a squalid knot of alleys, where the poet, overtaken by a rain, has sought shelter. He paints with graphic realism the shabby, common-place worshippers, the "lead-like pressure of the preaching man's immense stupidity," and the juiceless dogmas in which salvation was shut up. Disgusted with this narrow shrine, he flings himself out of the chapel, and in the marvellous lunar rainbow that sweeps across the sky the beauty and power of Nature to impress the heart are depicted. Then the Christ appears and shows him that in different ways he has been with him just as much in the humble chapel as in the grand natural spectacle that he has been admiring. Under the lead of the Christ, he is brought next before the miraculous dome of St. Peter's, and into the midst of all the gorgeous ceremonials of the Roman worship, and from thence to the lecture-room of a rationalistic German professor, as, in his search for truth, he analyzes the Christ-myth, as the critic calls it, and in both cathedral and lecture-room the Christ is present; and then, waking from his dream, the poet finds himself back in the little chapel, and there comes to his heart, as the lesson of all, this truth, that we should never despise the water of life because it is mingled with some inevitable taint of earth, but ever "above the scope of error, see the love"; and in all the variously-shaped vessels of sincere faith recognize the fruit of that vine by which the spirit is quickened.

Such are the cardinal points in Browning's faith.

A common speculation of the present day is, as to what shall be the faith of the future? And every "ism," every ecclesiastical organization likes to present itself as the coming Saviour of the race. To my mind the faith that humanity needs, and that one day — I know not how distant — but surely some day, — it shall adopt, is a faith in its large features, like that of Browning; a faith, reverent yet rational, spiritual yet liberal. The modern mind cannot be permanently satisfied with either the superstitions that have prevailed, or the scepticisms that are now from every quarter urged upon it. The thought of a generation that has been enlarged by such grand discoveries as Science and Philosophy

have in these latter days made, cannot be confined in the petty circles of the old traditions and dogmas. It will welcome no faith that does not give a corresponding welcome to all possible progress.

On the other hand, no researches of the intellect can eliminate from man his heart and conscience, nor make him content, while that finer half of his nature is bound and gagged. The dry rationalism that, because of the mythical and historical uncertainties, or the scientific derivations in which modern objectors rebel, would reject Christianity altogether, is as rash a proceeding as to pour out the baby with the bathing water, as the only means of cleansing the tub. The faith or the philosophy, then, that will meet the wants of posterity, must have food for both the intellect and the heart. The teaching that shall convert the man of the twentieth century will not be threats of hell-fire, nor dry argument, however close-knit, but it will be rather of the nature of those tender, penetrating strains by which David expelled the evil spirits from Saul's breast: — a harmony of thought and feeling in which the seeking note of Divine Love throbs through every chord. It should present Christianity, as Browning does, not as a theory, but as a life. It should ever seek, as he says, to "leaven earth as we may, with heaven." Its voice should be resonant with hope and courage, finding God-service in every earnest-seeking — a soul-victory in every faithful struggle. In all these points, Browning is the Psalmist of the future's faith,— that new gospel which is but the old Gospel of Christ in modern version. What better creed may humanity ask to inscribe over the portal of its coming church than this from Browning's "Guardian Angel"?

> "O world as God made it,— all is beauty.
> And knowing this,— is love — and love is duty."

What further may be sought for or declared?

REMINISCENCES OF DEBUTS IN MANY LANDS.

HELENA MODJESKA.

First Paper.

I.— BOCHNIA. *

BOCHNIA is a small town of two or three thousand inhabitants in that part of Poland which belongs to Austria, and which is called the Kingdom of Galitzia. It lies about fifty miles east of Cracow. In old times Bochnia was a place of note, celebrated for its salt mines. At present the mines are nearly exhausted, and cannot compare with those of Wieliezka, the latter probably the largest in the world. Buildings half ruined and miserable, huts now stand in place of the old historic castle, and instead of brilliant knights and rich noblemen you see on the muddy streets merely poor peasants, shabby Jews, and only a few decently dressed men and women. In short, Bochnia to-day is a very uninteresting spot, except for a legend of the 12th century, clinging to its name. Of course I do not ask the readers of THE ARENA to believe in the story, yet to us to the manor born, it is, if not an article of faith, yet a dear old tradition kept up as a sacred relic of the beloved past.

It may appear somewhat strange, if not ridiculous, for a modern actress to begin her dramatic reminiscences with a chronicle seven centuries old, but I am not original in that as I only follow the lead of A. Dumas, *père*, who gives the story of the crusade of St. Louis at the first pages of his well-known *Memoirs*.

In the good old times reigned in Poland a king, good and virtuous, Boleslas III., called the Modest. When a very young prince, he started in search of a bride, and soon found one in the person of Kinga, the daughter of Bela, the King of Hungary. She was too young to be married, but she was beautiful, pious, and wise beyond her age. As she was

* Pronounced Bokhnia.

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Helena Modjeska

barely in her teens, the wedding was postponed, and in its place a royal betrothal was celebrated with all due ceremonies. At the same time the chancellors of the two kingdoms negotiated the settlement, or rather the dowry of the future Queen of Poland.

Unfortunately, Bela of Hungary was a poor king, poor in gold and silver, whilst Boleslas was, even for a sovereign, in quite respectable circumstances. I do not want to say that his fortune was anything like the wealth of our present bankers, railroad magnates, or the Silver King of the West, but then in the twelfth century people had simpler tastes, and did not spend so much on their comforts or luxuries. But, whatever the wealth of Boleslas did amount to reduced to dollars and cents, the chancellor of Hungary thought it immense, and used it as an argument with his Polish colleague, to prove to him that Queen Kinga was a precious jewel in herself, and did not require as setting any personal fortune. I am sorry to confess that my countryman, the chancellor of Boleslas, did not appreciate the beauty of the argument, and insisted so strongly on a royal apanag, that the negotiations came to the point of being broken, and the betrothal of the royal pair threatened to be dissolved.

It was at this critical moment, the legend says, that the young princess interfered. She learned that Poland, though flowing with milk and honey, rich in the products of the soil, as well as mineral wealth, and endowed by nature with many advantages, was sadly deficient in one of the main necessities of life,—in salt. On the other side, Hungary had many salt mines, more than were needed for the use of its inhabitants.

With a remarkable foresight in such a young child, Kinga asked her father to give her in dowry, one of the superfluous salt mines. King Bela and his chancellor refused at first, but she pleaded so beautifully and so winningly that the King of Hungary consented to the gift, and the settlement written by the two chancellors inserted as dowry of Queen Kinga, one salt mine.

Then the young princess went to the mine herself in assistance of the two kings and their courts, and took possession of it, by throwing a precious ring into the deepest shaft.

A few years afterwards, Princess Kinga was brought over to Cracow, and married to King Boleslas in the cathedral of the Wavel.

However, when the Polish crown tried to assert its right to the dowry of the queen, and sent its representatives to Hungary to take possession of it, the Hungarians opposed them by force and prevented the Polish envoys from taking any salt out of the mine.

The news of this unfair treatment excited great indignation in Cracow and through the whole of the Polish country. The people complained loudly, and even the young bridegroom frowned on his queen. A war threatened to break out between the two friendly nations.

Poor Kinga was terribly distressed. In the solitude of her oratory she shed pitiful tears. Making penance by severe fasts, she prayed to Heaven to help her, and to ward off the calamity hanging over her head and threatening the two countries dear to her heart.

Then, says the old chronicler, at such and such a day, she took her husband and all the court to a place in the hills, at the distance of a two-days' journey from Cracow. There she ordered some workmen to dig. They dug and worked all day long without result, till, when the evening came, one of them exclaimed joyously, and brought from the bottom of the pit a beautiful ring. Oh, wonder! It was the same ring that some years ago the princess had thrown into the shaft of the salt mine in Hungaria, hundreds of miles away.

While all the assistants were wonder-struck at this strange miracle, the queen ordered the working-men to go on with their work. Hardly had they given a few strokes, when at the bottom of the pit appeared a hard and white substance, looking like crystal. It was rock-salt.

The mine and the ring had wandered underground all those hundreds of miles from far away Hungaria, to proclaim the virtue of Kinga, the pious princess. For centuries did the Bochnia mines supply salt for the Polish people, forming one of the richest possessions of the crown.

Kinga's fame remained in history under the name of Sainte Cunegoude.

At the present time little remains in Bochnia of the marvels of its past, or its glorious associations.

For the writer of this article, Bochnia has another memory of a purely personal character, but one which she may be excused from mentioning, as it is deeply connected with all her future life.

At some time more than two decades ago (I trust the reader will be courteous enough not to insist upon the precise date) I was living in Bochnia with M. Modjeska and with my little son, only a few months old. We were poor, very poor, wretchedly poor. But if I remember well, poverty did not make me gloomy nor despondent. At the time of our stay in Bochnia some misfortune happened, causing the death of several men, who left widows and orphans, without any means of support. Everybody felt compassion for the unfortunate ones, and tried to help them. We also pitied them, but our pity threatened to remain fruitless, for we had no money, nor anything else to assist them with. We felt very badly about it, for is it not usually the poor who are most ready to help the poor? And this is only natural, for they know best what poverty means. Anyhow, we were harrowing our minds how to find some means of assistance, when a happy idea occurred to me. "Let us organize a charity performance for their benefit." The idea was received with general acclamation.

There was in Bochnia at that time a provincial actor of some experience, M. Lobojko, on the other side my sister and myself claimed some knowledge of the profession, as two of our brothers were actors, and we had ourselves, as children, tried our forces at home in plays improvised by ourselves.

The difficulties standing in the way of regular charitable performances did not trouble us much. The auditorium. There was no hall to rent, which was very fortunate, for we could not have afforded to pay the rent. The advertisements. There was no newspaper, no printing-office in town, so we decided not to advertise at all. For the hall, we obtained a large room in the *Casino*, a kind of local club, where the social festivities of the little town took place. It possessed a small stage. The footlights consisted of a few lamps and a number of tallow candles.

I forgot to say that our company included besides M. Lobojko, my sister and myself, one young student who was spending his vacation in Bochnia. So there were four members in all, and there was a great difficulty in finding a play which did not require more than that number of personages. At last we decided to play three small pieces in one act, each requiring a small cast. The first and main one was a French comedietta or vaudeville, called "The White Camelia." It is a piece of rather delicate and refined work, in the style of

the proverbs of Musset and Feuillet, and did not seem very fit to the surroundings of the Bochnia stage. I was to play a countess of high French society; my sister the soubrette, and M. Lobojko, the husband. There are several pretty songs in the play. The great difficulty was to find a wardrobe suitable for a great French lady. Happily my mother had a grey silk gown — a remnant of better times. It was not an easy piece of work to transform the old-fashioned style of dress into a modern, Frenchy-looking pattern, and to make it fit to me, as my mother was rather stout, and I was of a very slim and slender figure.

The other plays were Polish operetta with peasant costumes — easy to mount — and a farce, the cast of which threatened to prove an obstacle hardly possible to overcome. The personages did not exceed four, which was exactly the number of our company, but unfortunately they represented three men and one woman, whilst our dramatic organization was composed of two men and two women. To meet this difficulty, I was cast for a male part — the part of a young saucy lackey (but not in doublets and hose) — whose chief performance consisted in stealing a pair of boots from a shoe store.

The audience was more numerous than we expected. All the authorities of the district and city, several country gentlemen of the neighborhood, a few occasional visitors to town, the teachers and students of the local schools, in fact, everybody who dressed in the occidental fashion, and even a thin scattering of Jews in their long silk *talars*, filled the Casino Hall, and represented what is called in the American theatrical language, a full house.

I do not remember very well the details of the reception by the public, but I suppose it must have been very gratifying, because the members of our company were all enthusiastic at the end of the play. The chief event of the evening consisted in the visit of a stranger, who came to see us after the performance. He was very pleasant, and rather amused at my almost childish appearance. He asked me, nevertheless, how long I had been on the stage, which I considered a flattering compliment. The stranger seemed most struck with my impersonation of the impudent valet, and told me that he was quite tempted to box my ears. This visitor was M. Checinski, an actor of the Warsaw stage, who was also a dramatic author of notable fame, and who later became the

stage manager of the Imperial Theatre. This visit proved in later years the starting point in my career on a larger field.

I suppose our achievement must have been quite a genuine success, because two more performances were given, and our enthusiasm grew to such an extent, that we decided to change our amateur organization into a regular professional dramatic company. Several actors and actresses, waifs and strays of disbanded companies, and several young aspirants to histrionic laurels, having heard of our Bochnia experience, joined us, and we became a regular band of strolling comedians, going from town to town through all Galitzia with the usual ups and downs incidental to this kind of life.

II.—WARSAW, 1868.

On the 12th of September I was married to my present husband, Charles Bozenta Chlapowski. On the next day we both left Cracow for Warsaw, where I had been offered an engagement of twelve performances during the month of October. This was a great honor but a dangerous one. The Warsaw Imperial Theatre is entirely run on the basis of stock companies and star system is unknown there. It is an enormous and unwieldy machine, controlled as well as subsidized by the Russian Government, and is composed of an Opera Company, a Comic Opera, a Ballet and a Drama, and Comedy Company. Three orchestras, two choruses, a ballet school, a dramatic school, and a large number of officials low and high, and workmen of all kinds belong to the organization. The salary list includes from seven to eight hundred people. The theatre owns a main building, the superfice of which is equal to three or four blocks in New York, containing two theatres besides concert halls and ball halls. There belong also to it three other theatres in town. Three daily performances are given in the various auditoriums.

At the head of this establishment is a high official, called the president, usually some general, whose authority is absolute, and who is responsible only to the Lieutenant Governor of Poland but who in certain cases has the right of appeal to the Emperor himself.

The organization is entirely of a bureaucratic character, all its employees are exempt from military obligation, and after a lapse of so many years of service, entitled to a pension for life.

Its artistic force was recruited mostly from its dramatic schools, and if any outsider was admitted to the ranks, it was usually to the lowest ones. It therefore came to pass, that the rule of seniority, customary in the military and civil services, was often applied in the theatre, to the distribution of parts and to the question of emoluments.

A new president, Count Sergius Moukhanoff, had been appointed in the early half of 1868. This gentleman, of very high intellectual attainments, had been aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantin, Viceroy of Poland in 1863 and 1864. His high social position, his education, his personal character, his influence at court, and his marriage with Madam Marie Calergi made him one of the marked personalities not only in Warsaw, but in the highest circles of Russian Society. The name of Madam Marie Calergi, if unknown in America, was a very popular one in Europe. Daughter of the celebrated Chancellor Nesselrode, she was personally a queen of beauty. But more than this, her intellectual superiority, her charm of manners, her artistic accomplishments made her one of those Grandes Dames, in the noblest sense of the word, who played such an important part in the social life of Europe; personal friend of Alfred de Musset, of Chopin, of Liszt, of Wagner, she was herself one of the foremost pianists of her day. Chopin considered her one of his best interpreters, Liszt and Wagner dedicated to her their most important works. Like other great Russian ladies living abroad, she had a very considerable political influence, but unlike the others, she exercised it always in the noblest way. Her memory is one of the precious recollections of my past, and I shall always cherish and revere it; I think that she exercised a strong and refining influence upon my further artistic development.

But to return to my story. As soon as Count S. Moukhanoff held in his hands the reins of the Warsaw Theatre, he desired to infuse new life in its veins. The old bureaucratic institution, though possessing several artists of the highest rank, able to compete in their lines with the foremost actors of the world, was going at a very slow pace.

Count Moukhanoff decided to leave the beaten track, and to look outside of the charmed circle in order to find some new talents. Mr. Checinski, the same gentleman who had seen my first appearance a few years before in Bochnia, happened to speak to him of me in favorable terms. His judgment

was confirmed by several gentlemen who had seen me on the Cracow stage, as well as by the opinion of the Galitzian press. A correspondence followed which terminated by an engagement of twelve performances on terms similar to those of a regular American Star engagement.

This innovation was not favorably received by the majority of the members of the Warsaw Theatre. It was against all rules, a break in the old time-honored system, and looked like a revolutionary attempt. A resolution was formed that *coûte que coûte* the innovation must be discredited, and the new comer must fail. On the day of my arrival at Warsaw there appeared in the leading paper of the city, the chief editor of which was the husband of the leading tragedienne of the theatre, a scathing article upon the arrogance of some incipient provincial actors or actresses, who dared to enter into open rivalry with the recognized favorites of the Metropolitan stage. The management was accused, though in covered words, of introducing a new policy, which might destroy the high standing of the theatre, etc.

This article was answered as a premature and unjustified attack by other papers. Its effect upon the public was not a bad one, as it only increased its interest in my appearance — but I confess that personally it affected me deeply and might have dampened my courage, had I not brought with me a great provision of it.

I regarded my first appearance in Warsaw as the decisive turning point in my career. I did not dream then of playing ever in foreign countries. Though speaking some French and German, I did not possess those tongues well enough to be able to perform in any of them, and our own language, though I think one of the richest and most beautiful in the world, is too much unknown, to be used on the stage outside of our own country. Therefore all my dramatic ambition was concentrated on our national stage, and as the Warsaw Theatre was the highest representative of dramatic art in Poland, a success before the Warsaw footlights was my highest dream and I was determined to realize it.

The welcome I was accorded by Mr. and Madam Moukhanoff, strengthened my energies. Finding people that expressed the same notion upon dramatic art which I treasured myself, I felt more at home. Besides them I found an old friend at Warsaw, Mr. J. S. Tasinski. He had been the

artistic director of the Cracow Theatre when I was engaged in it. He had also been the only instructor I ever had in my career. Though now retired from any active professional occupation, his authority as to theatrical matters was predominant and of course his interest was enlisted in the success of his former pupil.

When I came to my first rehearsal I was received by my professional brethren and sisters with great courtesy (Warsaw people are celebrated for their exquisite politeness all over Poland), but in a ceremonious and somewhat cold manner. The atmosphere was entirely different from the warm, congenial one of the Cracow Theatre, where we all were like members of one family. The play chosen was a French piece by A. Dumas, very popular at that time and according to my judgment, one of the best he had ever written. Its title is "Les idees de Madam Aubray." I was to play the character of Janine, a part sympathetic, simple, not exacting any display of great dramatic power, though containing very affecting moments. I felt safe in it, as much as one can be safe in anything.

When we began to rehearse, I acted my part as if we were before the public. I was excited by the importance of the occasion, and it seemed to me that several of the present actors or actresses were pleased with my acting, and even moved at moments to tears. I felt very happy after the rehearsal; two or three of them congratulated me, and assured me that if I played at the evening as I did at the rehearsal, I should win my cause.

The other members, however, after the rehearsal was over, gathered aside and held a prolonged conference, at the end of which the stage manager came to me and told me that it would be impossible to produce the play for my first night, as Mr. X. who was to take part in it, felt unwell and would be obliged to stop playing for some time. Mr. X. had been present at the rehearsal, and looked the picture of health. I was distressed. Some of the members present, those who had congratulated me, exclaimed, "This is a shame," but their voice was not listened to. The stage manager then asked me what part I would select instead of Janine for my first appearance. "Why would you not play Adrienne Lecouvreur? The company is ready in it, and there would not be any difficulty in the production."

Now Adrienne Lecouvreur was then considered to be one of the most difficult parts in the range of an actress. It had been played long before in Warsaw by Rachel, and many of the old actors, many among the public remembered her magnificent performance. Several of the leading tragic actresses of the Warsaw Theatre had attempted to play it afterward, but success did not crown their efforts. Adrienne Lecouvreur was included in the repertoire I had chosen for the engagement, but I had placed it last, desiring at first to gain the favor of the public in easier parts, and being afraid of appearing too presumptuous in playing it at the start.

The members of the Warsaw Theatre had only smiled contemptuously when they had learned of my ambition to play Adrienne, and they felt sure that I would not succeed where only Rachel had succeeded, and everyone else had failed.

I hesitated when the proposal was made so abruptly to me, I saw the snare but I determined to brave it, and I answered, "Yes."

I went straight from the theatre to Mr. J. S. Tasinski, my old friend, to seek advice and consolation. When I told him the story, he asked me who was present at the rehearsal. After my giving him the names, he said: "How could you be so inconsiderate as to act before them? But you must have done it well, if they have decided not to let you appear in Janine. Those same people look upon you as an intruder and have decided that you are to fail. Now when you rehearse next time, be careful, and don't show how you will perform the part at night."

I followed his advice. At the rehearsal of Adrienne, I only repeated my words in a commonplace manner, and indicated very superficially my stage business. The actors belonging to the cast of the piece were not so hostile to me, as those who were to play in Mme. Aubray ; some of them thought I had been unfairly treated, but nevertheless they all were in an expectant mood.

A few days before my first appearance what was my astonishment when I saw that the bill of the theatre was Adrienne Lecouvreur with one of the leading actresses, Mme. P., in the title part.

The president had been obliged to leave Warsaw for a week, and the cabal had profited by his absence to prepare this scheme.

Adrienne had not been played for three or four years. But the lady above named was the wife of the editor who had written that anticipated condemnation of mine, and who through her connection with the press occupied an influential position in the company. She was never a great favorite with the public, though she was an actress of great experience. The object of this scheme was to take off the prestige of comparative novelty of the play. Besides, my informal rehearsals had led her to believe that the comparison would crush me in a most effective manner.

I went with my husband to her performance. After her first entrance, hardly had she uttered a few words, when my husband turned to me and asked: "Well, you are not afraid any more, are you?" "I am encouraged," I said, and I was so.

At last the great night came. All the house had been sold out. They were anxious to see how this young actress, yet unknown to fame, would accomplish a task that since the divine Rachel no other had successfully coped with. The premature polemic in the papers had excited public curiosity. Besides this, it was the first stroke of the theatrical policy of the new president. What will be its outcome? The Viceroy, Count Berg, an old, conservative, mummified dignitary, was not particularly favorable to Moukhanoff, and would have liked to see him make a failure. The official Russian society of course, followed the lead of the viceroy. The Polish society was equally interested, but from different motives. Marriages of actresses in so aristocratic families were rare events in Poland, where there exist yet a great many old notions and old prejudices. Moreover, when something of the kind happened before, the actress always left the stage. Why was it otherwise now? The husband of this new actress belonged to a very exclusive and strictly religious family. Why did he pursue a different course from others by allowing his wife to remain on the stage? Was he justified in doing so, as some claimed, by her exceptional talents, or did he act in defiance of the accepted ideas, and so on? Well, they all came there in numbers to see and to judge.

At the last moment before entering on the stage, I got one of the very strangest attacks of stage fright I ever experienced, and I think I should never have made the step that brought me from the wings before the footlights, had a friendly hand not pushed me from behind.

I received a very pleasant greeting from the courteous audience, though it was immediately hushed into silence by some more diffident spectators. And what a deep silence it was. You never notice such listening on this side of the ocean. Our audiences come to the theatre really to enjoy a performance, and therefore they listen and look in an almost reverent manner, so as not to lose one intonation, one delicate shading of the voice, nor one slight gesture, one passing expression of the face. After the first line I lost my fear, after a few of them I was in my part. Meantime the silence continued until I came to the fable of the pigeons. At its close, there burst in the theatre such a storm of applause, as I had never heard before, and only seldom afterward. A few moments later, at my first exit, the applause was repeated in the same manner. I was so overcome, that I could not hold myself on my feet, and fell on my knees behind the wings.

The first success gave me courage and inspiration. I played as one can only play for life or death. The public, once well disposed, showered upon me the favors of its encouragement. And then came the last act, which was as it is now, one of my most beloved scenes. When the curtain fell on poor dead Adrienne, the public did not want to leave the theatre. They called and called, and the curtain was raised time and again. But my greatest or at least the most high-priced triumph was reached when the actors who had played the parts of the Prince and of Michonnet, our great Zolkowski, the most perfect comedian I have ever seen, and Richter, only second to him, came and embraced me with tears in their eyes, greeting me as a sister in art. After them appeared in my dressing-room all the members of the company, those who had been friendly and those who had been hostile, and congratulated me in the most affectionate way.

The next day the president called on me to ask me to prolong my present appearances to twice their former number, and to propose me an engagement for life to the Imperial Theatre. The press, not excluding the Warsaw Gazet which had attacked me, praised me much above my deserts, and, as to the society, well, during the following two or three days, it left at my door about 2,000 visiting cards (which I have kept for curiosity's sake) and I don't know how many invitations to receptions, dinners, balls, etc. — The battle was won.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE RUM POWER.

BY GEN. CLINTON B. FISK.

One finds it easy to agree with Mr. Henry George, when, speaking of the "rum power," he says: "It is an active, energetic, tireless factor in our practical politics, a corrupting and debauching element, standing in the way of all reform and progress, a potent agency by which unscrupulous men may lift themselves to power, and an influence which operates to lower public morality and official character."

An even more severe arraignment than this might be made within the limits of moderation. There is nothing so perilous to our political future as this same "rum power" in politics, which Mr. George thus forcibly condemns. But while we find it easy to join him in his condemnation of the perilous evil, it is impossible to agree with him in his plan of eradication. Briefly put, and in his own words, this plan consists in "doing away with all restrictions, from Federal tax to Municipal license, and permitting free trade in rum."

This plan Mr. George bases upon a claim that restrictive legislation brought the "rum power" into politics, and is responsible for its continuance therein. He is correct, beyond question, as to the genesis of the American whiskey ring; and no man will deny that the imperious entry of the liquor power into national politics began with the establishment of a war tax upon liquor. That war tax raised the price of whiskey, put whiskey producers and dealers beside the chairs of administration at Washington, enthroned them in congressional halls, and made of great statesmen suppliant servants to do their will for a generation. And it is painfully true, as Mr. George asserts, that "the tax on liquor remains a potent factor in national legislation"; but is that tax a restrictive measure? The tax may be imposed under a law which has restrictive features, but there is abundant evi-

dence to show that tax does not restrict. The close relationship between brewers and distillers and the federal government, began when such tax was originally imposed and has continued to the present time. It is a relation so intimate that high officials of the government attend the Brewers' Congress and state that the government desires to do for the great industry there represented all that its representatives wish done. This fact should convince everybody that the United States tax is not laid on for restrictive purposes, but "for revenue only."

With all due respect for Mr. George, and without wishing to impugn his candor, it must be said that he gravely misuses words, or mistakenly attaches wrong meaning thereto, when he charges upon *restrictive* legislation the presence of the rum power in politics to-day. The national whiskey tax was not primarily nor essentially restrictive at all. It was *permissive*, as every license law is and as every tax law must be. It restricted no man who could and would pay. By the law authorizing it, all manufacturers of liquor were and are compelled to pay tribute; but such tribute only asserts and proves the permissive quality of the law. Because all men could not or would not pay, when the tax was $2 per gallon, there grew up a great liquor monopoly which flourished like a bay tree. Always, however, it has been the permissive, not the restrictive, feature of a tax or license law, which in and of itself, has wrought the mischief. I agree with Mr. George again, when he says that "to tax liquor is inevitably to call a rum power into politics"; but no less an authority than Senator John Sherman has declared that "when we tax liquor we license"; and I insist that it is the license, the permissive quality, in laws that may themselves be popularly called restrictive, which begets this rum power, fosters it, and is responsible for it.

Who were the men in the Sixties who corrupted Congress, debauched government, and held high carnival in Washington? The men who could and did pay the enormous whiskey tax, and who, feeding thus our hungry national necessities, fed and fattened themselves at public expense. Who are the men who perpetuate the rum power in politics? The men who secure license, who pay tax; not the men who receive no license and who pay no tax. It is the men *permitted* to engage in the liquor business who pack caucuses, run con-

ventions, nominate candidates and elect the winning ticket. Their permission may not always be legal, it may sometimes be grossly illegal, the flagrant connivance of party officials — as in the Maine cases cited by Mr. George — but it is permission all the same, not restriction, and it is the men *permitted* who wield the rum power in politics. A friend of mine was one night making a speech in Augusta, Maine, and asked his audience "how many places there were in that town where liquors were illicitly sold." He was answered, "Forty-two." "And do any of these forty-two illicit dealers vote the dominant party ticket?" he further asked. A pause followed and then the frank confession: "To the best of our knowledge and belief all but two of them always vote it." These forty-two men, permitted by the connivance of shameless partisanship, with their colleagues in law-breaking at Bangor and Portland embody the rum power in politics of the State which they curse,— these few, allowed their will, not the many who by State law are absolutely compelled to obedience.

"Prohibition," says Mr. George, "puts liquor-selling under the ban of the law." Outside of Prohibition States the rum power in politics is not wielded by men under ban; inside of Prohibition States, if there be any such rum power, it is wielded by those from whom, for party gain, the ban of the law has been removed.

It is the more than 8,000 *licensed* saloon-keepers in the city of New York, with a score or two of *licensed* brewers, who control the politics of our Metropolis, and dictate terms every two or four years to the winning party. It is the more than 25,000 licensed liquor dealers of the Empire State who determine whether New York shall go Democratic or Republican. These men it is, in city and state—the men *not under ban*—who say that Warner Miller shall be beaten for Governor and Benjamin Harrison made President. The men under ban of Prohibition in Kansas or Iowa did not say this, nor achieve any such result. Where Prohibition bans men most completely, there you will find least evidence of a rum power in politics. There is no such power in Maine which can compare with that of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, or New York. New Hampshire has something of it, but so little that a known opponent of the liquor traffic has been one of her chosen senators for years. In Kansas

the political rum power made its final demonstration when Gov. Glick succeeded Gov. St. John, and no remnant of it is left there now worth mentioning. Iowa's chief politician has been many years a foe of the liquor traffic, and if in Iowa there is now a rum power which threatens the welfare of the State, it has grown up through the permissive attitude illegally taken by officials at Burlington, Des Moines, and Sioux City, who for local reasons pandered to "men under ban." Rhode Island may be cited only as a glaring instance of the continuance of rum power under Prohibition, and alternating victory over it, because of a permissive attitude, by the dominant party, more shameless than is shown by the records of any other State.

As is usual with the opposers of Prohibition, Mr. George declaims against it as a failure; but he is franker than some of his kind. "I have never lived in a Prohibition State," he tells us; and most of those who write down Prohibition have never even been in one, though they talk so glibly about the condition of things in Maine and Kansas. Dr. Dio Lewis, a very clever gentleman, once wrote a book entitled "Prohibition a Failure," before Kansas had Prohibition, and while Maine was the one State conspicuous for its test of Prohibitory law. He afterwards admitted that he had spent less than a week in the State, all told, and that in Bangor, Portland, and Augusta alone. Being asked if he thought this period of observation fitted him to judge as accurately of the facts as could Mr. Blaine, Senator Frye, Gov. Dingley, or others of life-long residence and familiarity, he conceded not. Being further asked what, then, he would do with their testimony that Prohibition in Maine was a success, he denied that such testimony had ever been given by them,—when it is known and read of all men who honestly read both sides. The testimony as to Kansas, made public the past year during Amendment Campaigns in Massachusetts and elsewhere, and given in by State and County officials of the most unimpeachable character, is so nearly universal, and so positive in terms, that anybody who weighs it with decent candor and then declares Prohibition a failure there, either advertises his prejudice, or betrays his lineage — from Ananias. I would not in the least discredit the incident narrated by Mr. George, of his visit to a prosecuting attorney's back room in Vermont and being there shown liquor and glasses,

with the remark that no law there prevents a man from taking liquor "if he sees it lying around," but it may not be improper to hint that, as concerning Prohibition everywhere, and by some who claim standing for veracity, there has been a good deal of "lying around."

Much of the aggregated erroneous statement disseminated so freely in public print, here and there, about the failure of Prohibition, is taken at second or third hand by the editors endorsing it, and is as void of truth, or of any responsible backer for it, as the wickedest canard of an exciting political campaign. Even the manner in which figures have been made to prevaricate, in the service of anti-Prohibition, should command admiration for effrontery, if not ingenuity. Mr. George himself, citing statistics to prove that Prohibition does not prohibit in Iowa, uses them in such a way as to carry an inference quite unwarranted. He says that 2,758 retail liquor dealers paid license taxes in that State, last year; and the impression conveyed by this statement, and evidently meant to be conveyed by similar statements concerning other Prohibition States, by men less fair than Mr. George, is that these places are licensed by State and local authority, in contravention of the law on the statute books, and that they afford indisputable proof of the powerlessness of the law or of any authority to enforce the law. Whereas it should be clearly understood that the taxes paid by those 2,758 retail liquor dealers were paid to the Federal government by men secretly or openly defying State law or selling as druggists in conformity therewith; that their payment does not signify uninterrupted pursuit of unlawful business or long continuance in it, but proves beyond a peradventure the power of national government over men willing to defy local authority or able to corrupt it. The claim that more licenses are granted to-day in Maine and Kansas, than were known there before Prohibition, is borne broadcast over this country, by papers which have honorable names at their editorial head, when not a license has for years been granted in either State, when the last brewery has departed from each, and when most of the men willing to pay a United States tax for sake of possible gain as law breakers, and finding a Federal government wicked enough to become their partners, have gone behind State prison bars or otherwise out of business.

Mr. George contends that "the great agencies in the

formation of the drinking habit are social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon." He believes that "with liquor so cheap as it would be if there were no tax or restriction on its manufacture and sale, the treating habit would certainly be largely weakened," and that, "were liquor as cheap as it would be were all taxes on it removed, and everyone free to sell it, it might be sold in every hotel, boarding or lodging-house, in every restaurant, druggist's, bakery, confectionery, dry-goods store or peanut-stand, but places specially devoted to its sale could not be paved with silver dollars, ornamented with costly paintings, set fine free lunches, nor provide free concerts, even if indeed they could continue to exist." But suppose no "silver dollar" saloon Smith or Hoffman house barkeeper came into fortune, and yet a whole people were debauched. Mr. George thinks they would not be; he even asserts that if liquor were sold "at the prices which free competition would compel, it would not pay to let men drink themselves into intoxication or semi-intoxication, or in any way to provoke or encourage the drinking habit." But over against this rather amazing assertion of his stand a crushing array of facts, and the resistless logic of appetite. Time was when liquor flowed as freely in London as Mr. George would now have it here; when one who wrote of it said: "We drink as if we were born with tunnels in our mouths; we absorb liquor as if we were a nation of sponges." The cheapness of intoxicants has never been paralleled since, neither has their use. "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two-pence; clean straw for nothing," was a sign common then on London streets. Did this dreadful state of things come about by reason of "social entertainment, the custom of treating, and the enticements of the saloon"? Scarcely the latter, we may believe; and if cheap liquor does away with treating, as Mr. George contends, then treating could not have been strongly influential at that time. The conclusion is irresistible, that what made London then a city of sots was but the abundance of liquor, to be had almost for the asking, and the cumulative desire of human appetite when corrupted by the poisonous cup.

This condition was not changed by making it possible for men to get drunk for a farthing. It had grown out of the lavish supply of liquor; it could be cured only by arbi-

trary curtailment of liquor. Prohibition followed, through imperial decree, and so nearly total as to demonstrate its marked effect all over England. The power of government was behind it, set for its rigorous application. And during the period when such a degree of Prohibition was so largely enforced, England rallied from her debauchery; the reign of liquor ceased; sobriety became no longer the exception, but the rule.

Mr. George frankly admits that "the abolition of all taxes on the manufacture and sale of liquor would increase the consumption of liquor," but believes this increase would be only or chiefly in the arts and for domestic purposes. Make liquor cheaper, is his constant refrain, and you will lessen intemperance. In other words, people do not care much to consume what costs them little in the opinion of Mr. George. For answer to this we need only cite the cheap-wine countries of Europe, and the nearer illustrations which California affords. The drink curse has been spreading over Switzerland and Germany, under conditions of cheap liquor supply, until the government of each country has found it necessary to put forth some effort to arrest it. Practically free liquor is corrupting both countries, and wofully besotting the Swiss. Sweden went down most deeply into national degradation through drink, when liquor was cheapest there. There is no other State in this Union where cheap liquors are so abundant as in California; there is where drunkenness more abounds, or where the rum power in politics has more absolute control. Low-cost wines are the common beverage in those parts of Europe and California where drunkenness is disgracefully prevalent.

Until Mr. George can rewrite history, and annul the laws of human appetite, it is idle for him to claim that cheap liquor supply will reduce intemperance. He is either unfamiliar with or forgetful of the steps which temperance reform has taken, in America and Great Britain. Out of cheap liquor conditions, with little or no license fee or tax, sprang the Washingtonian movement in this country, and the earlier need of it. When beer was but a penny a gallon, or less, in England, there were more English topers than now. When Mr. George quotes Adam Smith and his Wealth of Nations, to support his theory of a sober people as the result of cheap wines, we need only put against this authority the word of

Dr. John G. Holland, who went to cheap-wine Europe a believer with Mr. George and came back a Prohibitionist, and the fact that Berlin, consuming more cheap wines than any other city of her size on the Continent, also consumes more distilled liquors *per capita* than any other; and while under the iron hand of military rule debauchery is hidden from public gaze, competent witnesses testify that it festers there with growing virulence and fœtid effect.

Mr. George admits that liquor is less frequently a feature of social entertainment in private houses, where Prohibition laws prevail, than where they do not; but this fact he credits to "stronger moral sentiment against liquor drinking," to which he attributes Prohibition. It is the sentiment which rules, he insists, and not the statute. He even boldly asserts that "no man disposed to drink, or to set drink before others, in private, refrains from doing so because of any statute law." But is it sentiment only which prevents him when the law's enforcement makes the doing impossible? Is not sentiment often born of law? And are all men in spirit such law-breakers as Mr. George would have us believe? Two years after Kansas adopted Prohibition there was enough anti-Prohibition sentiment in that State to overthrow the Prohibition leaders and seat a rum Governor; and if the reform had not been anchored deep in constitutional bed-rock even that might have gone over in ten years more. But Mr. Glick went out, in turn; Mr. Martin, who had formerly opposed Prohibition, was elected Governor as its friend, and he and the present executive, Gov. Humphreys, are on record as the strongest possible supporters of the law and policy. Kansas carried Prohibition by about 7,000 majority only; Gov. Humphreys has officially testified his belief that were the popular vote to be taken again upon it the majority would exceed 100,000. Thus the sentiment has grown in that State. Why should we not credit such growth of sentiment to the law?

Mr. George may, perhaps, ask why law did not better educate or develop sentiment in Rhode Island, while Prohibition held there; yet I do not think he will. He knows well how the law was shamelessly annulled, in Providence, at least, by the officials who would not enforce it, and how its possibilities for creating sentiment were checked. If Kansas had permitted a similar state of things, the result might have

been the same there. But a Kansas judge, appointed by the liquor Governor because he had been liquor-dealers' attorney, respected his solemn oath, refused to do the dirty work for which he was put on the bench, and gave lawbreakers their meed of punishment. Had like honesty and firmness ruled in Rhode Island, rum would not be ruler there to-day. The great rum power of that little commonwealth is the direct result of want on license, in hostility to law, not of the law's restrictions.

Mr. George does not believe that the political power growing out of the liquor business will be diminished by High License, in Philadelphia, where he thinks High License has produced its most conspicuous results. He does believe "that the pecuniary interests involved in the traffic will enter into the nomination and election of judges," and this fact, he assumes, will there perpetuate the political power. Mr. George errs as to his Philadelphia citation precisely as do others who, unlike him, defend High License. Whatever good has come to the Temperance cause by the Brooks Law, operative in Philadelphia, has come in spite of High License, not through it. It is the permissive feature of that law which will one day work the harm Mr. George fears. The restrictive side of it will yield all the good that law can achieve. This restrictive side would yield as much good if low license constituted the permissive feature. Put the license power into the hands of one man, or three men; grant that any conditions of license make probable a monopoly under them; and you expose the man or the men to besetment of bribers and possible corruption — you offer a bid for official malfeasance.

"By abolishing liquor taxes and license we may drive the rum power out of politics," reiterates Mr. George. *But is that power so much worse in politics than in society that we are willing to drive it from the one and fix it forever in the other?*

Will not that power be in politics if it remain in society? Are not our social and political life so welded that corruption of any sort will surely taint both? How is the rum power wielded, and by whom? What effect would the freest liquor have, now, upon the American saloon which it did not have two hundred years ago or less upon the English ale-house? Has not the saloon so fastened itself within our social and political fabric that even free trade in rum, and the competi-

tion of merchants, shop-keepers, *et al.*, would fail to dislodge it? Has not the saloon business grown so disreputable that public sentiment would forbid liquor selling in places of miscellaneous visitation? Is it conceivable, with the electric light now flooding our generation, and after the magnificent strides of temperance principle which have been made, that free-trade in liquor can be re-established over any wide region of this country?

These are questions that should make a patriot pause, before giving serious welcome to the sophistries of Mr. George. The patriot must see that political corruption comes through drink, as well as through any system regulating the drink; that if you remove restrictions altogether, and let the drink abide, you will not cut this cancer out. The rum power in politics is wielded largely through the drinker's love for rum. Make liquor as cheap now as rum was in New England seventy-five years ago, and the penniless fellows who sell their suffrage for a few drinks of it, every election, would indulge the same traffic, perpetuate the same unwholesome curse. The saloons have their grip on these men; and the politicians have their grip on the saloons. So long as liquor is sold under law, so long as it is made for beverage sale at all, saloons are necessary to political success, because —to their shame be it said,—there are so many men of high standing and large influence who do not scruple to gain aggrandizement through the weakness of other men. For the rum power in politics, to-day, not even the rum seller nor the rum drinker — not even the permissive feature of a license law itself — is wholly to blame. The higher manhood, that should exalt citizenship and uplift the State, must shoulder large responsibility for what it has done and omitted to do. That higher manhood has used the saloon for basest purposes; and for the sin of political corruption through the saloon it must answer in solemn judgment.

When the lowest drinking classes of New York City are necessary to settle a national contest at the polls; when they can be secured through beer-sellers, whether licensed or unlicensed it matters not; and when party statesmanship does not scruple to secure them that way; we have come as near the free-liquor condition Mr. George courts as we shall ever get, and have demonstrated that free liquor is as corrupt as liquor bonds. We have demonstrated, likewise, a more

important fact, *viz.*, that liquor corruption cannot be ended in this country by any method which puts the sentiment, the law, of one State, of one section, at the mercy of a National party's need. It follows, logically, that when a party must have liquor votes in New York, or yield power at Washington, it will deal gently with liquor men in Des Moines; that with liquor men threatening to leave it, in Ohio, it will yield them what they wish there and in Rhode Island.

The liquor traffic is a great national entity. It will exist as such, though we ban every bar in three-fourths of the States, and leave untouched a system in the remainder which perpetuates that traffic. The rum power in politics is a huge devil-fish, whose body is at Washington, and whose slimy tentacles reach clear across the land. Cut them off, one by one, in Kansas, Iowa, and the Dakotas, and yet the octopus will live, so long as our national policy says he may and should. That national policy is tax, license, permission, protection. Change it to anything less than total Prohibition, after all that has gone before, and the monster will not be removed.

"Intemperance is abnormal," says Mr. George. True. "It is the vice of those who are starved and those who are gorged." True again. But what about the great middle class, who are daily recruiting the army of starving tramps? It is their vice, too, and their awful curse. To urge that intemperance is the result of poverty is less candid, or less wise, than we have a right to expect Henry George should be. "Progress and Poverty" — liquor forbids the one and compels the other. Make liquor as cheap and free to-day as Mr. George would have everything; give him the Free Trade splendors of which he so freely dreams, — divide, if you please, the heritage of this world's wealth alike between the poor and the rich who hold it now, — and in twenty years there will be again rich and poor, millionaire and pauper, for there will be then, as now, sober man and sot. They who clamor for better social conditions, for a more equitable division of wealth, for the purification of politics, and support any liquor system whatever, must be blinded by prejudice, or led mental prisoners by their appetite. All the teachings of political economy make against the liquor traffic as a waste of wealth, a pirate of morals, and a foe to human welfare.

There is no tax, among all the taxation so bitterly com-

plained of by Mr. George, so unjust, so ruinous, so fatal to society, as the tax levied on legitimate industries by the liquor traffic. Taxed, itself, or free, it compels a tribute no man or nation can pay without vital loss. Free trade in liquor means free trade in heart's blood and in the hopes of home; free trade in manhood and in the sons of men; free trade in the noblest attributes that make a people great,— no, not free trade, and fair, but the piracy of unchristian buccaneers. To this, I feel sure, Christian America will never return. May God forbid, and may the stout American conscience echo His mandate, until it finds embodiment in National law, supported by a National policy of Prohibition, upheld by men whom the rum power in politics cannot control, and who shall so administer righteousness, that this rum power shall forever cease.

"Behold the dawn light up the East,
The morning stars with gladness glisten.
God's better day,
Sweeps thro' the gray —
Lean out your souls and listen.
Our waiting may be sore and long,
But Right shall sing her Victor Song."

THE IMMORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

H. H. GARDENER.

I WAS much entertained recently by a conversation between a well-known Magazine editor and a lady who is the author of several successful books, which belong more in the field of history and science than in that of fiction.

He asked her to account for the tendency of her sex, at the present time, to write articles and novels that were more or less "off color," and insisted that she must agree with him that "that sort of thing had no place in literature;" and that above all, good women ought not to like it, much less produce it. "And," he added, "we cannot deny that some of these writers of erotic literature *are* good women personally." Her reply was: —

"What is literature? Who makes it? Who is to say what has a place therein and what has not? You tell us what 'good women' ought to think and do. I have sometimes wondered if a good woman might not be safely left to judge of those points herself. Have you ever thought of that? Did it ever occur to your mind, as you have read a 'review' of some 'good woman's' book, by a critic whose morals you know to be too far below par to have even a quotation on the market? The advice he gives to 'good women' how to keep good and thereby retain their charm for him, the holy horror with which he turns his eyes to heaven and tells them what they should not think, or write, because, forsooth, it is not 'moral,' is truly edifying, don't you think so? Literature is only half made yet."

From man's point of view, it has flourished, or degenerated from the first stroke of the pen to the last revolution of the printing press.

What has or has not a place therein, the basis, the personnel, so to speak, of what is called literature is, up to the

present time, strictly masculine. But remember that men are only one splendid part of the race, in spite of Mr. Grant Allen's amusing bit of egotism, they are not the whole of it.

How quickly Mr. Allen would discover this fact if his argument were applied to the lower animals.

Are the sires the "whole of the equine race"?

Among the "gentle kine" is the lordly male beast or the plodding ox the "whole race"? Is he even the most useful and important part of it? Are the cows simply created to do him homage?

Among the birds when the cock struts the walk is the whole of the race there? Is there no explanation of the hens —no meaning in their existence—except as a sort of incident in his great career?

If Mr. Grant Allen's article were not so ridiculous it might create indignation.

But to return to literature. Suppose we do get a glimpse now and then into woman's ideas of what shall or shall not find a place therein, is it not as well to accept it as the revelation of the mental life of a part of humanity and not simply try to frighten or drive her from the field, because it is not the way life looks to men?

There are certain standards of crime, of vice, of wrong; there are phases of justice, truth, beauty, virtue, and love which men have found sufficient interest in (or have been able to see clearly enough) to portray in fiction or poetry, or the drama.

They have run the whole gamut of the emotions, with varying degrees of success, from their point of view. There is another outlook. Much of life means one thing to men — quite another to women.

Literature has yet to picture life from her standpoint. So far even the woman character in fiction is what men fancy she is or ought to be.

Her life, her emotions, her desires, her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears, her opinions and ambitions, have the color and basis of thought which is strictly masculine in conception and execution. That was all well enough perhaps before woman was educated, before freedom to act and think for herself was accorded her; but to-day it is hollow, false, and unreal.

Everything is changed. Women are beginning to look out

upon the world with their own eyes. They are examining facts and theories.

Can you not see that it is quite possible that they may present a different set of vices and virtues? Or, at least, view those we recognize in a new light? A clever writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* recently said, in speaking of the established tone of morals in literature:—

"A man might have a lively sense of 'sin' in connection with some purely ceremonial matter, and very little sense of wrong-doing in connection with the most grievous offenses against his fellow-man. In obedience to the 'code of honor,' men who regarded themselves as pillars of Church and State would prepare to commit deliberate murder; while they would always consider a gambling debt as vastly more sacred than one incurred for food or clothing. The 'Christian' nations have found enormous quantities of 'sin' in heresy, and very little indeed in mutual bloodshed on the most appalling scale. Pious monarchs have appeased their consciences by persecuting the Jews, and pious folk generally by hunting witches. According to popular opinion in our own day, the divine anger is much more quickly kindled by the parody of a religious rite than by the most hideous villainy perpetrated by a man upon his neighbor. Every now and again there is a story in the papers about some boy or man struck blind or dumb for blasphemy, or of the personal appearance of the devil among some group of revelers engaged in profanely mocking a religious ceremony! So various have been the aspects in which 'sin' has presented itself, and so little relation has it seemed to bear in any of its best recognized forms with practical morality, that it is not to be wondered at if scientific men show some impatience with so vague and unsatisfactory a conception, and prefer to consider all conduct simply in its bearing on intelligible human interests."

Now if scientific men are beginning to view the work of their brothers from a new point of view, is it remarkable that women may also have glimpses of other conditions — especially in matters which closely relate to themselves? It is not strange that this should be a surprise to men, who have always supposed that they knew far more about women, than women knew about themselves; but don't you think it rather a cowardly thing to try to force them to see through your glasses only?

There will, no doubt, be thoughts put in books — in literature — that have never been put there before.

Some of the old things will be told from a side usually well concealed or possibly never dreamed of; but if literature is a portraiture of life, has not the half of life as viewed from beneath a pretty bonnet, as good a right to a frank and unterrified hearing as the half that looks from under a silk hat? Is it not as important to a true literature? Is it possible to build anything worthy the name without it?

I have been thinking of these questions and they have impressed me as not wholly impertinent. I remember that for women to write at all was looked upon as immodest only a little while ago.

Harriet Martineau underwent a fierce fire of criticism because of this firmly fixed tenet, while Jane Austin was compelled by her family to keep a piece of white sewing large enough to cover all signs of manuscript, pen or ink from the sight of any chance visitor, who was thus to be made believe that she had been engaged in a ladylike and modest occupation. Mrs. Stowe was sharply admonished to keep off the masculine preserve and, above all, to use a little more judgment in her choice of subjects, if she must attempt man's work. The topic of slavery, the critics said, was wholly outside the pale of decent literature and unfit for delicate nerves and sensitive morals. And so Mrs. Stowe was very frequently reminded that she would better keep to her white sewing.

Even Elizabeth Barrett Browning was brought to book, after her death, by a gentleman by the name of Fitzgerald (who no doubt looked upon men as the whole of the race) in such a contemptuous way that Robert Browning was stung into a fierce defense of his wife, that astonished everyone by its form and force.

One of our own chivalrous writers in commenting upon it takes Mr. Browning to task for his unnecessary irritation. He says: "What Fitzgerald really wrote was not as bad as Browning would make it, and is calculated to irritate the strong-minded female even more than the poet."

He does not state whether the "female" referred to is a hen or a cow, but from the tone used we infer that she is certainly not of a higher grade than the latter.

Browning's letter to the man who had insulted his wife's memory was a bitter one, but it does not seem to me that it would require a "strong-minded female" to understand his

indignation. This is the letter which appears in the *Athenæum:*

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD.

I chanced upon a new book yesterday.
I opened it and where my finger lay,
'Twixt page, and uncut page, these words I read:
Some six or seven at most, and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, thanked God my wife was dead.
Aye dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return your thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace.
Surely to spit these glorifies your face.
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers.

ROBERT BROWNING.

And this the criticism which called it out, and at which our American critic thinks Mr. Browning took unnecessary offense:

"Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me I must say. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know, but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children, and perhaps the poor. Except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all."

It would seem that a person of "real genius" might be left to decide for herself, to what she would devote her gifts. And since Mrs. Browning's niche in literature is undeniably above that occupied by her critic, if his judgment of the place to be filled by those who do less well than others, be applied to himself, the culinary department would be enriched at the expense of literature — and Mr. Fitzgerald. It is a poor double-edged sword that does not cut both ways.

But is not this sort of bullying almost outgrown? Are there many men left who are so afraid of mental competition on equal terms with women that they must insist upon looking upon themselves as "infant industries" in need of protection against the feminine brain product? Is their only hope in the total suppression of the competitor?

But the question seems to have shifted recently from the one, Is it modest for woman to write at all? to What shall

she be permitted to say? The infallible critic is as sure he is right in the last stand he has taken as were his blood relations that women had no business to write anything. It was immodest and unwomanly for Mrs. Browning and Jane Austin to write at all — but they might sew or wash dishes and keep the respect and chivalrous devotion of men.

It is equally unchaste and indelicate for their successors to write what they think of life and its problems — but they may reflect ready-made masculine opinions about it and welcome. This seems to be about the position at the present moment. While one critic bemoans the materialistic writings of the women who discuss theology, and grows nervous over "our women who write on social questions which have no place in fiction and are viewed from the morbid outlook women have on these matters," another predicts the utter degradation of literature if these rising aspirants are "permitted to strike out new paths in realism from this perverted feminine outlook."

Another writes of "the cloven hoof under petticoats," and in criticising a book which had grave literary faults, devotes most of his article to strictures on what *he* read between the lines and which the author herself never dreamed of.

It cannot be denied, that the canons of literature have, so far, been laid down on strictly masculine lines. I do not forget that since women became readers of books the forms of expression have changed to be "fit reading for the family," and that since they became writers there have been other modifications on the surface; but the *basis* of its morals, its standard of action and its motive, have remained masculine in conception and requirement. What shall and what shall not be discussed, therefore; how the topics may be handled *and for what purposes*, have been established — as have the laws of marriage and divorce — without having first consulted both of the interested parties to discover if the arrangement was as satisfactory from the one side as from the other. This is a somewhat lopsided way of making a contract or building a literature it must be confessed, and if women are showing a disposition to go behind the returns it can hardly be looked upon as strange nor as wholly vicious.

Abraham Lincoln said, "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent."

And it can as truly be said that no body of men is good

or wise enough to build what should be dignified as the literature of a race, so long as but one half of that race has ever expressed itself freely and openly in that literature.

May it not be true that what is called the "erotic" or immoral tendency of many of the women writers is simply the presentation of new problems in fiction or the handling of old ones with a new freedom and from a woman's point of view?

May it not be possible that they have simply ventured to portray passion and pleasure, virtue and vice, or joy and sorrow from an outlook considered by men either non-existent or unmentionable from the established male critics' position?

Then this question also arises, Is the professional critic of the old school — the established order — so shocked because he is modest or because he is vulnerable?

Because he is asked to contemplate vice more freely or because he is invited to view it from a mental outlook which is new to him and therefore startling — and possibly uncomfortable, as well? Indeed, one of our ablest editors wrote recently a brief editorial which appears to indicate something of this nature. He also enlists under the banner of those modest souls who not only know enough — but feel themselves good enough — (in spite of Mr. Lincoln) to decide upon their own career and at the same time map out suitable ones for the majority of the women of the world. He flings out the dish-towel flag but exempts one lady who has been warmly eulogistic of men.

He says:—

"In these days, when so many women who ought to be washing dishes are giving vent to their crude conceptions in what are known as erotico-pessimistic novels, it is pleasing to read the following words: 'I write of men as I find them — loyal, noble, and brave, with a chivalrous reverence for true womanhood, and who hold that purity in woman is the rose-bloom that jewels her existence.' Here is a literary dewdrop which sparkles in a field of dank and noisome weeds. The male sex owes a debt of gratitude to her. She ought to have a chaplet of roses from the men about town."

Evidently it depends wholly on what women write of men whether their "sphere" is in the kitchen or in literature.

"If she writes what we like about ourselves, she is a

literary dewdrop. If she does not she has crude conceptions, is erotic and pessimistic and should therefore be washing dishes."

Is not this rather pleading the baby act?

Is it altogether a brave or dignified position?

Suppose the order were reversed? Suppose every man who wrote what some woman did not like, was at once pronounced out of his sphere — fit only to chop wood, crude, erotic, and pessimistic. Literature as well as the daily press is filled with expressions which are deeply offensive to many women. Most of them are so entirely the habitual outlook of men that they are written quite without consciousness of offering an indignity. Is the remedy to suppress the writers, or to correct their errors by printing these same topics from the woman's side? Should Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Fitzgerald *et al.*, be condemned to chop wood henceforth or be politely requested to take a peep at life from Mrs. Browning's point of view and thereby reduce their bump of self-esteem to normal proportions? Would it not be well to have a little reciprocity? It is the habitual form of expression that women have a weak sense of justice. This is one of the "stock properties" of "Literature." Is there not danger of stripping the fig leaf from the assumption that this great quality is masculine? May not some woman call attention to it? Might she not hint (not being a dewdrop) that justice is kept by men for use between themselves and that the supply appears to run out before they begin to deal with women?

The loves of the sexes, the fireside virtues, have been thoroughly exploited, it is true, as they appear to the owner of the silk hat and eye-glass; we are not unfamiliar with their likeness as viewed by the proprietor of smoking cap and slippers; even the sturdy wearer of duck overalls and brogans has contributed to make literature what it is.

Both idealism and realism have grown familiar to us from their points of view; but all the infinite brood has worked on the old lines, has dealt with life and its measureless possibilities from man's outlook. They have used standards of virtue and estimates of vice which grow or diminish according, not as the act itself presents it, but according to the sex of the actor, or the person under discussion. All of life means man's life — with woman as one of the incidents. Or as one

of our humorists states it: "Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of *men*." That is the full summing up of the general outlook of what is now called literature.

Love, loyalty, passion, marriage, honor, chastity, truth, ambition, success, happiness — all the limitless springs of action or of human emotion — have come to us clad in the varying garments of individual genius or incapacity; but always and ever upon the *basis* of thought, weighed and measured by the standards of man's opinion and judgment of what they are or should be to gratify him as the final appeal of all things — the end and aim of creation.

There is another standard. Only half of the canons of literature can possibly be laid down under this method. Only half have been created. Surely men should not object to the free and full development of the other half. Suppression is the resort of cowards and surely the bravery of the human race was concentrated in men — at least so literature would lead us to believe.

There appears to be a line of thought, a point of view which is struggling to make itself felt and seen just now, and women seem to be the most active writers therein. If life moves within them as has not been expected or understood (and woman has been called "the great and unsolvable mystery"), surely it were better to let her solve the riddle man confesses he has given up. If her view of life and its needs have been knowingly suppressed, is it brave to strive to perpetuate the fraud? If it has been misunderstood is it not the part of ignorant bigots to refuse to hear her story from herself?

We may admit that it is not a pleasing story or that it is ill told — but we should keep in mind that the time has come when "we" has a wider significance than it ever had before. It no longer means "I" in the marriage service nor in a deed of trust and is fast losing that import in business and politics.

Let us question the meaning of the new story, let us agree that it is often faulty in style and defective in execution; but do not let us forget that it *has* a meaning and a reason for its existence, and that one half of the race has yet to give its real thought to literature. It is conceivable that the canons may be modified womanward in the future, as they have been scienceward in the past. When the real thought

of the educated women of the new era shall have become formulated, literature may present life from an outlook that will greatly astonish those who have believed that there is but one opinion, but one person, but one thinker, but one observer, but one lover, but one sufferer — but one *human being*, in short — in a race which is composed of two sexes.

It is one of the curious studies in life that the very men who so strenuously insist that men and women are wholly unlike, mentally, morally, and physically, and that their "spheres" are entirely and forever different; it is one of the strange studies in life to observe that it is these very men who insist that one of those halves is fully able to represent the other in all things, with understanding and impartiality, better than it can represent itself.

He knows and can depict her emotions and needs, far better even in literature than she can do it.

"These young women have no clothes. They stand as nude as a plaster cast of Venus and pose before a pitying world," writes one critic.

"There are some things in life best left veiled," says another. Very true. But who is to say just which these things are? When Dickens wrote about Do-the-boys Hall, there were a number of people who were quite sure that he had touched upon the unmentionable topic. They had no doubt of it when Thackeray astonished them with Becky Sharp.

"If such things exist we do not want to know it, and above all, we do not want them put in a shape to reach our wives and daughters."

People who think to order are always terrified about "our wives and daughters" reading this or that.

Tolstoi in Russia, Ibsen in Norway, Hugo in France, Bret Harte in America, in short, every writer who strikes out a new line in any country has had to meet this two-penny logic. But all the brotherhood have had it to meet only in so far as their point of view was different in angle from that of their brothers.

Women have to meet criticism on a new and different plane altogether, and at the same time overcome the difference in perspective and coloring which is due to a difference in sex.

"It is impossible to portray in literature the relations of the sexes except on the old lines," writes a third critic. The

old lines being those laid down by one-half of the race without first taking the trouble to consult (and confessedly not understanding) the other half. You may discuss social questions from our outlook provided you arrive at our conclusions; is what the whole matter amounts to in plain English.

That worked pretty well in 1389, no doubt, but in 1889 it creates a smile — and opposition. Is it not just conceivable that the new pictures of life are not more nude, but that the lack of drapery is simply noticed from a changed position — under a new light — and for the first time by those who thought themselves covered because their eyes were turned another way?

"There are things modesty forbids you to tell," says a recent critic to Mona Caird and Olive Schreiner. Does it not strike the ear with a strange sound that such women as these must be taught modesty — by men?

"They are breaking down the safeguards of society," wails another. Good, pure, devoted women are to be taught virtue, then, and warned lest they trample it under foot to the consternation and detriment of their brothers! It is quite conceivable that virtue, used in the restricted sense intended by Miss Schreiner's critic, may come to be adjusted on new lines. It is in the air that it may cease to have sex limitations; but surely no one fears that a lowering of the standard is likely to proceed from above.

That a readjustment may originate there is not impossible.

That vice cannot be wedded to virtue on equal terms — or on terms which gives vice full control — is also conceivable.

As a prelude to the changed order of things some real comprehension of the conditions as they now exist (or as they appear to thinking women) may be looked upon by them as necessary.

By all means let us hear what women have to say of life — how it looks to them — and why it looks that way.

If they are wrong, if their vision is not clear, if they are gazing upon hobgoblins and not upon real conditions, the sooner it is known the better. But to try to suppress or drive them from the field, to attempt to make the whole human race see through masculine glasses and then tell just so much of what is seen as the average of his sex thinks fit or comprehends, is a hopeless task.

If it were to be done, the education of girls should have been kept at the point where modern Literature found it. Keen wits, trained minds, and, above all, financial independence will not be ticketed and set away in rows to be taken down when wanted.

Priscilla, the Christian prude, has given way to Minerva, the pagan thinker. Mere receptivity is out of fashion. In certain places it continues to pretend — because it is still often a pauper and paupers are not noted for bravery or frankness. But woman's hour has struck, and although she may do it ill for some time yet to come, she will act, and talk, and write *her* views of life, and in time literature will become a real reflex of the thought of the world.

The subjects which have been pronounced out of place in or unfit for literature, would cover as wide a field as literature itself. I very much doubt if one single topic would be left to tell the tale.

All theologians are absolutely sure that theology has no place therein — except alone their side of it.

Romance writers are certain that Realism is "mere reportorial work — fit only for newspapers." The slave-holders said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was anything but a novel and stamped its author as an ignorant meddler with questions she did not understand and which had no place in fiction anyway.

The "Luck of Roaring Camp" was returned to Bret Harte as "unfit for publication," and yet there are those who venture to think that when the sensitive souls who guarded so tenderly the morals of their readers shall have been forgotten even by their own descendants, the poor little "Luck" will find its way to the hearts of men.

"The woes of the laboring classes do not belong in magazine stories," says an editor. "Devote your pen to the sorrows of the poor if you would use it worthily," says another.

"In handling social questions do not tread on anybody's toes if you hope to be a popular writer," remarks a third. "And do not allow your tale to end sadly. The aim of all true fiction is to entertain — to leave the reader in a happy frame of mind."

Yet if this is true Hugo missed his calling and Shakespeare was in need of a few lessons before he gave the heart-

break of Lear to the world. In short, would it not be well to recognize that we are not all of the same intellectual pattern, either as to size, shape or quality — and may we not be doing more harm to the cause of a literature which shall be worthy of the name by our limitations and restrictions, than could possibly be done by "the daring young women who degrade it"? We must keep in mind that "Jane Eyre" was pronounced too immoral to be ranked as decent literature at all, when its author offered it to the world as her thoughts on a certain vexed social question.

Many persons who are not old can recall that "Adam Bede" was tabooed as the "vile outpourings of a lewd woman's mind," when it was published. "Aurora Leigh" was written down as the "hysterical indecencies of an erotic mind." Just the other day a leading paper reviewed "The Story of an African Farm" as "this new piece of feminine filth," and its pure-minded, high-souled writer was treated to a lecture upon morals which might have been well suited to the inmates of the disreputable house where the criticism is said to have been written. The critic spoke most feelingly of "what it is decent for our young women to know and think!"

The trouble seems to be that woman writers are apt to put more or less truth into fiction; but facts about life are thought not desirable in literature by a certain type of critic, although the acts described are quite proper in real life.

The morals of the stage were to be lowered and women to be made vicious and unwomanly when it was first suggested that such characters as Juliet might better be presented by a young girl than by a well bearded man.

The stage bore the change. So did the actress.

Colleges and homes were to be broken up when girls were first allowed to enter those highly moral portals on an equal footing with their brothers.

The colleges still stand and the feminine A. B. appears to respect her home life almost as much as her brother.

Medicine and theology were to be degraded by her entrance and she was to be murdered on her way to visit her first patient or coming home from her pastoral visits.

She has not yet called out the militia.

Above all it was beyond question when she entered law that she would demoralize the profession, be hissed in the court room, and forever shunned in society.

Instead, the report comes that "the order was never so good in the court room. The place was cleaner and far less obscenity was indulged in than is usual in conducting such a case. The judge complimented her upon her strong presentation of the case."

Now, since the stage, the college, and the medical, theological, and legal professions have borne up moderately well under the infliction, and since woman herself has maintained the dignity of her sex, does it not seem just possible that there is no need of a panic on the part of the guardians of the morals of literature if she says her say frankly therein? And since she has been able to keep herself almost as pure and upright as her brother, in all these other cases where dire disaster was predicted by him, it is suggested that a nervous spasm is unnecessary in this case also.

It seems to me that we need not be distressed lest "our girls" will be demoralized by what their sisters write. No one was ever yet made pure by ignorance. And women are not as a rule made "immoral" by other women. We must remember that in spite of the "orthodox" critics of their day, Jane Austen, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Stowe did fairly well both for themselves and the literature they were to degrade. May it not be just possible that the Olive Schreiners and the Mona Cairds may be looked upon with more or less approval long after those who map out "the only proper topics" for literature shall have been buried under the *debris* of the outgrown prejudices of the present day?

Is it not at least worth while to think some of these points over and be a bit modest in the estimation of our own infallibility and the general tone of appearing to think that women have nothing to say, don't know how to say it, and are incompetent to learn?

CARDINAL GIBBONS' LATE WORK.

THOMAS B. PRESTON.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is one of the foremost churchmen of to-day, who are wise enough to advocate new methods for new crises in the world's history. There is arising a new liberalism which, while it laughs at superstition and denounces the unwarranted assumption of authority, claims to be conservative of what is good, and endeavors to distinguish between that of the past which is worth preserving and the indiscriminate destruction of all things. Cardinal Gibbons, if not one of the apostles of the new liberalism, may at least be considered friendly to the movement. His latest book, entitled "Our Christian Heritage," is destined to attract wide-spread attention from persons of all sects and of no sect. It is a part of contemporary religious thought and deserves careful reading by those who wish to keep abreast of the times. But while admitting the Cardinal's beautiful spirit of toleration and love of liberty, it is only fair to point out some passages in his work which are contradictory to this spirit.

Concerning education he has a few words of warning against defective or one-sided training that would develop the child's intellectual nature while leaving uncared-for his moral faculties. "It is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive also a religious training." Intellectual and moral growth should go hand in hand. "The only effectual way," he says, "to preserve the blessings of civil freedom within legitimate bounds, is to inculcate in the mind of youth while at school, the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial, and the other fundamental duties comprised in the Christian code of morals." Overlooking the fact that a system of ethics which would inculcate "the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial and other fundamental duties" on which all men would agree, might easily be taught in our public schools,

Cardinal Gibbons goes on to imply that "sectarianism" should be a part of the training of youth. He says: "The remedy for these defects would be supplied if the denominational system, such as now obtains in Canada, were applied in our public schools." Such a conclusion is not necessarily or logically deducible from the principles he started out with and it is very doubtful if graver evils would not arise from its application. The education of children in separate sectarian schools of different denominations would certainly tend to keep alive the spirit of sectarian animosity. Canada, which he cites as a shining example, is also the one country of all the world where religious bigotry and the denominational spirit have survived the spirit of brotherhood, the spirit of the Lord's prayer, even down to this last decade of the nineteenth century. Witness the frequent encounters between Orangemen and Nationalists, the unending disputes as to burial in consecrated ground, and last but not least, the ridiculous insistence on temporal honors by Cardinal Taschereau, who at the opening of the Provincial parliament some months ago demanded consideration equal to that paid the representative of the Queen and a throne erected of the same height and decorated with an equal number of yards of tinsel. Canada was an unfortunate example for Cardinal Gibbons to cite.

His book, though one of the most able popular expositions of the principles of Christianity ever written by any American prelate, is not a complete system of religion. He is not dogmatic, he does not claim to speak as a spiritual teacher clothed with infallibility and he does not attempt to be either polemical or thorough. His argument for the existence of a God is derived from the order and harmony seen in the universe. Like Paley's watch, it hardly answers the assumptions of the pantheist. Then too, some theologians might differ from him with regard to the extent of the influence of environment in acting on free will. Cardinal Gibbons is inclined to belittle its influence while others carry it to the point of almost denying free will.

The Cardinal hardly appreciates the depth of the social problem. "The aged poor," he says, "are no longer at the mercy of heartless masters." Millions of workmen in our great centres of population would dispute that. "They are comfortably provided for in institutions now spread throughout Christendom." Perhaps under a system of equal justice

to all, such wide-spread alms-giving might not be necessary. He shows himself to be a believer in the now exploded theory of the "wage fund," for he says: "The poor depend on the rich for remuneration." He does not reflect that the poor create their own remuneration by the enhanced value which they give to material objects through the application of their labor and that the rich allow them to retain as little of it as they can and still consent to work. And the rich, or rather the employers whose capital is engaged in production, have to do just that, in spite of all the lessons of Christianity to the contrary, because otherwise they would be forced to the wall by less scrupulous or more exacting competitors. And even if every employer should attempt to do otherwise, they would all in a few centuries become mere tenants and serfs of the owners of untaxed monopolies. He denounces "Socialism and Communism, which would level all social distinctions and distribute to all an equal measure of earthly goods"; but he seems to overlook the socialism of our present system which gives to a privileged few the ownership of opportunities for work, through which ownership they are enabled to appropriate without return the fruits of the labor of the toiling masses, and he has no efficient remedy to propose for the "communism of combined capital" which Mr. Cleveland characterized in one of his presidential messages. He gets a hint from Mr. Lecky, the historian, that the most effectual way to suppress poverty is to "foster trade and commerce along with habits of industry," but he carries the thought only a very little way. "The sturdy man who habitually begs instead of working for a livelihood," he says, "is justly open to suspicion," but he does not reflect that the most natural suspicion is that he cannot find the opportunity to work. "He is able to dig and not ashamed to beg." Perhaps he cannot get the chance to dig. Would not the affording of opportunities for all be a far better plan than doling out alms? Not being able to solve the social problem, he reaches this rather dismal conclusion: —

"Unequal distribution of goods is the law of divine economy. In every nation you will find men occupying the two extremes of bodily and intellectual stature, of towering height and diminutive size, of gigantic strength and physical impotency, of luminous intellect and dullness of comprehension; and so also will be met the two extremes of fortune's

gifts and social life. This law of inequality is decreed by a wise dispensation of Providence for the exercise of social virtues, that the strong may aid the weak, the learned instruct the ignorant, the rich help the poor. God has given you wealth that you may practice beneficence toward the needy. He has permitted others to live in indigence, that they might exercise patience and self-denial, and manifest gratitude to their benefactors."

There is a subtle fallacy about this which deserves careful consideration. The law of divine economy is that in a world teeming with everything necessary for man's wants, where God has placed the human race, a just and natural system would result in each one receiving rewards proportioned to the combined application of their talents and industry. As the talents and industry of men differ as much as their features, there will always be "unequal distribution of goods," and there will always be met "the two extremes of fortune's gifts and social life." The idea evidently insinuated, however, is that the rich are benefactors of the poor in giving them work — a natural conclusion from his acceptance of the wage fund theory. He does not reflect that abundance has been provided for all and that, barring exceptional cases of physical disability or insanity, none need live in indigence were it not for the fact that natural bounties are monopolized by a few who either hold them out of use or charge so much for their use as practically to exclude from the enjoyment of these bounties the vast majority of the human race, forcing them to compete with each other for the privilege of working. Under a system of justice there would still be an unequal distribution of goods, but it would be a natural inequality according to the varied abilities and industry of individuals, not the enormous disproportion of hoarded millions on the one hand and starvation from lack of the necessaries of life on the other. I remember to have seen somewhere a comparison between the natural inequalities of which the Cardinal speaks and the enormously unnatural "extremes of fortune's gifts" to be seen to-day. The writer took the fortune of a Vanderbilt and that of the average workingman, and showed that if they were proportionately constituted, physically, Vanderbilt would have a "towering height" of many miles. No such monstrosities are met with in nature. There is something wrong with the system under which they

can arise, something which cannot be cured by "establishing houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor for the care of the aged and infirm indigent."

There may be still greater differences between the extremes of "luminous intellect" and "dullness of comprehension" than in physical qualities, but the dullest comprehension will admit that there are no such differences from natural inequalities to be found as are met with every day around us. Statisticians estimate that the United States is able to maintain comfortably a population of over two billions. Why is it that with a population of only sixty-five millions, people are dying from want while thousands of bushels of corn are burned in the West and there are thousands of hungry mouths in the East? The Cardinal's partial view leads him to a statement which many will question: "The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry." This is a monstrous misstatement in view of the fact demonstrated by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, that twenty-five thousand families own to-day one-half the wealth of the country and that thirty years hence, if present causes continue, one one-thousandth of the population will own three fifths of the entire wealth of the United States. The secret of the great fortunes of to-day may all be found in monopoly in lands, money or transportation, which has built up these fortunes in spite of the lavish expenditures of their owners and at the expense of the "untiring industry" of millions of toilers.

The Cardinal should have turned his attention to that problem. The Church will have to face it sooner or later and the fewer things that churchmen say which may be interpreted as a defence of the so-called vested rights of monopolies, the more will the multitude hear the gospel gladly. It is sad to see such a luminous intellect as that of Cardinal Gibbons reach such a lame conclusion as this: "The most efficient way to relieve the wants of the poor, is through organizations like that of the Little Sisters, of which I have already spoken, and of the St. Vincent de Paul Society." Heroic examples of Christian charity he quotes, and all honor to them, but charity will never be able to atone for the denial of justice.

He compares the influence of paganism and Christianity on slavery to the great advantage of the latter. But there is

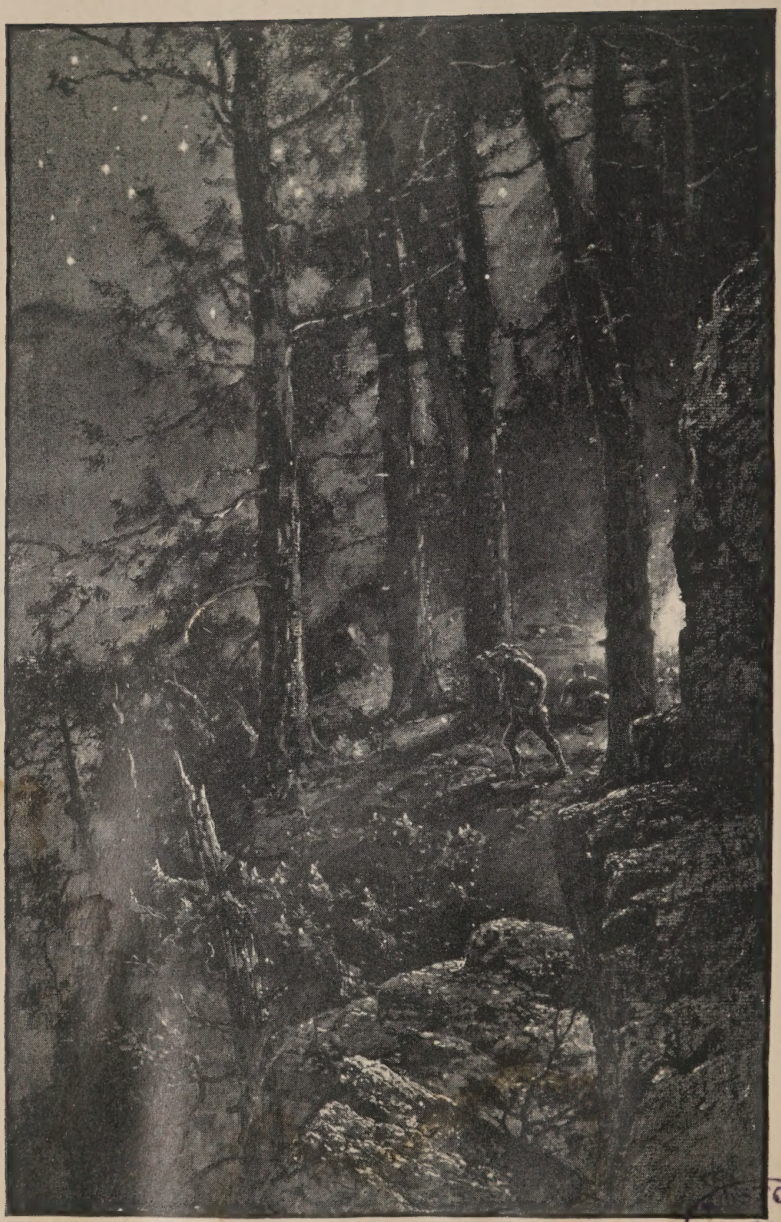
a new paganism which under the guise and name of Christianity is eating the heart out of Christendom. "The elder Cato," he says, "considered slaves simply as machines for acquiring wealth, to be cast aside in decrepit old age like worthless lumber." Yet in our Christian civilization, in one of the United States, while a railroad was recently being laid and the poor workmen were toiling under the heated rays of a midsummer sun, some of them having perished from sunstroke, when a reporter, sent to investigate the matter, suggested the erection of a wooden shed over the place where the men were working, the superintendent replied: "A shed would cost us money, and we can always replace our laborers; men are cheaper than shingles." Slavery has not disappeared, its form has merely changed. Christianity has had much to do with its nominal abolition, but the spirit of the founder of Christianity will not be carried out until every disguise under which slavery lurks is torn away and every vestige of it destroyed.

Cardinal Gibbons talks of the rights of laborers and their privilege to organize in which he upholds the trade union feature, but, although he denounces the boycott rather inconsistently, he does not seem to appreciate the fact that the chief use of labor organizations is on their educational side, enabling them by discussion to ascertain their political and economic rights and to take concerted action towards obtaining them. The Cardinal says that the laborer is "entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services" and that there "need not be any conflict between labor and capital"—neither statement strikingly original. He is persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed than his brethren across the Atlantic, but does not appear to see that it is because of the greater abundance here of opportunities for the exercise of labor. He denounces "heartless monopolists" without showing any way to abolish the monopolies. He upholds government interference to afford protection "to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies," but on the next page inveighs against State Socialism.

His position on the question of evolution also is far beneath the advanced tone of the rest of his work. He denies, apparently without investigation, the theory of man's descent from the pithecoid ape and takes it for granted that such a theory

is necessarily at variance with the idea of the unity of the human race and the evangelical doctrine of the Atonement. He seems also to go so far as to claim that God must have created as many different original types as there are species to-day. "That there is or that there has been any transmutation from original types," he says, "we must deny." He forgets that the theory of evolution is one that has steadily made its way in the world of science until it is now accepted almost universally; that every new discovery tends to confirm it, and that many Catholic scientists, among them Mr. St. George Mivart and Mr. William Seton, are believers in evolution. The latter gentleman quite recently defended the theory of evolution and uttered memorable words, which it would be well for all churchmen to heed, warning them against the danger of uniting their religious beliefs with physical theories which the advance of science might subsequently overthrow.

It is, however, the liberal tone of Cardinal Gibbons' work, its merits rather than its defects, which mark the altered attitude of Catholic theologians toward modern progress. With him the idea of God being vengefully engaged and taking a fiendish delight in burning for all eternity any of his creatures becomes abhorrent. The lake of fire, the writhings and agonizing physical torments so familiar to all students of mediæval art and literature are practically abandoned. There is no plea in favor of monarchical or aristocratic ideas. The Declaration of Independence is to him a profoundly religious profession. There is nothing in the spirit of the work which need prevent the most advanced liberal from welcoming his efforts to lead his fellow Catholics in the path of progress. And the book itself is but the outward evidence of an inward leaven which is working in the minds of all deeply religious people and which promises the best results for the moral, social, and political future of the United States and of the world at large.



Drawn by Hamilton Gibson.

"I ONLY KNOW THE DEAD HAVE WAVED ME TOWARD THE WATER, AND I GO."

(*See "Mamelons."*)

PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAMELONS.*

A LEGEND OF THE SAGUENAY.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER'S MESSAGE.

EVENING was on the woods. The girl, her mother's message in her hands, gift from the chest that owned the golden key, sat reading. And this is what she read:

"My daughter: They tell me I must die. I know it, for a chill, strange to my blood, is creeping through and thickening in my veins. It is the old tale told from the beginning of the world — of warm blood frozen when 'tis warmest, and beauty blasted at its fullest bloom. For I am at that age when woman's nature gives most and gets most from sun and flower, from touch of baby hands and man's strong love, and all the blood within her moves, tremulous with forces whose working makes her pure and sweet, as moves the strong wine in the cask when ripening its red strength and flavor. O daughter of a race that never lied save for a loved one! blood of my blood, remember that your mother died hating to die; died when life was fullest, sweetest, fiercest in her; for life is passionate force, and when full is fierce to crave, to seek, to have and hold, and has been so since man loved woman and by woman was beloved. And so it is with me. A woman, I crave to live, and, craving life, must die.

"Death! how I hate thee! What right hast thou to claim me now when I am at my sweetest? The withered and the wrinkled are for thee. For thee the colorless cheek, the shrivelled breast, the skinny hand that shakes as shakes the leaf, frost-smitten to its fall, the lustreless eye, and the lone soul that looketh longingly ahead where wait its loved ones;

*The first half of this remarkably beautiful prose poem appeared in the January ARENA.

such are for thee, not I. For I am fair and fresh and full through every vein of those quick forces, which belong to life, and hate the grave. This, that you may know your mother died unwillingly, and dying hated death, as all of the old race and faith have ever done since he first came, a power, a mystery, and a curse into the world. For in the ancient annals of our fathers it was written 'that in the beginning of the world there was no death, but life was all in all.' God talked with them as father talks with children; their daughters were married to His sons, and earth and heaven were one.

"Your father was of France, but also of that blood next oldest ours. He was Lenape, a branch blown from that primal tree which was the world's first growth, whose roots ran under ocean before the first world sank; a branch blown far by fate, which, falling, struck deep into the soil of this western world, and, vital with deathless sap, grew and became a tree. This was in ancient days, when thoughts of men were writ in pictures and the round world rested on a Tortoise's back — emblem of water. For the first world was insular, and blue seas washed it from end to end, a mighty stretch, which reached from sunrise into sunset, through many zones. Long after, men lost knowledge and the earth was flat, and for a thousand years the Tortoise symbol was an unread riddle save to us of the old blood, who knew the pictured tongue, and laughed to see the later races, mongrel in blood and rude, flatten out the globe of God until it lay flat as their ignorance. Your father was Lenape, who bore upon his breast the Tortoise symbol of old knowledge made safe by sacredness; for the wise men of his race, that the old fact might not be lost, but borne safely on like a dry seed blown over deserts until it comes to water, and, lodging, finds chance to grow into a full flowered, fruitful tree, made it, when they died and knowledge passed, the Totem of his tribe. Thus the dead symbol kept the living fact alive. Nor were there lacking other proofs that his blood was one with mine, though reaching us through world-wide channels. For in his tongue, like flecks of gold in heaps of common sand, were words of the old language, clear and bright with the original lustre, when gold was sacred ornament and had no vulgar use. The mongrel moderns have made it base and fouled it with dirty trade; but in the beginning, and by those

of primal blood, who knew they were of heaven, it was a sacred metal, held for God.*

"We met in France, and by French custom were allied. I was a girl, and knew not my own self, and he a boy scarce twenty. Reasons of state there were to prompt our marriage, and so we were joined. He was of our old blood. That drew me and no other thing, for love moved not within me, but nested calmly in my breast as a young bird, ere yet its wings are grown or it has thrilled with flight, rests in its downy cincture. He died at Mamelons; died under doom. You know the tale. He died and you came, fatherless, into the world.

"You are your mother's child. In face and form, in eye and every look, you are of me and not of him. The French cross in his blood made weakness, and the stronger blood prevailed. This is the law. A turbid stream sinks with quick ebb; the pure flows level on. The Jews prove this. The ancient wisdom stands in them. The creed, which steals from their old faith, whatever makes it strong, has armed the world against them, but their blood triumphs. The old tide, red and true, unmixed, pure, laughs at these mongrel streams. Strong with pure strength it bides its time. The world will yet be theirs, and so the prophecy of their sacred books be met. Pure blood shall win, albeit muddy veins today are boasted of by fools.

"But we are older far than they. The Jews are children, while on our heads the rime of hoary time rests white as snow. Our race was old when Egypt, sailing from our ancestral ports, reached, as a colony, the Nile.† From tideless Sea,‡ to the Green Island in the west,§ from southern Spain to Arctic zones, the old Basque banner waved; while under Mamelons, where waits the doom for insult to pure blood, your fathers anchored ships from the beginning. What

*Among many of the ancient races gold and silver were sacred metals, not used in commerce, but dedicated as votive offerings, or sent to the temples as dues to the gods. Nothing more astonished and puzzled the natives of Peru and Mexico than the eagerness with which the Spaniards sought for gold, and the high value they put upon it. A West Indian savage traded a handful of gold dust with one of the sailors with Columbus for some tool, and then ran as for his life to the woods, lest the sailor should repent his bargain and demand the tool to be given back!

†It is certain that the Iberian race settled on the Spanish peninsula a long time before the Egyptians, a sister colony from the same unknown parental source, doubtless, began their marvellous structures on the Nile.

‡The Mediterranean.

§Ireland.

loss came to the earth when the gods of the old world, of whom we are, sank under sea and with them took the perfect knowledge! Alas! alas! the chill creeps in and on and I must hurry! I would make you wise before I die with a wisdom which none save the women of our race might speak or learn.

"You will read this when I am fixed among the women of our race in the great realms where they are queens. For since the first the women of our race have ruled and had their way, whether for good or ill, and both have come to them and through them unto others. And so forever will it be. For beauty is a fate, and unto what 'tis set none know. The issue proves it and naught else. So be it. She who has the glory of the fate should have the courage to bide issue.

"Your body is my body; your face my face; your blood my blood. The warmth of the old fires are in it, and the sweet heat which glows in you will make you understand. You are my child, and being so, I give you of myself. I love. Love as the women of our race and only they may love. Love with a love that maketh all my life so that without it all is death to me. That love I, dying, bestow on you. It came to me like flash of fire on altar when holy oils are kindled and the censer swung. Here I first met him. Death had me. He fought and took me from his hand. In the beginning, men were large and strong, and women beautiful. Giants were on the earth, and our mothers wedded them. Each was a rose, thorn-guarded, and the strongest plucked her when in bloom and wore her, full of sweets, upon his bosom. Since then the women of our blood have loved large men. Weak ones we hated. None save the mighty, brawny, and brave have ever felt our soft arms round them, or our mouths on theirs. Thus has it been.

"I loved him, for his strength was as the ancients, and with it gentleness like the gods. But he was humble, and knew not his own greatness, and, blinded by humility, he would not see that I was his. So I waited, waited as all women wait, that they may win. It is not art, but nature, the nature of a rose, which, daily opening more and more to perfect bloom in his warm light, makes the sun know his power at last. For love reveals all greatness in us, as it does all faults. Well did I know that he should see at last his

fitness for me, and, without violence to himself, yield to my loveliness and be drawn within the circle of my arms. So should I win at last, as have the women of our race won always. But death mars all. So has it been since women lived. His is the only knife whose edge may cut the silken bands we wind round men. Vain is all else. Faiths may not stand against us, nor pride, nor honor. Our power draws stronger. The grave alone makes gap 'twixt lovely woman's loving and bridal bed. So, dying thus before my time I am bereft of all.

"But you shall win, for in you I shall live again and to full time. I know that you will love him, for you drew my passion to you with my milk, and all my thoughts were of him, when, with large receptive eyes, you lay a baby in my arms, day after day, scanning my face, love-lighted for him. Aye, you will love him. For in your sleep, cradled on the heart that worshiped him, its warmth for him warmed you, its beating thrilled, and from my mouth, murmured caressingly in dreams, your ears and tongue learned his dear name before mine own. So art thou fated unto love as I to death. Both could not win, and hence, perhaps, 'tis well I die. For had both lived, then both had loved, mother and child been rivals, and one suffered worse than dying. Nor am I without joy. For once, when I was wooing him with art he did not know, coaxing him up to me with sweet praises sweetly said, and purposely I swayed so my warm body fell into his arms and there lay for a moment, vibrant, all aglow, while all my woman's soul went through my lifted and dimmed eyes to him, I saw a flash of fire flame in his face, and felt a throb jump through his body, as the God woke in him, which told me he was mortal. And, faint with joy, I slid downward from his arms and in the fragrant grasses sat, throbbing, covering up my face with happy hands lest he should see the glory of it and be frightened of what his touch had done. I swear by the old blood, that moment's triumph honored, that the memory of that blissful time takes from death its sting and robs the grave of victory, as I lie dying.

"Yea, thou shalt win. The power will be in thee, as it has been in me, to win him or any whom women made as we set heart on. But woo him with that old art of innocence, snow white, though hot as fire, lost to the weak or brazen women of these mongrel races that fill the world to-day, who

dare not dare, or daring, overdo. Be slow as sunrise. Let thy love dawn on him as morning dawns upon the earth, and warmth and light grow evenly, lest the quick flash blind him, or the sudden heat appall, and he see nothing right, but shrink from thee and his new self as from a wicked thing. I may not help thee. What fools these moderns are to think so. The dead have their own lives and loves, and note not the living. Else none might be at peace or know comfort above the sky, and all souls would make wail for wrongs and woes done and borne under sun. So is it well that parting should be parting, and what wall divides the dead from living be beyond penetration. For each woman's life is sole. Her plans are hidden with her love. Her skill is of it a sweet secrecy, and all her winning is self-won. I do not fear. Thou wilt have the wooing wisdom of thy race. Thy eyes are such as men give life to look into. The passion in thy blood would purchase thrones. Thou hast the grace of form which maddens men. Thy voice is music. Thy touch warm velvet to the skin. The first and perfect woman lives complete in thee!

"No more. In the old land no one is left. The modern cancer eats all there. New fashions and new faiths crowd in. Only low blood is left, and that soon yields to pelf and pain. Last am I of the queenly line and thou art last of me. I came of gods. To gods I go. The tree that bore the fruit of knowledge for our sex in the sunrise of the world is stripped to the last sweet leaf. If thou shalt die leaving no root, the race God made is ended. With thee the gods quit earth, and the old red blood beats back and upward to the skies. Gold hast thou and broad acres. Youth and health are thine. Win his great strength to thee, for he is pure as strong, and from a primal man get perfect children, that in this new world in the west a new race may arise rich in old blood, born among the hills, strong with the strength of trees, whose sons shall be as mountains, and whose daughters as the lakes, whose loveliness is lovelier because of the reflected mountains dimly seen in them.

"Farewell. Love greatly. It is the only way that leadeth woman to her heaven. The moderns have a saying in their creed that God is love. In the beginning He was Father. The race that sprang from Him said that, and said no more. It was enough. Love then was human, and we

gloried in it. Not the pale love of barren nun, but love red as the rose, warm as the sun, the love of motherly women, sweet mouthed, deep breasted, voiced with cradle songs and soft melodies which made men love their homes. Love thou and live on the old level. Be not ashamed to be full woman. Love strength. Bear children to it. Be mother of a mighty race born for this western world. Multiply. Inherit; and send the old blood flowing from thy veins, a widening current, thrilling through the ages; that it may be as red, as pure, as strong at sunset as it was in the sunrise of the world.

"Once more, farewell, sweet daughter. These are last words, a voice from out the sunset, sweet and low as altar hymn wandering down the columned aisles of some old temple. So may it sound to thee. So live, so woo, so win, that when thou comest through the portals of the west to that fair throne amid those other ones which stretch their stateliness across the endless plain of ended things, which waits for thee as one has waited for every woman of our queenly line, thou shalt leave behind at going a new and noble race, from thee and him, in which the east and west, the sunrise and the sunset of the world shall, like two equal glories, meet condensed and shine. So fare thee well. Fear not Mamelons. For if thou failest there, thou shalt be free of fault, and all the myriad millions of our blood shall out of sunset march, and from the shining sands of fate lift thee high and place thee on the last, the highest, and the whitest throne of our old line. So ends it. One more sweet kiss, sweet one. One more long look into his face — grave, grave and sad he gazeth at me. God! What a face he has! Shall I find match for it to-morrow when I stand, amid the royal, beyond sunset? Perhaps. Death, you have good breeding. You have waited well. Come, now, I will go on with thee. Yes, yes, I see the way. 'Tis very plain. It has been hollowed by so many feet. Good-bye to earthly light and life. It may be I shall find a better. I'll know to-morrow."

Here the scroll ended. Long the living sat pondering what the dead had writ. She kissed the writing as it were holy text. Then placed it in the chest, and turned the golden key, and said: "Sweet mother, thou shalt live in me. Our race shall not die out. My love shall win him."

Then went she to the great room wherein the Trapper by the red fire sat and said: "John Norton, thou art my guest. What may I do to pleasure thee? Here thou must stay until my mind can order out my life and make the dubious road ahead look plain. While underneath my roof, I pray, command me."

All this with such grave dignity and sweet grace as she were queen and he some kinsman, great and wise.

The Trapper stooped and lifted a huge log upon the fire, which broke the lower brands. The chimney roared, and the large room brightened to the flame. Then, facing her, he said: "Guest I am and servant, both in one, and must be so awhile. Winter is on us. The fire feels snow. It putters as if the flakes were falling in it. It is a sign that never lies. Hark! you can hear the konk of geese as they wedge southward. The winter will be long, but I must stay."

"And are you sorry you must stay?" replied the girl. "I will do what I may to make the days and nights pass swiftly."

"Nay, nay, you do mistake," returned the Trapper. "I am not sorry for myself, but thee. If I may only help thee: how can I help thee?"

"John Norton," replied the girl, and she spoke with sweet earnestness as when the heart is vocal, "thou art a man, and wise: I am a girl, and know nought save books. But you, you have seen many men and tribes of men; counciled with chiefs, been comrade with the great, sharing their inner thoughts in peace and war, and thou hast done great deeds thyself, of which fame speaks widely. Why do you cheapen your own value so, calling thyself a common man? My uncle said you were the best, the bravest, and the wisest man he ever met, and he had sat with kings and chiefs, and heard the best men of both worlds tell all they knew. Dear friend, wilt thou not be my teacher, and teach me that which lieth now, like treasure hidden, locked in thy silence?"

"I teach thee!" exclaimed the Trapper. "I, an unlettered man, a hunter of the woods, teach one who readeth every tongue, who knoweth all the past, to the beginning of the world, whose head has in it all these shelves of knowledge," and the Trapper swept a gesture toward the thousand books that thickened the great hall from floor to ceiling. "I teach thee!"

"Yes, you," answered the girl. "You can teach me, or any woman that ever lived, or any man. For you were given at your birth the seeing eye, the listening ear, and the still patience of the mountain cat, which on the bare bough sits watching, from sunset until sunrise, motionless. In the old days such gifts meant wisdom, wider, deeper, more exact than that of books, for so my mother often told me. She said the wisest men who ever lived were those who, in deep woods and caves and on the shore of seas, saw, heard, and pondered on the life and mysteries of nature, noting all things, small and great, cause and effect, tracing out connections which interlace the parts into one whole, so making one solid woof of knowledge, covering all the world of fact and substance in the end. And once, when you were in the mood, and had been talking in the hall, drawn on and out by her, you told of climes and places you had seen, and strange things met in wandering, of great mounds builded by some ancient race, long dead; of cities, under sunset, still standing solid, without men; of tall and shapely pillars, writ with mystic characters, on the far shore of the mild sea, whence sailed the old dead of my race, at dying, far away to western heavens, where to-day they live; of caverns in deep earth, made glorious with crystals, stalactites, prisms, and shining ornaments, where, in old time, the gods of the under world were chambered; of trees that mingled bloom and fruitage the long year through, and flowers that never faded till the root died out; of creeping reptiles, snakes, and savage, poisonous things that struck to kill, and of their antidotes, growing for man and beast amid the very grasses where they secreted venom; of rivers wide and deep, boiling up through solid earth, full-tided, which, flowing widely on, dropped suddenly like a plummet to the centre of the world; of plains, fenced by the sky, far reaching as the level sea, so that the red sun rose and set in grasses; of fires which, lit by lightning, blackened the stars with smoke and burned all the world; of oceans in the west, which, flowing with joint floods, fell over mountains, plunging their weights of water sheer downward, so that the rocky framework of the round earth shook; of winds that blew as out of chaos, revolving on a hollow axis like a wheel buzzing, invisible, charged to the centre with electric force, and fires which burst explosive, kindling the air like tinder; and of ten thousand marvels

and curious things, which you have met, noted, and pondered on, seeking to know the primal fact or force which underlaid them. So that my mother said that night, when we were in our chamber, that you were the wisest man she ever met; wise with the wisdom of her ancient folk, whose knowledge lived, oral and terse, before the habit of bookmaking came to rive the solid substance, heavy and rich, into thin veneer, to make vain show for fools to wonder at. Teach me! Who might thou not teach, thou seeing, silent man, type of my first fathers, who, gifted with rare senses and with wit to question nature and to learn mastered all wisdom before books were."

"Aye, aye," returned the Trapper, not displeased to hear her praise as rare what seemed to him so common, "these things I know in truth, for I have wandered far, seen much, and noted closely, and he who sleeps in woods has time to think. But, girl, I am an unlearned man, and know naught of books."

"Books!" exclaimed the girl. "What are books but oral knowledge spread out in words which lack the fire of forceful utterance? But you shall know them. The winter days are short, the nights are long; our toil is simple; wood for the fire, fruit for the table, and a swift push each day along the snow for exercise; or if the winds will keep some acres clean, our skates shall ring to the smitten ice, piercing it with tremblings till all the shores cry out. All other hours for sleep and books. I read in seven tongues, one so old that none save I in all the world can read it; for it was writ when letters were a mystery, known only unto those who fed the sacred fire and kept God's altars warm. And I will read you all the wisdom of the world, and its rare laughter, which, mother said, was the fine effervesce of wisdom, the pungent foam and sparkle of it. So you shall know. And one old scroll there is, rolled in foil of gold, sealed with the serpent seal, symbol of eternity, scribed with pictured knowledge, an heirloom of my race, whose key alone I have, writ in rainbow colors, when the world was young, the language of the gods, who first made signs for speech and put the speaking mouth upon a page. It was the first I learned. My mother taught it to me standing at her knee — for so the law says it shall be done, a law old with twice ten thousand years of age — that he who knows this scroll shall teach it, under

silence, to his or her first born, standing at knee, that the old knowledge of prime things and days may not perish from the earth it tells of, but live on forever while the earth endures. For on it is the record of the beginning, told by those who saw it; of the first man and how he came to be; of woman, first, when born and of what style. A list of healing simples, antidotes 'gainst death, and of rare oils which search the bones and members of the mortal frame and banish pain; and others yet, sweet to the nose, and volatile, that make the face to shine, for feasts and happy days, and being poured on women, make their skin softer than down, whiter than drifted snow, and so clean and clear that the rich blood pinks through it like a red rose centred in crystal. And on it, too, is written other and strange rules, wild and weird. How one may have the seeing eye come to him. How to call up the wicked dead from under ground, and summon from their heaven in the west, where they live and love, the blessed. How marriage came to man with woman. What part is his to act and what part hers, that each may be joy to other, and she thus honored, be as sweet slip grafted on a vital trunk, full flowered in fullest growth, and fruitful of what the old gods loved, children, healthy, fair, and strong; all will I read thee, talking as we read, that we, with sharpened thought, may bite through to the vital gist, deep centred within the hard rind of words, and taste the living sweetness of true sense. So will we teach each other and grow wise equally; you, me the knowledge of things and places you have seen; I, you the knowledge writ in books that I have read."

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

NEXT day, the Trapper's sign proved true. Winter fell whitely on the world. Its soft fleece floated downward to the earth whiter than washed wools. The waters of the lake blackened in contrast with the shores. The flying leaves — tardy vagrants from the branch — were smothered 'mid the flakes, and dropped like shot birds. Toward night the wind arose. The forest moaned. At sunset, in the gray gloom, a flock of ducks roared southward through the whirling storm. A field of geese, leaderless, bewildered, blinded by the driving flakes, scented water, and, like a noisy mob, fell, with a

mighty splash, into the lake. Summer went with the day, and with the night came winter, white, cold, and stormy, roaring violently through the air.

In the great hall sat the two. The logs on the wide hearth piled high, glowed red — a solid coal from end to end, cracked with concentric rings. They reddened the hall, books, skins, and antlered trophies of the chase. The strong man and the girl's dark face stood forth in the warm luminance, pre-Raphaelite. The Trapper sat in a great chair, built solidly of rounded wood, untouched by tool, but softly cushioned. The girl, recumbent, rested on a pile of skins, black with the glossy blackness of the bear, full furred. Her dress, a garnet velvet, from the looms of France. Her moccasins, snow white. On either wrist a serpent coil of gold. A diamond at her throat. Red fez on her head, while over her rich dress the glossy masses of her hair fell tangled to her feet. She read from an old book, bound with rich plush, whose leaves were vellum, edged with artful garniture and lettered richly with crimson ink — a precious relic of old literature, saved from those vandal flames which burned the stored knowledge of the world to ashes at Alexandria. The characters were Phœnician, and told the story of that race to which we owe our modern alphabet; whose ships, a thousand years before the Christ, went freighted with letters, seeking baser commerce, to every shore of the wide world. She read by the fire's red light, and the ruddy glow fell vividly on the pictured page, the rich dress outlining her full form and the swarth beauty of her face. It was the story of an old race — no library has it now — the story of their rise, their glory, and their fall. She read for hours, pausing here and there to tell her listener of connecting things — of Rome that was not then; of Greece yet to be born; of Egypt, swarming on the Nile and building monuments for eternity, and of her ancient race, west of the tideless sea, whose annals, even then, reached backward through ten thousand years, thus making clear what otherwise were dark, and teaching him all history. So passed the hours till midnight struck. Then she arose, and lifting a goblet half-filled with water, poured it on the hearth, saying: "I spill this water to a race whose going emptied half the world." This solemnly, for she was of the past, and held to its old fashions, knowing all its symbolism, its rites, its daily customs,

and what they meant, for so she had been taught, and nothing else, by her whose blood and beauty she repeated. Then took the Trapper's hand and laid it on her head, bent low, and said: "Dear friend, I am so glad to serve you. I have enjoyed this night beyond all nights I ever knew. I hope for many others like to it, and even sweeter." And saying this she looked with glad and peaceful eyes into his face, and glided noiselessly from the room.

The Trapper piled high the logs again, and, lying down upon the skins where she had lain, gazed with wide eyes into the coals. The gray was in the sky before he slept, and in his sleep he murmured: "It cannot be. I am an unlearned man and poor. I am not fit." Above him in her chamber, nestling in sleep, the girl sighed in her dreams and murmured: "How blind he is!" And then: "My love shall win him!"

Dear girl, sweet soul of womanhood, gift to these gilded days from the old solid past, I would the thought had never come to me to tell this tale of Mamelons!

So went the winter; and so the two grew upward side by side in knowledge. He learning of the past as taught in books; of men long dead whose names had been unknown to him; of deeds done by the mighty of the world; of cities, monuments, tombs long buried; of races who mastered the world and died mastered by their own weaknesses; of faiths, philosophies, and creeds once bright and strong as fire, now cold and weak as sodden ashes; of vanished rites and mysteries and lost arts which once were the world's wonder — all were unfolded to him, so that his strong mind grasped the main point of each and understood the whole. And she learned much from him; of bird and beast and fish; of climates and their growths; of rocks and trees; of nature's signs and movements by day and night; of wandering tribes and mongrel races; the lore of the woods and waters and the differences in governments which shape the lives of men. So taught they each other; she, swift of thought and full of eastern fire; he, slower minded, but calm, sagacious, comprehensive, remembering all and settling all in wise conclusion. Two better halves, in mind and soul and body, to make a perfect whole, were never brought by fate together since God made male and female. The past and present, fire and wood, fancy and judgment, beauty to win and strength

to hold, sound minds in sound bodies, the perfect womanhood and manhood ideal, typical, met, conjoined in them.

Slowly she won him. Slowly she drew him with innocence of loving, to oneness in wish and thought and feeling, with her sweet self. Slowly, as the moon lifts the great tide, she lifted him toward her, until his nature stood highest, full flooded, nigh, bathed in all the wide, deep flowing of its greatness, in her white radiance. It was an angel's mission, and all the wild passion of her blood, original, barbaric, was sobered with reverent thought of the great destiny that she, wedded to him, stood heir to. She had no other hope, nor wish, nor dream, than to be his. She was all woman. This life was all to her. She had no future. If she had, she wisely put it by until she came to it. She took no thought of far to-morrow. Sufficient for the day was the joy or sorrow of it. She lived. She loved. That was enough. What more might be to woman than to live, to love, worship her husband and bear children? Such life were heaven. If other heaven there were she could not crave it, being satisfied. So felt she. So had she felt. So acted that it might be; and now, at last, she stood on that white line each perfect woman climbs to, passing which, radiant, content, grateful, she enters—heaven.

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Spring came. Heat touched the snow, and it grew liquid. The hills murmured as with many tongues, and low music flowed rippling down their sides. The warm earth sweetened with odors. Sap stirred in root and bough, and the fibred sod thrilled with delicious passages of new life.

From the far South came flaming plumage, breasts of gold and winged music to the groves. The pent roots of herbs, spiced and pungent, burst upward through the moistened mould, and breathed wild, gamy odors through the woods. The skeleton trees thickened with leaf formations, and hid their naked grayness under green and gold. Each day birds of passage, pressed by parental instinct, slanted wings toward the lake, and, sailing inward, to secluded bays, made haste to search for nests. Mother otters swam heavy through the tide, and the great turtles, lumbering from the water, digged deep pits under starlight, in the sand, and cunningly piled their pyramid of eggs. All nature loved and mated, each class of life in its own order, and God began the re-creation of the world.

The two were standing under leafy screen on the lake's shore, the warm sun overhead and the wide water lying level at their feet. Nature's mood was on them, and their hearts, like equal atmospheres, flowed to sweet union. Reverently they spoke, as soul to soul, concealing nothing, having nothing to conceal, of their deep feeling and of duty unto each. The girl held up her clean, sweet nature unto him, that he might see it, wholly his forever; and he kept nothing back. She knew he loved her, and to her the task to make him feel the honor she received in being loved by him. So stood they, alone in the deep woods, apart from men, in grave, sweet counsel. Thus spake the man:—

"I love you, Atla; you know it. I would lay down my life for you. But our marriage may not be. I am too old."

"Too old!" replied the girl, "Thou hast seen forty years, I twenty. Thou art the riper, sweeter, better; that is all. I would not wed a boy. The women of our race have wedded men, big bodied, strong to fight, to save, to make home safe, their country free, and fame, that richest heritage to children. My mother broke the rule, and rued it. She might have rued it worse had death not cut the tightening error which knotted her to coming torture. My heart holds hard to the old law made for the women of our race by ancient wisdom: 'Wed not boys, but wed grave and gentle men. For women would be ruled, and who, of pride and fire, would be ruled by striplings?' And again: 'Let ivy seek the full-grown oak, nor cling to saplings.' I love the laws that were, love the old faiths and customs. They filled the world with beauty and brave men. They gave great nature opportunity to keep great, kept noble blood from base, strength from wedding weakness, and barred out mongrelism from the world, which in the ancient days was deadliest sin corrupting all. O love! you do mistake, saying 'I am too old.' For women have ever the child's habit in them. They love to be held in arms, love to look up to loving eyes, love to be commanded, and obey strong sovereignty. The husband is head — head of the house. He sits in wide authority and from his wisdom flow counsel, command, which all the house, wife, children, and servants, bend to, obedient. How can a stripling fill such a seat? How sit such dignity on a beardless face? How, save from seasoned strength, such safety come to all? O full grown man! be oak to me, and

let me twine my weakness round thy strength, that I may find safe lodgement, nor be shaken in my roots when storms blow strong. Too old! I would thy head were sown with the white rime of added years. So should I love thee more!"

Ah me, such pleading from love's mouth, such sweet entreaty from love's heart man never heard before, in these raw days, when callow youth is fondled by weak women, and boys with starting beards push wisdom, gray and grave, from council chairs.

Then in reply the Trapper said:—

"Atla, it cannot be. I will admit that you say, sooth, my years do not forbid. Boys are rash, hot-headed, quick of tongue, ill-mannered, lacking patience, just sense, and slow-mannered gentleness which comes with added years, and that deep knowledge which slows blood and gentles speech, and I do see that you fit well to these, and would be happier with a man thus charactered. But, letting that go by — and all my heart is grateful that it may — still marriage may not be between us, for thou art rich and I am poor, and so it should not be. For husband should own house; the wife make home. What say you, am I right or wrong?"

To which the girl made answer: "Thou art an old-time man, John Norton, and this judgment fits the ancient wisdom. For in the beginning so it was. The male built nest, the female feathered it with song. So each had part in common ministry. The man was greater, richer, than the woman, and with earthly substance did endow. And she in turn gave sweet companionship, and sang loneliness from his life with mother songs and children's prattle. Thus in the beginning. Yea, thou art right, as thou art always right. For, being sound in heart and head, thou canst not err. Thy judgment goes straight to the centre of the truth as goes thy bullet. But as men lived and died, change came to the first order. For men without male issue died and left great dower to girls. Women, by no fault of theirs, nor lack of modesty, grew rich by gifts of death, which are the gifts of fate. And changing circumstance changed all, making the old law void. The gods pondered, and a new order rose. By chance, at first, then by ordainment, royalty left male and followed female blood, because their blood was truer to itself, less vagrant, purer, better kept. And women of red blood and pure, clothed in royalty from shame, made alliance

with men whom their souls loved, and gave rank, wealth, and their sweet selves in lavishness of loving, which gives all and keeps nothing back. Such was the habit of my race and line from age to age, even as I read you from the pictured scroll, rolled in foil of gold, that only I, of all the world, can read; and if I die leaving no child, the golden secret goes with me to the gods, and all the ancient lore is lost to men forever. This to assist your judgment and make the scales hang level from your hand for just decision. Am I to blame because I stand as heir to ancient blood and wealth? Shall these wide acres, gold in yonder house, gems in casket, and diamonds worn for ten thousand years by women of my race, queens of the olden time, when in their hands they lifted world-wide sceptres, divide thee and me? Has love no weight in the just scales you, by the working of some old fate, I know not what, hold over me and my soul's wish to-day? Be just to your own soul, be just to mine, and fling these doubts aside as settled forever by the mighty Power that works in darkness, and through darkness to the light shaping our fates and ordering life and death, joy and grief, beyond our power to fix or change. Blown by two winds, whose coming and going we list not, we, two, meet here. Strong art thou and I am weak, but shall thy strength repel my weakness? Rich, without fault, I am. My blood is older than these hills, purer than yonder water, and wilt thou make an accident, light as a feather in just balances, outweigh a fact sweet as heaven, heavy as fate? The queens of old, whose blood is one with mine, who spake the self-same tongue and loved the self-same way, chose men to be their kings; so I, by the same law, choose thee. Be thou my king. Rule me in love. By the old right and rule of all my race, I place thy hand upon my head, and so pass under yoke. I am thy subject, and all my days shall be a sweet subjection. Do with me as thou wilt. I make no terms. My feet shall walk with thine to the dark edge of death. Further I know not. This life we may make sure. The next is or is not ours to order. No man may say. Lord of my earthly life, take me, take me to thy arms, that I, last of an old race, last of its blood, left sole in all the world, without father, mother, friend, may feel I am beloved by him I worship, and drink one glad, sweet cup before I go to touch the bitter edge of dubious chance at Mamelons."

Then love prevailed. Doubt went from out his soul. His nature, unrestrained, leaped up in a red rush of joy to eyes and face. He lifted hands and opened arms to her. To them she swept, as bird into safe thicket, chased by hawk, with a glad cry. Panting she lay upon his bosom, trembling through all her frame, placed mouth to his and lost all sense but feeling. Then, with a gasp, drew back and lifted dewy eyes to his, as fed child to nursing mother's face, or saint her worshiping gaze to God.

But the gods of her old race, standing beyond sunset, lifted high, saw, farther on, the sandy slope of Mamelons, and, while she lay in heaven on her lover's breast, they bent low their heads and wept.

. . . . . .

Spring multiplied its days and growths. Night followed night as star follows star in their circuits, wheeling forever on. Each morn brought sweet surprise to each. For like the growths of nature so grew their love fuller with bloom each morn; with fragrance fuller each dewy night. Her nature, under love's warmth, grew richer, seeding at its core for sweeter, larger life. His borrowed tone and color from her own, and fragrance. So, in the happy days of the long spring, as earth grew warmer, sweeter with the days, the two grew, with common growth and closer, until they stood in primal unity, no longer twain but one.

One day she came, and put her hand in his and said:—

"Dear love, there is an old rite by which my people married. It bindeth to the grave; no farther. For there the old faith stopped, not knowing what life might be beyond, or by whom ordered. Thine goeth on through death as light through darkness, and holds the hope that earthly union lasts forever. It may be so. Perhaps the Galilean knew better than the gods what is within the veil, for so the symbol is. It is a winning faith. My heart accepts it as a happy chance; and, did it not, it would not matter. Thy faith is mine, and thine shall be my God. Perchance the ancient deities and your modern One are but the same, with different names. We worship ours with fruits and flowers and incense; with dancing feet, glad songs, and altars garlanded with flowers; moistened with wine; you, yours with doleful music, bare rites, the beggary of petition and cold reasoning. Ours was the better fashion, for it kept the happy

habits up of children, gladly grateful for father gifts, and so prolonged the joyous childhood of the world. But in this thy faith is better — it hangs a star above the tide of death for love to steer by. My heart accepts the sign. Thy faith is mine. We will go down to Mamelons, and there be married by the holy man who wears upon his breast the sign you trust to."

"Nay, nay; it shall not be," exclaimed the Trapper. "Atla, thou shalt not go to Mamelons. There waits the doom for the mixed blood. There died thy father, and all its sands are full of mouldering men. We will be married here by the old custom of thy people, and God, who looketh to the heart and knoweth all, will bless us."

"Dear love," returned the girl, "thy word is law to me. I have no other. It shall be as thou wilt. But listen to my folly or my wisdom, I know not which it is; I fear not Mamelons. There is no coward blood in me. The women of our race face fate with open eyes. So it has been from the beginning. Death sees no pallor in our cheeks. To love we say farewell, then graveward go with steady steps. The women of my house — a lengthy line, stretching downward from the past beyond annals — whose blood flows red in me, lived queens, and, dying, died as they lived. I would die so; lest, if thy faith is true, they would not own me kin nor give me place among them when I came, if I feared fate or death. Besides, the doom may not hold good toward me. I know my uncle saw the sight; but he was only Tortoise, a branch blown far from the old tree and lost a thousand years amid strange peoples, and his sight could not, therefore, be sure. Moreover, love, if the curse holds, and I am under doom, how may I escape? For fate is fate, and he who runs, runs quickest into it. So let us go, I pray, to Mamelons, and let us be married by the holy man, the symbol * on whose breast was known to our old race and carved on altars ten thousand years before the simple Jew was born at Bethlehem. So shall the symbol of the old faith and the new be for the first time kissed by two who represent the sunrise and sunset of the world; and the god of the morning and of evening be

*The cross as a symbol is traceable through all the old races, even the remotest in point of time. It was originally a symbol of plenty and joy, and so stood emblematic of happiness for tens of thousands of years. The Romans connected it with their criminal law, as we have the gallows, and so it became a symbol of shame and sorrow.

proved to be the same, though worshipped under different names."

He yielded, and the two made ready to set face toward Mamelons.

. . . . . .

There was, serving in her house, an old red servitor, who had been chief, in other days, of Mistassinni.* His dwindled tribe lives still upon the lake which reaches northward beyond knowledge. But he, longer than her life, had lived in the great house, a life-long guest, but serving it in his wild fashion. Warring with Nasquapees and Mountaineers against the Esquimaux, he had been overcome in ambush and in the centre of their camp put to the torture. Grimly he stood the test of fire, not making moan as their knives seamed him and the heated spear points seared. Maddened, one pried his jaws apart with edge of hatchet, and tore his tongue out, saying, in devilish jest, "If thou wilt not talk, thou hast no need of this," and ate it before his eyes. Then the Chief, with twice a hundred braves, burst in upon them, and whirled the hellish brood, in roaring battle, out of the world. The Trapper, plunging through whirring hatchets and red spear points, sent the cursed fagots flying that blazed upward to his bloody mouth and so saved him to the world. Crippled beyond hope of leadership, he left his tribe, and, toiling slowly through the woods, came to the Chief in the great house and said, in the quick language of silent signs: "I am no longer chief — I cannot fight. Let me stay here until I die." Thus came he, and so stayed, keeping, through many

*This lake lies to the northwest of Lake St. John some 300 miles, and within some 200 miles of James' Bay. It was discovered by white men in the person of Père Abanel, in 1661, a Jesuit missionary, *en route* to Hudson's Bay. This is the lake about which so much has been said in Canada and the States, and so much printed. In fact, very little is accurately known of it, unless we assume that the late survey by Mr. Low is to be regarded as a settlement of the matter — which few, if any, acquainted with the Mistassinni question would do. Having examined all the data bearing on the subject, I can but conclude that the bit of water which Mr. Low said he surveyed was only a small arm or branch of the lake reaching south from it, and that the Great Mistassinni itself was never seen by Mr. Low, much less surveyed. Unless we concluded with an ancient cynic that "All men are liars," then there surely is a vast body of water known to the natives as Big Mistassinni, lying in the wilderness several hundreds of miles from Hudson's Bay, yet to be visited and surveyed by white men. Mista, in Indian dialect, means great, and sinni means a stone or rock. And hence Mistassinni means the "Lake of Great Stones or Rocks." The Assinniboine, or Rocky River Indians of the West, were evidently of the same blood and language originally with these red men of the northern wilds.

years, the larder full of game and fish. This wrinkled, withered man went with them paddling his birch slowly on, deep laden with needed stuffs and precious things for dress and ornament at the marriage. For she said: "I will put on the raiment of my race when my foremothers reigned o'er half the world, and their banners, woven of cloth of gold, dark, with an emerald island at the centre, waved over ships which bore the trident at their bows, their sailors anchored under Mamelons a thousand and a thousand years before Spain sprang a mushroom from the old Iberian mold. I will stand or fall forever, Queen at Mamelons." So said she, and so meant. For all her blood thrilled with the haughty courage of that past, when fate was faced with open, steady eyes, and the god Death, that moderns tremble at, was met by men who gazed into his gloomy orbs with haughty stare as he came blackening on. So silently the silent man went on in his light bark, loaded with robes, heavy with flowered gold woven of old in looms whose soft movements, going deftly to and fro, sound no more, leaving no ripple as it went, steered by his withered hands, down the black river of the north, toward feast or funeral under Mamelons.

CHAPTER V.

AT MAMELONS.

Summer was at its hottest. The woods, sweltering under heavy heat, sweat odors from every gummy pore. Flowers, unless water-rooted, withered on their stalks. The lumbering moose came to the streams and stayed. The hot hills drove him down. The feathered mothers of the streams led down their downy progeny to wider waters. The days were hot as ovens and the nights dewless. The soft sky hardened and shone brazen from pole to pole. The poplar leaves shrank from their trembling twigs and the birches shriveled in the heat. But on the rivers the air was moist and cool, lily-sweetened, and above their heads, at night, the yellow stars swung in their courses like golden globes, large, soft, and round. So the two boats went on through lovely lakes, floating slowly down the flowing rivers without hap or hazard till they came to the last portage, beyond which flowed

the Stygian * river, whose gloomy tide flows out of death into bright life at Mamelons.

They took the shortest trail. Straight up it ran over the mighty ridge which downward slopes on the far side, eastward to that strange bay men call Eternity. It was an old trail only ran by runners who ran for life and death when war blazed suddenly and tribes were summoned in hot haste to rally. But she was happy-hearted, and, half jesting, half in earnest, said: "Take the short trail. My heart is like a bird flying long kept from home. Let me go straight." So on the trail the two men toiled all day, while she played with the sands upon the shore and crowned herself with lilies, saying: "The queens of my old line loved lilies. I will have lily at my throat when I am wed."

So, when night had come, the boats and all their lading were on the other side, and they were on the ridge, which sloped either way, the sunset at their backs, the gloomy gorge ahead. Then, pausing on the crest, swept to its rocks by rasping winds, the sunset at her back, the gloom before, she said: "Here will we bivouac. The sky is dewless, and the air is cool. The trail from this runs easy down. I would start with sunrise on my face toward Mamelons."

So was it done, and they made camp beneath the trees, a short walk from the ridge, where the great spruce stood thickly, and a spring boiled upward through the gravel, cold as ice.

The evening passed like a sweet song through dewy air. She was so full of health, so richly gifted, so happy in her heart, so nigh to wedded life with him she worshipped, that her soul was full of joyousness, as the lark's throat, soaring skyward, is of song. She chatted like a magpie in many tongues, translating rare old bits of foreign wit and ancient mirth with apt and laughable grimaces. Her face was mobile, rounding with jollity or lengthening with woe at will. She had the light foot and pliant limb, the superb pose, abandon, and the languishing repose of her old race, whose princesses, with velvet feet, tinkling ankles, and forms voluptuous, lithe as snakes, danced before kings and won

* The waters of the Saguenay are unlike those of any other river known. They are a purple-brown, and, looked at *en masse*, are, to the eye, almost black. This peculiar color gives it a most gloomy and grewsome look, and serves to vastly deepen the profound impression its other peculiar characteristics make upon the mind.

kingdoms with applause from those whom, by their wheeling, swaying, flashing beauty, they made wild. She danced the dances of the East, when dancing was a language and a worship, with pantomime so rare and eloquent that the pleased eye translated every motion, as the ear catches the quick speech. Then sang she the old songs of buried days, sad, wild, and sweet as love singing at death's door to memory and to hope; the song of joys departed and of joys to come. So passed the evening till the eastern stars, wheeling upward, stood in the zenith. Then with lingering lips she kissed her lover on the mouth, and on her couch of fragrant boughs fell fast asleep, forgetful of all things but life and love; murmuring softly in her happy dreams, "To-morrow night," and after a little space, again, "Sweet, sweet to-morrow!"

But all the long evening through, the old tongueless chief of measureless Mistassinni sat as an Indian sits when death is coming — back straightened, face motionless, and eyes fixed on vacancy. Not till the girl lay sleeping on the boughs did he stir muscle. Then he rose up, and with dilating nostrils tested the air, and his throat rattled. Then put his ear to earth, as man to wall, listening to the voices running through the framework of the world,* cast cones upon the dying brands, and, standing in the light made by the gummy rolls, said to the Trapper in dumb show: "The dead are moving. The earth cracks beneath the leaves. The old trail is filled with warriors hurrying eastward out of death. Their spears are slanted as when men fly. They wave us downward toward the river. Call her you love from dreamland and let us go."

To which the Trapper, answering, signed:—

"Chief, old age is on you, and the memory of old fights. 'Tis always so with you red men.† The old fields stir you, and here upon this ridge we fought your fight of rescue.

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*I have been often surprised at the many and strange sounds which may at times be heard by putting the ear flat to the sod or to the bark of trees. Even the sides of rocks are not dumb, but often resonant with noise, — of running waters, probably — deep within. It would seem that every formation of matter had, in some degree, the characteristics of a whispering gallery, and that, were our ears only acute enough, we might hear all sounds moving in the world.

†It is said that Indians cannot sleep upon a battle-field, however old, because of superstitious fear. They admit themselves that it is not well to do it, and always, under one excuse or another, avoid doing so.

God! what a rush we made! The air was full of hatchets as of acorns under shaken oaks when I burst through. I kicked an old skull under moss as we halted here, that she might not see it. It lies under that yellow tuft. I have ears, and I tell you nothing stirs. It is your superstition, chief. Neither living nor dead have passed to-night. A man without cross knows better. I will wait here till dawn. She said: 'I would see sunrise in my face when I start for Mamelons,' and she shall. I have said."

To this the chief, after pause, signed back:—

"I have stood the test, and from the burning stake went beyond flesh. I have seen the dead and know them. I say the dead have passed to-night. Even as she danced her happy dances, and you laughed, I saw them crowd the ridge and come filing downward. They fled with slanted spears. You know the sign. It was a warning, and for us and her. For, with the rest, heading the line, there walked two chiefs whose bosoms bore the Tortoise sign. I knew them. They slanted spears at her, and waved us down; then glided on at speed. And others yet I saw, not of my race—a woman floating in the air, her mother, clothed as she shall be to-morrow, and with her a long line of faces, like to hers asleep, save eager-looking, anxious; and they, too, waved us downward toward the river. This is no riddle, Trapper. It is plain. When do the dead move without cause? Awake your bride from dreams and come down. Some fate is flying with flat wings this way, I know not what. I only know the dead have waved me toward water and I go."

So saying, he took the dark trail downward, and in darkness disappeared.

"The spell is on him," muttered the Trapper, as he sodded the brands, "and naught may stop him. The old fool will do some stumbling on the trail before his moccasins touch sand." And saying this, he gently kissed the sleeping girl, and taking her small hand in his strong palm, he fell asleep; sleeping upon the crumbling edge of fate and death, not knowing. Had he but known! Then might wedding bells, not wail, have sounded over Mamelons.

. . . . . .

"*Awake! awake! my God! the fire is on us, Atla!*" so roared he, standing straight.

Up sprang she, quick as a flash, and stood in the red light by his side, cool, collected, while with swift, steady hands, she clothed herself for flight. Then swept with haughty glance the flaming ridge and said: "The light that lights my way to Mamelons, my love, is hotter than sunrise; but we may head it." Then, with him, turned, and fled with rapid, but sure, feet down the smoking trail.

The fire was that old one which burnt itself into the memories of men so it became a birthmark, and thus was handed down to generations.* None knew how kindled. It first flared westward of the shallow lake, where Mistassinni empties its brown waters from the north, and at the first flash flamed to the sky. It is a mystery to this day, for never did fire kindled in woods or grass run as it ran. It raced a race of death with every living thing ahead of it, and won against the swiftest foot of man or moose. The whirring partridge, buzzing on for life, tumbled, featherless, a lump of singed, palpitating flesh, into the ashes. The eagle, circling a mile from earth, caught in the rising vortex of hot air, shrunk like a feather touched by heat, and, lessening as he dropped, reached earth a cinder. The living were cremated as they crouched in terror or fled screaming. The woods were hot as hell. Trees, wet mosses, sodden mold, brooks, springs, and even rivers, disappeared. Rocks cracked like cannon overcharged. The face of cliffs slid downward or fell off with crashes like split thunder. It was a fire as hot, as fierce, as those persistent flames which melt the solid core of the world.

Downward they raced in equal flight. Her foot was as the fawn's: his stride like that of moose. She bounded on. He swept along o'er all. They spake no word save once. She slipped. He plucked her from the ground, and said: "Brave one, we'll win this race — speed on." She flashed a bright look back to him and flew faster. Thus, over boulders and round rocks, they sprang and ran. Above, the flying sheets of flame; behind, the red consuming line; around them, the horrid crackling of shriveling leaves; ahead, the water, nigh to which they were; when, suddenly, they

*It has been told me that many children born after the terrible conflagration that had swept the forest from west of Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, and which ran a course of 150 miles in less than seven hours, were marked, at birth, as with fire.

ran into blinding smoke and lost the trail, and, tearing onward, without sight, she fell and, striking a sharp rock, lay still, numbed to weakness. The Trapper, stumbling after, fell prone beside her, but his strong frame stood the hard shock, and staggered upward. He felt for her, and found her limp. She knew his touch, and murmured faintly, with clear tones: "Dear love, stay not for me; go on and live. Atla knows how to die."

He snatched her to his breast and through his teeth, "*O God! have you no mercy?*" then plunged onward, running slanting upward, for smoke was thick below, and he knew the trees grew stunted on the cliffs. He ran like madman. A saint running out of hell might not run swifter. He was in hell, the hell of fire; with heaven, the heaven of cool, reviving water just ahead. The strength of ten was in him, and it sent his body, with her body on his breast, onward like a ball. His hair crimped to the black roots of it. He felt it not. His skin blistered on cheek and hands. He only strained her closer to his bosom and tore on. With garments blazing, he whirled onward up the slope, streamed like a burning arrow, along the ridge which edges the monstrous rock men call Cape Trinity, slid, tumbled, fell down its smoking slope, until he came to where the awful front drops sheer; then heaving up his huge frame, still clasping her sweet weight within strong arms, plunged, like a burnt log rolling out of fire, into the dark, deep, blessed tide.

. . . . . .

Morn came, but brought no sunrise. Smoke, black and dense, filled the great gorge, and hung pulseless over the charred mountains. Soot scummed the water levels, and new brooks, flowing in new channels, tasted like lye. Smells of a burnt world filled the air. The nose shrank from breath, and breathed expectant of offence. The fire brought death to ten thousand living things, and filled all the waste with stench of shallow graves, burnt skins, and smoldering bones.

The dead had saved the living, for the old chief lived. From the red beach he saw the Trapper's race for life along the smoking ridge, and paddled quick to where he made his awful, headlong plunge into Eternity.* From the deep

*The recess of water curving inward toward the mountains between Cape Trinity and Eternity is called Eternity Bay.

depths he rose, like a dead fish to surface, his breath beaten out of him, but clasping still in tight arms the muffled form. His tongueless saviour — so paying life with life, the old debt wiped out at last — towed him to shore and on the beach revived him with rude skill persistent. He came to sense with violence, torn convulsively. His soul woke facing backward, living past life again. To feet he sprang at his first breath, and cried: "*Awake! awake! my God! the fire is on us, Atla!*" then plucked her from the sand where she lay, weak as a wilted flower, and started with a bound to fly. The touch of her bent form, drooping in his arms, recalled his soul to sense, and he knew all, and reeled with the woe of it. Down at the water's edge he sank, cast covering cloth from head and hands, bathed her dark face, and murmured loving words to her still soul.

Through realms and spaces of deep trance her spirit lingered in dim void 'twixt life and death, heard love's call, and struggled back toward life and sense. From pulseless breast her soul clomb up, pushed the fringed lids apart, and gazed, through wide eyes of sweet surprise, upon his worshipped face: then sank, leaving a smile upon her lips, within the safe inclosure of deep sleep. All day she slept within his arms. All night she slumbered on. Wisely he waited, saying: "Sleep to the overtaxed means life. It is the only medicine, and sure. In sleep the wearied find new selves."

But when the second morning after starless night came to the world, she felt the waking gray of it upon her lids, and, stirring in his arms, like wounded bird in nest, moved mouth and opened eyes, and gazed slowly round, as seeking knowledge of place and time and circumstance. Then memory came, and she remembered all, and softly said: "Art thou alive, dear love? I have been with the dead. The dead were very kind, but oh, I missed you so," and with soft hand she stroked his face caressingly. The old chief mutely stood, watching, with gloomy eyes, the sad sight. He read the motion of her lips, and in his tongueless throat there grew a moan, and his dry lids wet themselves with tears. She noticed him and said: "You, too, alive, old servitor! The gods are strict, but merciful. Two of the three remain. The one alone must go. So is it well." Then to her worshipped one: "Dear love, this is a gloomy place. Let us go on. The smoke hides the bright world. I long for light.

The fate is not yet sure. The blood of our old race holds tightly to last chance. We face it out with death to the last throb. Then yield, not sooner. Who knows? I may find sunrise yet at Mamelons."

So was it done.

They placed her on soft skins within the boat facing him who steered, for she said: "Dear love, the dead see not the living. If I go I may not see you evermore. So let me look on your dear face while yet I may. To-day is mine. To-morrow — I know not who may own to-morrow."

Thus, he at stern and she at stem, softly placed on piled skins, her dark eyes on his face, they glided out of the deep bay, round the gray base of the dread cape that stands eternal, and floated downward with the black ebb toward the sea. Past islands and through channels intricate, they went in silence, until they came to where the Marguerite, with tuneful mouth, runs singing over shining sands, pouring out into dark Saguenay, as life pours into death: then breathed they freer airs, and the freshness of untainted winds fell sweetly down upon them from over-hanging hills, and thus she spake:—

"Dear love, I know not what may be. We mortals are not sure of anything. The end of sense is that of knowledge. We know we live forever. For so our pride compels, and some have seen the dead moving. But under what conditions we do live beyond, we know not. Hence hate I death. It is an interruption and a stoppage of plans and joys which work and flow in sequence; severs us from loved connections; for the certain gives us the uncertain, and in place of solid substantial facts forces us to build our future lives on the unfixed and changeful foundations of hopes and dreams. It is not moral state that puzzles. We of the old race never worried over that. For we knew if we were good enough to live here, and once, then we were good enough to live elsewhere and forever; but it was the nature of existence, its environment, and the connections growing out of these that filled the race whose child I am with dread and dole. For all the women of my race loved with great loves — the loves of lovers who sublimated life in loving, and knew no higher and no holier, nor cared to know. We cast all on that one chance; winning all in winning, and losing all if we lost. With me it is the same. I love you with a

love that maketh life. I am a slave to it. It is my strength or weakness, as has been with the women of my blood from the beginning. I have no other creed, nor faith, nor hope. To-day I see thee, and I have. To-morrow whom shall I see? The dead? I care not for the dead. There is not one among them I may love, for loving thee has cut me off from loving other one forever; unless the alchemy of death works back the creative process, undoing all of blood and nature, and sends us into nothingness, then brings us forth by new processes foreign to what we were, and wholly different from our old selves, which is a consummation horrible to think of."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Trapper. "Such cannot be. Our loves, if they be large and whole, grow with us, and with our lives live on forever."

"It may be so, dear love," replied the girl. "Love's prophecy should be true as sweet, or else your sacred books are vain. For in them it is written, 'Love is of God.' But oh, how shall I find thee in that other world? For wide and dim must stretch its spaces, and vast must be its intervals. This earth is small. We who live on it, few. Within the circle of three generations all living stand. But the dead are many. The sands of Mamelons are not so numberless. They totalize the ages; the land they dwell in beyond mortal compass. Who may be sure of meeting anyone in such a realm? At what point on its boundaries shall I wait and watch? How signal thee, by hand or voice, when out of earth, like feather, blown, by that strange movement men call death, into the endless distances, thou comest suddenly. Alas! alas! I know not if beyond this day, I, going out of this dear sunlight, may ever and forever look upon thy face again!"

"Atla," returned the Trapper, "I know not what may be. But this I know and swear, that if a trail pushed, seeking, through a thousand or ten thousand years, may bring me to thy side, we two shall meet in heaven."

"Oh, love, say those sweet words again," she cried. "Say more than them. Crowd into this one day, that I am sure of, the vows and loves of half a life, that I may go, if go I must, out of thy sight from Mamelons, heartful, upheld by an immortal hope. And here I pledge thee, by the Sacred Fire that burns forever, that if power bestowed by nature, or artfully acquired by patience working through ten thousand

years, may find thee after death, then some time will I find my heaven in thy arms, not found till then. So, now, in holy covenant we will rest until we come to Mamelons, and ever after. I feel the breeze of wider water on my cheek and breathe the salted air. I shall know soon if ever sunrise shine for me at Mamelons."

So went they down in silence with the tide that whirled itself in eddies toward the sea; past L'Anse a l'Eau, where now the salmon swim and spawn against their will,* past the sharp point of rounded rocks, where sportively the white whales † roll, and, steering straight across the harbor's mouth where her Basque fathers anchored ships before the years of men,‡ ran boat ashore where the great ledge runs, sloping down from upper sand to water, and shining beach and gray rock meet.

But as they crossed the harbor's mouth, sailing straight on abreast of Mamelons, its bright sands blackened and a shadow darkened on its front, and, as they bore her tenderly to the terrace, where stood tent and priest, a tremor shook the quivering earth, and through the darkening air a wave of thunder rolled.

"Dear love," she said, "it may not be. The fate still holds. The doom works out its dole. I may not be thy wife this side grave. What rights I have beyond I shall know soon. For soon the sight § will come to me, and what is hidden now will stand out plain." Then, lying on the skins, she gazed at Mamelons, looming vast and black in shadow, and, closing eyes, she prayed unto the gods, the earthborn, old-time fathers of her race.

---

* At L'Anse a l'Eau, where the Saguenay steamers land passengers for Tadousac, the tourist will find a fine collection of large salmon at the upper end of the little bay or recess, for here is one of the salmon-hatching stations under government patronage.

† The white whales, commonly called porpoises, are very plentiful at the mouth of the Saguenay, and to a stranger present a very novel and entertaining spectacle tumbling in the black water. They are hunted by the natives for both their skins and oil.

‡ Personally, I hold to the opinion that the eastern hemisphere never lost its knowledge of the western, but that from immemorial times, the Basques and their Iberian ancestors visited at regular intervals the St. Lawrence, both gulf and river. Of course, the grounds on which I base such an opinion cannot be presented in this note.

§ It is held by some that certain families have the power of "second sight," or to look into the future, come to them just before death. I have known cases where such power, apparently, did come to the dying. The Basque people held strongly to the belief that all of their kingly line were seers or prophets, and that, especially before dying, each had a full, clear view of the future.

But he could not have it so, and when prayer was ended said: "Atla, we have come far for marriage rite, and married we will be. Thou art mistaken. I have seen shadow settle and heard thunder roll before. In eye nor cheek are death's pale signals set. The holy man is here. Here ring and seal. Forget the doom, and let the words be read that bindeth to the grave."

To this she answering said: "Dear love, thou art in error, but thy word is law. My stay is brief. When yonder shadow passes I shall pass. There sleeps my father, and with him I must sleep. The earth is conscious. I am of those who were earthborn, and so she feels our coming and our going as the mother feels life and death of child. The sun is on the western hills. At sunset I shall die. But if it may stay up thy soul through the sad years, bid the good man go on."

Then took the priest his book, and, in the language of the Latins, so old to us, so new beside her tongue, whose literature was dead a thousand years before Rome was, began to bind, by the manufactured custom of modern men, whose binding is of law and not of love, and hence a mockery. But ere he came to that sweet fragment of love and faith, stolen from the past, the giving and receiving of a ring, symbol of eternity, she suddenly lifted hand and said: —

"Have done! Have done! No need of marriage now. No need of rite, nor prayer, nor endless ring, nor seal of sacred sign. I see what is to be. The veil is lifted and I see beyond. I see the millions of my race lift over Mamelons. They come as come the seas toward shore, rolling in countless billows from central ocean. The old Iberian race, millions on millions, landscapes of moving forms, aligned with the horizon, come, marching on. Among them, lifted high, the gods. On thrones a thousand queens sit regnant, raimented like me. Their voice is as the sound of many waters: —

"'Last, best, and highest over all, we place thee.'

"The gods say so? So be it, then. Mother, I have kept charge. My love has won him. The old race stops, but by no fault of mine. My people, this man is lord and king to me. See that ye bring him to my throne when he comes seeking to the West. Dear love, you will excuse me now. I must pass on; but passing on I leave my soul with thee. Make grave for me on Mamelons. Put lily at my throat, green boughs on breast, bright sands on boughs. Watch

with me there one night. I will be there with thee. So keep with Atla holy tryst one night and only one — then go thy way. We two will have sweet meeting after many days." And saying this she put soft hand in his and died.

Her lover, kneeling by her couch, put face to her cold cheek, nor stirred. The holy man said softly holy prayer; while the old tongueless chief of Mistassinni wrapped head in blanket, and through the long night sat as one dead.

Next day the silent man made silent grave on Mamelons. At sunset they brought her to it, raimented like a queen, and laid her body in bright sand; put lily at her throat, green boughs on peaceful breast, and slowly sifted clean sand over all.

That night a lonely man sat by a lonely grave, through the long watches keeping holy tryst. But when the sun came up, rising out of mists which whitened over Anticosti, he rose, and, standing with bared head, he said:—

"Atla,* we two will have sweet meeting after many days." Then went his way.

And there, on that high crest, whose sands first saw the sunrise of the world, when sang the stars of morning, beyond doom and fate, at last, the child of the old race, which lived in the beginning, sweetly sleeps at Mamelons.

---

* I named my heroine Atla, because I hold that the Basques not only are descendants of the old Iberians, but that the Iberians were a colony from Atlantis. I accept fully Ignatius Donelly's conclusions as to the actual old-time existence of a great island continent in the Atlantic Ocean, and believe that in it the human race began and developed a civilization inconceivably perfect and splendid, of which the Egyptian, Peruvian, Iberian, and Mexican were only colonial repetitions. Atla is, therefore, the proper name for the last of the old Basque-Iberian blood to have, as it is the root of Atlantis (Atla-ntis), the original motherland of all. I have never met Mr. Donelly, and may never meet him, and hence I make this opportunity to express the obligation I am under to him for entertainment and profit. The patience of the scholarship that could accumulate the material for a book like his "Atlantis" is worthy of a wider and more grateful acknowledgment than this superficial age of ours is able to give, for it cannot appreciate it. No man with any pretensions of scholarly attainments can afford to let "Atlantis" go unread.

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RUM AND THE RUM POWER By Rev. HOWARD CROSBY
IN THIS NUMBER.

Vol. 1. MARCH, 1890. No. 4.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." — HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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IN APRIL ISSUE.

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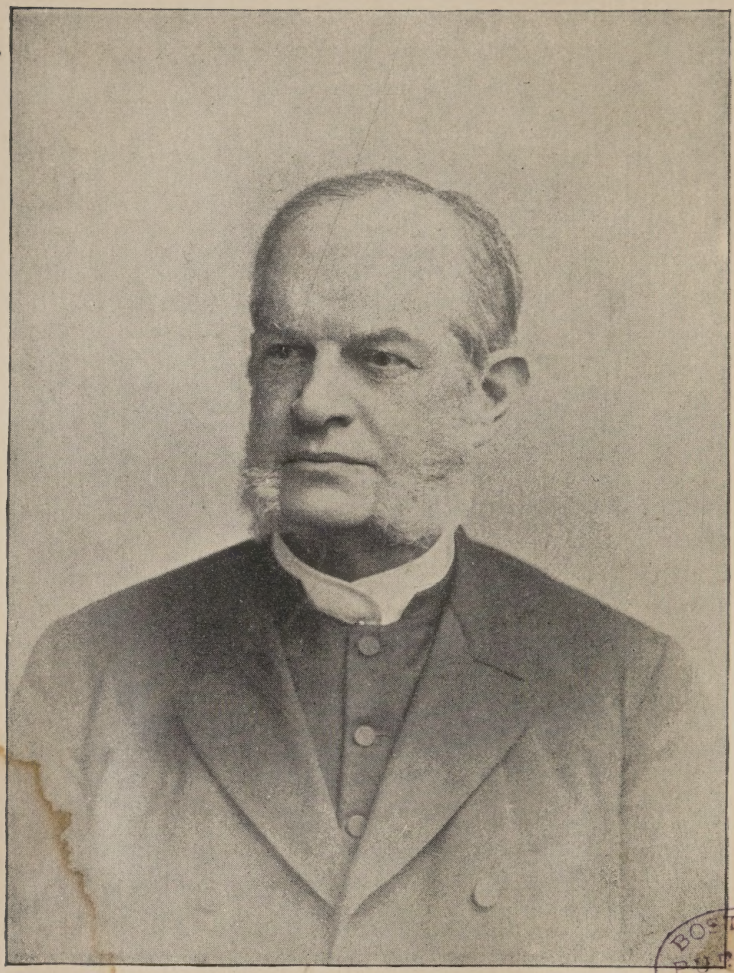

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THE ARENA.

No. IV.

MARCH, 1890.

PAN'S REVENGE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

THE legend runs that, at the hour of the agony of Jesus on the cross, when he cried out, "It is finished," certain mariners heard a wailing voice sound over the sea, "*Great Pan is dead!*" Immediately the Oracles became silent, for Paganism had expired.

Across the waves there swept a tone
As if the dying gods made moan.
The mariners (with faces white,
And parted lips, and hush of fright),
The while they furled their sails, stood still with dread
As wailed the dolorous cry: "*Great Pan is dead!*"

There came, borne on the wild winds free,
A sob of mortal agony
From One, who, more than mortal, cried
"'Tis finished!" as the sad day died:
Then wailed Olympus to the answering sea,
"Lo! thou hast conquered, man of Galilee!"

One summer, on a wondrous night,
Whose round moon flooded with her light
The modern city's Papal dome,
And crumbling ruins of old Rome,
I sat upon the Coliseum's wall,
And dreamed how earth's great empires rise and fall.

I thought how, through the day just gone,
From church to church I'd wandered on,
Had seen in rite and heard in prayer
Old Pagan Rome still living there:
And as I mused, my lips moved and I said,—
"And is it true Christ lives, and Pan is dead?"

When, rising on the evening wind
From Tiber's banks, where he'd reclined
The sultry afternoon all through,
Pan* came; and on his reed he blew
The same old music that the gods had thralled,
Or charmed the nymphs to follow where he called.

And as he piped, I seemed to hear
The winds as voices in my ear:—
"I take more shapes than Proteus; they
Who thought the great god Pan to slay
But little dreamed, when they had sealed my doom,
That I should spring new-christened from the tomb.

"For still the city is my home,
And I reign over 'Christian' Rome.
What boots it that the names are new,
While rites and prayers and service due
Are paid as when the yellow Tiber rolled
Past the Pantheon with its dome of gold?

"The thronging pilgrims come from far
To Peter's grand basilica;
But, wearing Christian Peter's name,
Stands Tonans Jupiter the same,
Exalted still within the highest place:
They kiss his foot and sue his ancient grace.†

"Though under other forms it be,
Still reigns my mystic Trinity:
And Isis-Mary from the Nile,
On Horus-Jesus‡ still doth smile.
The goddess-mother and the Virgin birth—
My old-time dream—still dominate the earth.

* Pan was the wind-god. He slept through the heat, and waked to play his pipe at evening. He also stood as representative of universal nature.

† The so-called statue of Peter is really a bronze statue of Jupiter Tonans, the Thunderer.

‡ The Virgin mother and her child belonged to more than one pagan religion. In one case, at least, the statue of them is ancient Egyptian re-christened. This particular Mary and Jesus is really Isis and Horus.

"When comes the winter solstice, all
Still hold my Saturn's carnival;
The sun-god's birthday sets the date,
And with his rites they celebrate
Their Jesus' unknown birth; the wood-god's tree
Still lures to town the sylvan deity.*

"Still Easter† keeps alive the tale
Of her who, rapt from Enna's vale,
The sad earth mourned through wintry hours,
Till back from hell, all crowned with flowers,
She came, the goddess fair of light and bloom —
Earth's prisoned life burst from her frozen tomb!

"My Buddha's 'vanity of life,'
His hermit, fled from child and wife;
The fear of nature; ‡ and the awe
Of magic put in place of law;
The mumbled prayer, the pessimistic wail —
All these tell o'er again the old-time tale.

"High o'er the altar and the door,
On darkened windows painted o'er —
That fitly shut out natural light —
My emblems still my soul delight:
The naked church, if stripped of what was mine,
Were bare of symbol, robe, and rite, and sign.§

"Their heaven is not so fair the while
As was my blest Elysian Isle;‖
And never pagan oracle
Voiced such a god as built their hell.
My heaven was human; and I knew no air
That echoed with a measureless despair.

"But for their wondrous Nazarene,
That star-soul, lofty and serene,
Their whole religion is my own:
I sit, baptized, on Peter's throne.

---

* The Christmas evergreens are a relic of the pagan worship of a wood-god. By bringing the trees into the houses it was supposed that he would be induced to follow.

† It is well known that the origin of Easter is the Spring's resurrection. See story of Persephone.

‡ The vanity of life and the doctrine that all matter is evil,—these ideas are importations from Oriental paganism.

§ Every rite and symbol of Christianity may be found in the older religions.

‖ See Greek and Roman doctrines as to future life.

While rite and dogma and the priestly power
Usurp Christ's place, still lasts my ancient hour."

A spirit's mocking laughter blew
The crumbling gates and arches through;
While low the wind sank, and the moon
The temples mellowed with night's noon:
And in the arena's shadows down below
Fought once again the shades of long ago.

I lived the "Christian" centuries o'er,—
The papal pomp; the Corso's roar;
The purchased sin; the banished thought;
The hindrance to man's progress wrought;
The real Christ still 'neath the Church's ban,—
And then I said: "*Thou art revenged, O Pan!*"

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

To catch sunbeams, sift them and bake cake of them would be comparatively an easier task than to catch the thoughts of people, separate from them that part which relates to religious sentiment and describe the condition in which this latter substance presents itself to us. If the religious thoughts of the people were located somewhere, so that we need only to step near and examine their condition, or if by examination of the brains taken from a number of skulls we could know what the persons who owned these brains thought of religion, there would be a possibility of obtaining satisfactory results; but as such is not the case, it occurs to me that before I endeavor to speak of the condition of religious thought in Germany, I ought to tell the reader how one can obtain such knowledge or is able to catch this volatile spirit and to force it into materialization.

Some may perhaps think that the religious thoughts of a people tally with the ideas which the different churches or religious denominations present in their various platforms; the observer, however, will find that the people are always far ahead of the dogmas which the churches teach. They acquiesce in them partly because they are too indifferent to challenge them, partly because they have not yet found new ones wherewith to replace them, and partly because they do not wish to be first in the field but would rather leave others to take the lead. Not until a dogma or religious idea has become so obsolete or so obnoxious that it is unbearable will they destroy and bury it. The doctrines taught by the churches are, therefore, not a true representation of the religious thought of the people.

Others may think we shall meet these thoughts in the writings of the most talented and genial literary men of a given period; but this also is a mistake. The writer either gives his personal conception of a thing — and this is not always shared by the masses,—or holding a certain leading position in a religious community and wishing to preserve it, feels constrained to compromise between the two extremes and defend a position which he would otherwise be inclined to relinquish;—or he fears to be misunderstood, and starting from the supposition that the people have not yet risen to the height of perception upon which he stands, he offers them only so much as he thinks they can digest, and so obscures the whole. We should be utterly mistaken if, opening the authorized catechisms of the religious denominations in Germany we should say: "Eureka! here I have struck upon the religious thought of the German people!" but we should be as much mistaken if we should argue from the writings of Hartman, Schopenhauer, Ritchel, Kaftan, or Wellhausen upon the condition of religious thought in Germany.

Neither can we arrive at the truth by approaching persons and asking what they think about this or that religious question. People are not ready to open the sanctuary of their heart to everyone who knocks at its door. They will either answer evasively or in a guarded manner, if they do not prefer to lead the inquirer entirely off the track.

There is but one way to come somewhat nearer to the solution of the riddle; we must mingle among people, seek them wherever they are to be found, in their churches, their places of amusements, their shops and counting-rooms; we must seek to win their confidence, pick up phrases which they drop here and there, and induce them to show themselves to us as they are. German poets tell of spirits that would come and aid men in their work but who wished not to be seen. People who could not suppress their curiosity would, therefore, hide in dark corners or sift fine sand upon the floor that thus they might be able to catch a glimpse of them or behold their footprints. In a similar way we must hide our curiosity and be satisfied if here and there, now and then, the spirit allows us to catch a glimpse of him. We must, furthermore, not confine our researches to one class of people or to one religious sect, but to all classes and all sects. We must endeavor to draw out the statesmen as well as the plain

laborer, the rich as well as the poor, the old as well as the young, the learned as well as the ignorant, the intelligent as well as the dull, and after having accumulated sufficient material, we must systematize and analyze it, and thus we may then arrive at some conception of the condition of religious thought in a given country.

This has been the *modus operandi* which I chose in order to learn the actual present condition of religious thought in my native country. I collected the material in the different strata of society and became personally convinced that I had been told the truth. If, however, I should be asked to cover with statistical proofs every one of my assertions or to place those persons from whom I have received my information upon the witness-stand to be cross-examined by all whom my descriptions will not suit, I should be at a loss, and I feel that without the confidence of my readers, in both my ability to inquire and the honesty of purpose which led me to inquire, all my descriptions will be worthless.

People who believe that religion has come down upon man from Heaven in perfect form and that, therefore, it has never undergone and never will undergo any changes; that all attempts to alter and improve it are sacrilegious because man ought not to alter and can never improve the work of his Creator; or that it is due to such vain endeavors that religion has retrograded, and people have become corrupt, yea, more so than they ever were before, — all such will also deny that the progress which the human race has made during the last century in science has had or could have had any effect upon the religious thought of people. They fail to see that inasmuch as the universe has grown larger through the discoveries which have been made by astronomers, the conception of the God who is to rule and govern a so much larger domain must have undergone some changes; they fail to see that the subjection of steam and electricity to the human will, bringing the inhabitants of this globe into nearer and closer connection with one another, must have tended at the same time to produce a far different conception of the common brotherhood of all men in the thoughts of people than was held before; they fail to see that through the invention of the press and wide-spread education the minds of people have been made more flexible, and thus more sceptical and critical, and that, therefore, they would no

longer bind themselves to the opinions of one authorized man, but would think for themselves after collecting the views and opinions of many distinguished and trustworthy people; they fail to see that on account of all this the religious conceptions of a people must have undergone a tremendous change, no matter whether the churches are conscious of it or not, or have authorized such a transformation of thought or not.

Those who have freed themselves from such a belief, and have observed the inroads made by the science of the present century upon the thoughts of this generation, will easily understand that the religious conceptions of people also must have been transformed, whether this is acknowledged or not. Can it be expected that man should have progressed in one sphere of thought and remained behind in another? Do not all our mental qualities affect one another, and has it not been proven many times that the religious views of people are the very outcome, the very bloom of their knowledge and intelligence? These changes in religious thought naturally manifest themselves in different ways according to the more or less free flight which they are allowed to take in one or the other country. The religious toleration, or rather the religious liberty which is constitutionally granted to the people of the United States of America, has permitted these changes to take their normal course, and thus we find that the condition of religious thought in America can easily be ascertained both from the declaration of the multitudinous denominations and from the attitude taken by the public press toward religion.

These favorable conditions for the manifestation of religious thought were lacking in Germany, and it is, therefore, not at all astonishing that religion has assumed there that hypocritical appearance which at first sight makes the observer believe that the days of mediæval credulity are to be revived, but which on closer examination shows him that this orthodoxy is assumed merely to hide the most shocking irreligion.

The condition of religious thought in rural districts differs somewhat from that found in the great centres of population; and on the other hand, the principal denominations, the Catholics, the Protestants, and the Jews, and if I am allowed to add a fourth, the Free Religionists, have followed different

routes, by which, however, they have arrived at nearly the same mode of reasoning.

It is a well-known fact that all over the world conservativism, not alone in matters of religion but in all others, finds its stronghold in what is called the country, while the cities are known to favor progressive movements of every kind. In villages one neighbor knows the next even if he lives a half a mile away. He not only knows him but every member of his family, and is familiar not alone with his work, but with his ideas, his aspirations, and ambitions; and while thus judging others, he feels that also he is known and judged by his neighbor. Thus each fears the criticism of the other, and that he may become an object of discussion if he places himself outside the customary circles by some extraordinary action. He prefers to remain unnoticed rather than to rise to notoriety which may not only exclude himself, but also his family, from the customary intercourse with his neighbors. The church, furthermore, is in a village, the only place where the monotony of daily life is broken; the pastor is in the true sense of the word the advisor of the people, and having the sanction of the government, is recognized as authority. Here in America where the State does not meddle with religious affairs, the pastor is dependent upon the good will of his parishioners, goes for advice to his deacons, and only in exceptional cases a deacon comes to him for counsel. In Europe and especially in Germany, villages have only one church and one pastor who receives a liberal salary and whose actions are supported by the government. He supervises the schools, attends the weddings of his parishioners, stands by their bedside in sickness to console them or prepare them for the hour of parting, and finally follows them to the grave. His opinion is, therefore, respected not only in regard to religion but in regard to politics or other worldly matters. It takes a courageous man to lead a faction in a village to vote in opposition to the party which follows the lead of the pastor. As the pastor need fear no rival that might outshine him in eloquence and draw away members of his church, he becomes in course of time more and more indifferent, and instead of endeavoring to enlighten his flock becomes satisfied that their happy ignorance is bliss to them and should, therefore, not be disturbed. As long as they behave fairly well, he will let well enough alone, and his weekly sermons, dull and unin-

teresting as they are, are attended, because each fears his absence will be noticed. Otherwise the sermons remain without any influence upon the hearers.

Notwithstanding all this, even villagers have begun of late to look upon their pastors with distrust. On the sly they whisper to one another that the Biblical stories of which he preaches week after week seem to lack probability and they doubt whether he himself believes them. Those who have happened to receive a better education than the village school offered, and who have found time for reading, have come to disbelieve entirely in the dogmas of their church. While on Sunday forenoon for decency's sake the representative of this class puts on his best coat, goes to church, joins in the singing of the hymns and awaits with half closed eyes the final Amen of the preacher, he holds in his pocket a paper which in a most radical way denounces all and every religion, which speaks of the clergy as a class of people not to be tolerated and of government officials as drones in the social bee-hive. In the afternoon hours he withdraws to the privacy of his bedroom and delights in reading these effusions. When he meets his pastor he will make a fist, but keep that fist well hidden in his pocket, while with the other hand he will humbly take off his hat and bow deeply before the parson. In course of time these secret liberalists, believing that they alone have found the truth and that nobody else has arrived at such a state of illumination, "Aufklaerung" they call it, will turn from their neighbors and instead of helping these to rise to the height on which they stand, will believe as does the pastor, that they should be kept in ignorance. Nothing is more natural than such a wish, for if the rest should grow so clever as they, what would become of themselves and their exalted position? In course of time they come to believe that they should show by their example the way for the rest to follow, and are, therefore, the very first to attend the church, support the pastor, and strengthen conservative ideas. One of them rarely knows what the other is doing, neither does he suspect that another may have been fed with the same literature as himself, and on closer examination the careful observer finds even in the smallest village a number — I say it with regret — of intelligent men, vying with one another to keep their neighbors in the dark, both in regard

to religion in general and to the opinions which they harbor in secret.

In cities the conditions are different; people may live in the same house for years and not know more of one another than that they have met occasionally at the door. Churches are not the only places where people can meet, but on the contrary, find their rivals in all sorts of places of amusements. While the individual is lost in the multitude and it requires more than usual ability to rise into notoriety, all are at greater liberty to express their opinion without the fear of being excluded from society on account of it. Better opportunities for study are given. Inasmuch as every official, be he city or state official, holds a tenure of office and is required to pass through a rigid examination before he is admitted into civil service, the Latin and High Schools are crowded with scholars who, when they enter life, are well fitted to think and reason for themselves. This bureaucracy forms in Germany almost a caste for itself and lives in an atmosphere of its own. Its members consider themselves superior to those over whom they are set to govern and are considered so by them. In Germany the acquisition of knowledge creates a feeling of class distinctions and since time immemorial the scholarly classes in Germany have formed a kind of society for themselves that has looked down upon the rest as upon the common herd, so it is not to be wondered at that both the officials and the scholars who are found in larger numbers in cities than in country places should form a republic of liberal thinkers within a country otherwise governed by monarchs or priests.

Machinery, which of late has supplanted hand-labor and transformed the former workshop into a factory and the former journeyman into a factory-hand, has created what we now call the laboring classes (Arbeiter Klasse, Arbeiter Stand). In their struggle against capital, they found it necessary to combine if they were to carry on the fight with some prospect of success, and these labor unions, with their weekly or monthly meetings in which speech-making is the prime feature, have induced the laborers to inform themselves somewhat better on the burning questions of the day, to read and think for themselves. Finding nowhere help, they came to believe that only a radical overthrow of

all social conditions could benefit them; they began to oppose a government in which they had no voice and to doubt a religion which had nothing to give them except empty words and a promissory note upon Heaven, of which they were not sure that it would be redeemed. With the disbelief in royalty they came to link a disbelief in God, and while European governments argued that the former spirit of devotion to royalty had died away because of the atheistic tendencies of the age and took good care not alone to support religion but to win even the favor of the Pope, hoping thus to support their tottering thrones, it can be assumed more safely that the distrust in royalty, the disbelief in monarchical government, has been the source of all the atheistical tendencies of the present age. The laborers ,beholding king and priests united against their interests desired to overthrow both the State and the Church, both the king and God. While, however, the laborers who are numerous in the cities thus vitiated the religious atmosphere with their crude atheism and the learned officials and scholars with their agnosticism, the government, desirous of strengthening its authority, took recourse to the other extreme, to orthodoxy. It demanded that the young should receive a thorough training in religion, believing that the old dogmas, which had been the outcome of the living thought of a bygone age, could be still mated to the fresh life of to-day. Many hours in every week are devoted to religious instruction, and a boy who fails to pass the rigorous examination in religion cannot hope to be promoted to the next class, no matter how well he passes in the rest of his studies. Religion has become, therefore, a nightmare to the student, and he dreads the sight of the religious instructor. Instead of learning to love religion he has learned to hate it, and when he passes the final examination he enters into life not only a sceptic, an agnostic, an atheist, but an enemy to all religion.

It is really astonishing that under such conditions an explosion has not yet taken place but that apparently the reactionary element is in the ascendency. Yet the miracle is easily explained. The student in Germany either belongs to the well-to-do classes or aspires to a government position. In either case his interests are bound up with those of the government. While he himself finds ample nourishment in the scholarly literature which is generally written in

such a dry and scholastic way as to be understood only by scholars and to remain inattractive to the masses, he desires, as does the government, to keep the rest in the dark. He fears, as does the government, that the enlightenment of the masses would bring ruin upon himself; that if people should awake from slumber and throw off the yoke with which the State and the Church keep them down, he would be a sufferer. No matter what *he* thinks about State or Church, he wants *others* to look at both as authority and is ready, therefore, to defend a cause which in his inmost heart he despises or ridicules.

This state of affairs is by no means a new one; quite to the contrary, it has occurred frequently in the past and has been the forerunner of every reformation. It occurred during the first century of the present era, shortly before the final doom of Paganism, and reappeared shortly before the Reformation, when we find that the most scholarly men of that age, while they disbelieved their religion and scorned and satirized it in their secret conclaves, publicly appeared as most sincere advocates of the old system. All this taken together will afford the reader some conception at least of the condition of religious thought as it is to be found in the cities of Germany.

Whenever we speak of the different religious denominations living together upon German soil we must not adapt that conception to them which we have obtained here in America. One part of Germany belongs entirely to the Roman Catholic Church, and Protestants who live there are so decidedly in the minority that they do not at all affect the public opinion that surrounds them. In another part, however, the Protestant Church domineers, Catholics are the exception and being in the minority leave no impression whatsoever upon the community in which they live. Catholicism with its well regulated Hierarchy, its far-reaching influence penetrating every family, its power to grant or refuse all those rites which place a person outside of the religious community when not granted, wields, of course, a power which the individual can neither break nor withstand. The pompous ceremonials with which it appeals to the senses of the people, the beautiful churches which it builds, the costly pictures with which it decorates them, the gold-glittering garments in which its priests appear before

the public; all taken together give it a somewhat stronger grasp on the people. Having become accustomed to let others think for them and to merely join in the performance of rites and ceremonies, the people living in these Catholic districts are much more satisfied with their church than are those where the Protestant Church rules supreme. No matter whether they believe sincerely in the dogmas out of which the ritual has grown or not, they adhere to the latter and thus it is much easier for them to cover their own disbelief. If you find your way to their confidence they will tell you singly that they do not believe one iota of what the church teaches, but that, inasmuch as the masses could not exist nor be governed without a religion, their own seems to be the best, in so far as it appeals to the senses and is a well-organized body that commands respect. The ignorant masses, they will tell you, want something tangible; they cannot as yet comprehend God as a spirit, but want to see Him with their eyes or at least get an approximate conception of Him by means of pictures. What is called the "Idolatry" of Roman Catholicism, they say, is far from being such. Pictures and statues of the saints help the ignorant to clinch a truth which otherwise they would not be able to grasp. As for themselves, they say they are lovers of art, and inasmuch as their sense for the beautiful is gratified by their church, it matters little to them whether a statue represents a Madonna or Magdalene, a Juno or Venus, they want to look at it and if it comes near to their ideals they worship in it, not the deity which the statue represents, but the "beautiful." In the "Kultur Kampf," — when the Protestant party of Germany that had gained ascendency through the elevation of the Protestant king of Prussia to the dignity of emperor of Germany, endeavored to strike a final blow at its antagonists,— the members of the Catholic Church stood close together like a phalanx and repulsed every attack with such success that notwithstanding his boast, that he would not go to Canossa, Prince Bismarck had finally to yield. This battle was not fought, as many may suppose, by the Roman Catholic clergy alone nor were the forces directed from Rome. Both Rome and the clergy would not have availed if they had not been supported by a strong popular sentiment. The most intelligent men of Southern Germany, men who believe as little in the Pope or in Roman Catholic dogmas as does our Col.

Ingersoll, offered themselves as generals and fought bravely for the institution which they thought was best fitted to rule the people that surrounded them.

In the Northern part of Germany where the Protestant Church dominates, there has been going on since the time of the reformation a process of disintegration which would have done greater damage, had not the government felt constrained to erect temporary dams against the flood. Protestantism and Republicanism are somewhat identical. A religious sect which apparently allows everyone to think for himself and which rejects the domineering influence of a common head, must naturally advocate that its adherents should think for themselves also in political matters and reject the domineering influence of a king. Whenever people say they are willing to let people think for themselves, they always harbor the secret hope that these "self-thinking" people will arrive at the same conclusions at which they have arrived. Yet when they find that by "thinking for themselves" these others arrive at other conclusions, they become just as impatient as the advocates of any of the many religions that have appeared on earth have ever been, and soon learn to resort to all kinds of intolerant means of forcing others to accept their own interpretation. Protestantism from its inception was based upon the principle of free research and, therefore, ought to have permitted the rise of all kinds of sects, as we see them flourish here upon free American soil. In Germany, however, they began partly to fear that they would lose all strength to oppose a common enemy, partly that politically they might be carried by the current into the much dreaded Republican form of government and, therefore, both the State and the acknowledged Church combined to suppress all new movements. A few sects only were able with difficulty to hold out by the side of the governing church, but this suppression of free thought by a church that was founded upon the demand for free thought brought about that state of hypocrisy which, as we find, is at present supreme in the northern part of Germany. After the force of the infallible head of the church was once broken, one generation after another began to question the authority of the preceding one, and when it was found they had been as liable to errors as had been their predecessors; when the old records were critically and scien-

tifically examined, and found to offer no firmer ground for belief than did formerly the church authorities, people began to lose all faith in religion. The church itself did not attract them, the pastor appeared to them either an ignoramus or a hypocrite, and while the minds of people were thus thrown into a state of confusion no attempt was even made to work upon their senses. The bareness and dullness of the Protestant Church service estranged the masses from the church and, as a consequence, the churches are empty on a Sunday morning while places of amusement are crowded.

This observation is not made by strangers alone; it has been made by many well-meaning people in Germany, and the question has arisen, how can this flood of irreligion which threatens to deluge the Protestant Church be stopped in time? They have found only one answer, namely, to establish a *State Church*, equip it with a more gorgeous ceremonial and persuade people to adhere to it, on the ground that it is necessary that people should be governed by some religion. The remedy might be a successful one if it could be applied, but while it requires merely money to build churches, establish a well organized priesthood, and furnish a ritual that might appeal better to the eyes and ears of people than does the present one, it is impossible to persuade people to support such a State Church with more than money. As long as somebody wants somebody to go to church, being unwilling himself to be that somebody; as long as somebody wants somebody else to believe dogmas which he is not willing to believe; so long will it be impossible to organize a successful State Church.

About thirty years ago a movement took place in Germany which was designed to clear religion from the superstition that was mixed up with it without harming or destroying religious sentiment itself. A number of men arose who being themselves more or less of a sentimental nature believed that people would love their religion better if they were not compelled to accept as true narratives against which their reason revolted; they established what was then called, "Free Religious Societies." The acknowledged head of the movement was Lebrecht Uhlich in Magdeburg. He and his colleagues had been Protestant pastors, but when their better conviction became too strong for them to be suppressed any longer they resigned their position and formed the above

named societies. Strange to say, not the well-to-do and educated classes but the middle classes, the laborers, crowded around them and drank in their words with eagerness. The government did what it could to suppress them and many a time were these men imprisoned on the charge of blasphemy, merely because they called things by the right name, and spoke of Jesus of Nazareth as of a man and not as of a God. Their martyrdom tied the people with still stronger bonds to them, yet after some time the movement died out and at present there are few if any of the many Free Religious Societies left in Germany. There were two reasons to explain this phenomenon.

In the first place while churches can hold together large numbers, free religious organizations cannot, because the moment a person begins to think for himself, he neither can nor will bind himself to any society or to any leading man. If his free religious tendencies are mere pretensions he will grow indifferent after a very short time; if he is faithful to his convictions he will never stand still but seek for new light wherever he can find it. Thus after he is done with one man and one organization he will seek another. As long as the originators of the movement had something new to tell their hearers, they were listened to, but when they had told all they had to tell they naturally lost power over them.

In the second place these leaders came to see, as will all conscientious religious partisans, that religion cannot be separated from life and that the speaker must not allow himself to be limited by a theological circle. They took hold of all questions which the stormy sea of life brought to the surface, and whereas their hearers were mostly laborers, they began to discuss labor questions and were soon looked upon as political ringleaders; if their hearers had followed their common sense advice all might have been well, but they did not; they grew restless, made all kinds of attempts to better their position and thus brought discredit upon their leaders. The government, the church, and the capitalists ascribed the social unrest and disturbance to the Free Religionists, predicted the entire overthrow of society and so scared the peaceful citizen away from such a dangerous element. Everyone who had anything to lose in a reorganization of social conditions came, therefore, to believe that what he called "the masses" could be held down and kept at peace much

better when they were subjugated by a strong church and made to believe both in the joys of a Heaven as a reward for their suffering on earth and in the eternal sufferings of hell as punishment for the wicked desire to better their conditions in opposition to the will of God. A religious reaction took place and as in Biblical times the king of Moab sent as a last resort for Balaam the conjurer to protect him against the advancing host of Israel, the well-to-do classes in Germany called upon the priests to put down the dreaded spectre of Socialism. It was too late, they forgot that they themselves belonged to the "masses" and that they could never make others believe what they did not believe themselves. Yet the Free Religious movement was crushed; people dared not avow openly that they were Free Religionists, much less to assemble and give vent to their convictions. Thus they were forced to keep their secrets to themselves, and soon persuaded themselves that nothing would benefit the masses more than a return to the old exploded belief from which they had emancipated themselves.

A few words must be said also of the Jewish element which is stronger in Germany than in any other country excepting Russia. Both talented and ambitious, the Jews have always striven forward and on account of their rationalism and progressive spirit have built up for themselves a position in Germany which has excited the envy of their neighbors to such an extent that even in the enlightened nineteenth century persecutions have taken place in cultured Germany which put in the shade the persecutions from which the Jewish nation suffered in the Middle Ages. Even the poorest Jewish parents give their children the best education which their means will allow, stinting themselves that their children may learn something and thus be enabled to rise in life. The average number of Jewish pupils in the Latin, the High Schools, and the Universities is beyond proportion, and both by talent and industry Jewish boys successfully manage to rival their classmates. Still, when they enter life they find most avenues closed to them not so much on account of their creed as of their race. About half a century ago the German Jews inaugurated an era of reform. They awakened from the hypnotic slumber into which their oppressors had put them, observed that they had lost time and were desirous to make up for it. But their reforms were merely intended to make

them presentable in society and their religious services to conform better with the times and compare more favorably with those of their neighbors. In Catholic countries they imitated the Catholics, in Protestant countries the Protestants, but when they came to see that if the stone was set rolling it would never stop, that after people were told they had the same right to change the rituals on which they were accustomed to look with the greatest respect, as did their ancestors, they began to fear the whole structure of Judaism would crumble away, if means were not soon found to counteract the corroding influences of the age. They began, therefore, to put a stop to further progress and followed in the reactionary wake of their neighbors, but alas, they, too, came too late, none of their efforts to press the rising sun again below the eastern horizon prevailed. They succeeded merely in estranging the young from their religion and making of them agnostics or atheists. But the evil did not end there. While they wished to preserve the race, believing thus to preserve religion with it, they netted quite different results. The young, well-educated Hebrew who found most of the avenues of life closed to him on account of a religion in which inwardly he no longer believed, and which allowed him not even the free expression of his thoughts, argued that he might as well play the hypocrite in a religion which offered him better opportunities. He no longer believed in the Biblical narratives, he had learned too much not to see that the Bible was a human production, he could no longer believe that God ever selected one people in preference to another, he could not see why he should bring personal sacrifices in order to help Divinity to fulfil a certain hobby. But he was not allowed to draw the inference, he was compelled to keep all this a secret within his breast and outwardly to acquiesce in the most obsolete ritual and the most superannuated prayer-book. What would it matter therefore, if he joined a church in which no more was demanded of him? There were his Christian friends, none of them believed in the doctrines of their church. In private they scorned the idea that they were expected to believe in the Bible or to see in the founder of their religion more than a mythological figure. They rarely went to church and whenever they visited one it was merely for show, to set an example to the masses, who as they were convinced ought not to be allowed to indulge

in the same liberal thoughts as themselves. Yet the circles of society stood open to them, why should Hebrews, therefore, not avail themselves of the same opportunities? Baptism was a mere matter of form, but it was the key to open for them the door to society. The Jewish hypocrites turned, therefore, *en masse*, Christian hypocrites.

If the reader will make a summary of all these facts, he will find that two currents are circulating at present through the religious thought of the German people. The one is that royalty and the interest of the possessing classes could be served no better than by forcing the masses back under the yoke of a State Church, which alone could and would teach them obedience to the king and contentedness with their social positions. This church ought to play both on their fears and their hopes to be authoritative and strong enough to suppress free individual thought, to make of God the ubiquitous policeman of the universe, the force to punish everyone who dares doubt or oppose the authorities of State or Church. The other is that all this ought to be believed by the masses but the individual ought not to be expected to accept as true statements repulsive to the plainest common sense. The individual ought to be allowed to think about all these matters as he pleases, provided he keeps his thoughts to himself.

These two currents could not but produce a state of hypocrisy, which, if allowed to exist much longer, must be ruinous to every religious sentiment. People have ever been unmindful of the fact that religion is the outcome of the social order and that with every change in the latter the former must keep pace. Thus it does not occur for the first time in history that the attempt is made to bolster up a tottering order by means of reactionary measures in religion. We observe similar conditions during the first two or three centuries of the present era when Roman Emperors vainly endeavored to support the social order of their time which was threatening to fall down upon them by an appeal to people to help in reinstituting the former authority of religion, and then as now we find the most intelligent people preaching to what they call, "the masses," a religion which they themselves no longer believe but which then as now they thought was the only dam to keep off the threatening deluge.

The period of transition through which we are now passing

will be an interesting study to historians of the 22d century. They will look back upon our vain endeavors to breathe life into a corpse as we look back with astonishment and pity upon the endeavor of Emperor Julian, and as we have learned to know now why he failed, thus will the historians of the future be in possession of facts from which they will learn why we did not succeed.

RUM AND THE RUM POWER.

BY HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

HENRY GEORGE is a thoughtful man, a philanthropist, and a most attractive writer. Those who oppose his views can but admire his honesty of purpose and frankness of expression. He is a sincere patriot, seeking the good of the country, and, instead of being the demagogue that some have proclaimed him, has always shown an independence of thought and action characteristic of the honest American. It is a pleasure to deal with such a true man even in the way of controversy. Mr. George, in his article in THE ARENA on the Rum Power, proposes what he thinks is the proper treatment of the giant evil. He treats the subject in his usual forceful and vigorous way, clear in thought and masterly in language.

And yet we have the hardihood to question the logic and the principles beneath the logic of this excellent essay. One of the principles we controvert is that one which is conspicuous in the essay, that it is more important to destroy the political Rum Power than to destroy intemperance. There are two fallacies in this position. One is that any political tyranny is worse than moral death, and the other is the failure to see that the destruction of intemperance would necessarily destroy the Rum Power.

Far better would it be for us to be under the government of the Czar than to be under the government of our personal lusts. The country would be far better off if a virtuous population were governed by a wicked oligarchy, than if a wicked and depraved population were governed by the most equal laws. Rum in the rulers is far better than rum in the ruled, for the ruled are many and the rulers are few. If you have a moral community, it will soon necessitate a moral government, but a moral government by no means necessitates a moral community. Make the community moral, therefore, and you are taking the best way to make a moral reform in the government. We must correct the people as the first

and main work, and the "Rum Power" or "Iron Power" or "Railroad Power" or any other power afterwards and through the people.

If the vice of intemperance were eradicated from the people, the Rum Power would be nowhere. That power lives by this popular vice. If that vice were gone, what would become of saloons and distilleries? Who could keep a saloon without customers? And who could run a distillery without saloons? The aim, therefore, of abating intemperance is also an aim at the Rum Power, and legislation that can reduce intemperance must necessarily weaken the Rum Power. The instincts of the people are not mistaken, when they see in the saloon the enemy they must destroy as the main propagator of intemperance. We cannot prevent a man from drinking, but we can prevent the invitation to drink from hanging out on every corner. The reason why we should aim at the saloon is not primarily to destroy the Rum Power, but to check intemperance. It is where the law can get its best hold of the matter for this high moral end. So we assert again that it is not more important to destroy the Rum Power than to destroy intemperance, and this is one fallacy that vitiates the essay of Mr. George. The other is (as we have said) the failure to see that the destruction of intemperance would be the destruction of the Rum Power.

Mr. George is equally opposed to Prohibition and high license. He would have Free Rum. He accounts all restriction an error because it forms a Rum Power in monopoly, and this Rum Power is the dangerous thing. He runs this theory into other departments of trade. There should be no customs duties and no taxes, because they at once (he says) create a concentration of business in the hands of a few, who become a corrupt and corrupting power. He quotes the iron interest, the cigar interest, the match interest, and the opium interest, as examples; and above all he points to the whiskey ring as an exhibition of the evil of putting any restraint on the sale of liquor. In these quotations he has somewhat mixed things, for in the iron, cigar, match, and whiskey trades, the combination is to *support* the tax, but in the opium trade it is to *avoid* the tax by smuggling. The effort in the first is *for* monopoly, but in the last it is *against* monopoly. In the first the endeavor is to *use* law for undue personal advantage, but in the last it is to *break* law.

Of course these different evils are to be treated in different ways. To say they are alike because they both get into politics will not meet the case of treatment. Everything gets into politics. Education, religion, sanitary matters and public service get into politics, but Mr. George would not make that a reason to abolish all legislation on these subjects, and let education educate to crime, and religion appoint suttees, and men heap filth in their houses, and public office be seized by the strongest. There must be something else besides the getting into politics which should make us give up restriction and decree free rum. Anything that interests the community is apt to get into politics. Bad men, moreover, will always try to use the laws lawlessly, will take advantage of technical mistakes, will endeavor to corrupt the officers of the law and will use every means to accomplish their own evil designs. But these facts and fears do not lead us to give up law as a failure. They only teach us to form our laws with greater exactness, and to see to it that honest men are put into office.

Where people break law, as in smuggling opium, the question is: "Which is the more expedient, to continue the law and address ourselves to the detection and punishment of the smuggler, or, by reason of the ease with which so small an article is smuggled, to alter the law and make opium free?" But when people use the law, as in the restriction of the rum traffic, to build up monopolies and rings, then the question is: "Which is the more expedient, to continue the law and address ourselves to the checking of monopolies and rings, or to alter the law and allow rum to be free?"

It is this latter method Mr. George advocates. He considers the whiskey ring a sufficient cause for abolishing all restriction on the trade in ardent spirits. This certainly is a most startling position. Mr. George tells us that if we made rum free, drunkenness would not increase. That is to say, that if we multiplied the facilities of getting drunk, and the temptations to drink, there would be no more drinking! He also affirms that by making rum cheap the treating habit would be weakened! And then again he declares that if there were no restriction there would be no saloons! These assertions seem to us so wild that we hardly know how to reply to them. Are there not thousands of young

men who are led into the snare of drinking because the saloon is open to them on every corner, and their companions can thus readily invite them to a drink? Would not a reduction of the number of saloons reduce this evil? Suppose that New York City, instead of having 6,811 saloons had only 1,000, would not the cutting off of 5,811 lessen the temptation? Of course the hardened drinkers would be the same as ever and find their way to the saloons remaining, but we plead the cause of thousands who are not hardened drinkers, and who can be saved.

Then to imagine that when whisky becomes cheaper treating will be less, is an inexplicable paradox. The drinker will only be glad that he can treat with less injury to his finances. It is not the high price of the liquor that causes the treating, it is the good fellowship and the love of liquor combined, and the lowering of the price would not affect either. Water cannot be compared with liquor, as Mr. George makes the comparison. No one would treat in water, if you made water to cost so much a glass. So the argument that if whisky were as cheap as water no one would treat in it, is absurd. It is the character of whisky as exciting that makes it a treating article. Make whisky cheaper and you will necessarily strengthen, and not weaken the treating habit.

The third affirmation of Mr. George is equally crazy with these two, namely, that if there were no restriction there would be no saloons. When there is no restriction, are men going to abandon drinking? And if they continue drinking, will not someone have to sell the drink? And will not every neighborhood need its seller? If the proceeds would be too small to support the saloons selling only liquor, would not groceries, and confectioneries, and fruit-stores all become saloons to satisfy the public demand for liquor? If the technical "saloon" should be abolished by this process of cheapening liquor, would not real, death-dealing saloons be found in every restaurant, bakery, confectionery, grocery, etc., such as Mr. George enumerates? The *name* "saloon" is of no importance; it is the *thing* saloon that we wish destroyed. Your free rum would multiply the real saloon, indefinitely. Therefore, in making free rum the means of destroying the whisky rings, we should fill the land with drunkards in order to check a political clique. The price is too fearful.

It is very curious that on the same day in which Mr. George's article was put into our hands we received the issue of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, of December 12, in which we found a like demand with Mr. George's for free rum. The trade does not think that Mr. George's plan would injure it.

The *Wine and Spirit Gazette* says: "Law neither reforms the drunkard, nor restrains intemperance, nor diminishes the liquor traffic in the great cities of our country." Its antagonism to both high license and prohibition is exactly a bass to Mr. George's treble. The *Wine and Spirit* man talks in the line of his interest, but Mr. George sadly wanders from the line of his philanthropy.

But what is to be done with the whisky ring? And how are we to avoid monopolies? These are fair questions, and we think there are reasonable answers, without approving Mr. George's plan of national suicide.

There are evils connected with every reform, just as there is pain in the re-setting of a bone or the extracting of a tooth. In reducing the number of saloons (and then reducing the facilities and temptations to drink) we must necessarily give the sale into fewer hands. To that extent we must make monopolies. This is choosing the lesser evil. By reducing the number we not only reduce the facilities and temptations, but we make the proper espionage over a dangerous trade the easier and more complete. If we reduce by a high license, we make the seller more careful not to break any of the restrictive features of the law, lest he lose his costly license fee. He is just so much more under control. Reduction in number makes fewer places for thieves and prostitutes to gather, and for criminals generally to hold their assignations, and when the number is so greatly reduced that the authorities can constantly watch them, the sellers will be afraid to let their places be the resorts of such company. All these advantages far outbalance the evil of creating monopolies. Any tax or license fee makes monopolies to a greater or less extent. If Mr. George's tax on land should be put into operation, only the rich could own land. The rich would have a monopoly. They could afford to lose on land, while they piled up their money from other sources. The only question practical with us is how to keep these monopolies from doing mischief. We have not space in this article to treat the details of this legislation regarding monopolies.

We can only point out some lines of efficiency which would restrain all monopolies from abusing the privileges which they necessarily have. First, in the matter of employees, their interests should be guarded by a system of law combining the co-operative and arbitrative ideas. Secondly, the cornering of the market should be prevented by judicious limitations. Thirdly, all purchase contracts for things non-existing should be void in law. Fourthly, combinations to raise the price should be made hazardous. Fifthly, when the monopolist is such by a license (as the liquor-dealer), conviction for any offence should forever incapacitate him from having a license. Sixthly, punishments for infraction of the laws touching monopolies should be severe.

Legislation embracing these principles could preserve the community from all evil that monopolies inflict, and, as applied to the whisky-seller, would make his monopoly a very cheap price for the moral advantages gained to the nation in the diminution of intemperance by a system of high license.

There is one other position of Mr. George that should be alluded to. It is his statement that high license begets adulteration. There is a prevailing notion that the liquor sold in the groggeries is an adulterated stuff, and that the materials used in adulteration are fearfully poisonous. Mr. John D. Townsend in an article in the *Mail and Express* seems to imply that all the trouble is in adulteration, and that free liquor, by stopping adulteration, would heal the sorrows of the nation, from this source. He appears to be a disciple of Mr. George on this point. But is it true that it is the *adulterated* liquor that ruins the drinkers? Is not the pure whisky the fiend that ruins body and soul? Can adulteration add anything to make it worse? Would the cure of adulteration cure drunkenness? We have the testimony of one of the most distinguished chemists in New York, that he collected promiscuously from a hundred groggeries in that city, vials of the whisky they sold over the bar, and in each case the whisky was *pure* or *diluted with water!* The hard drinks are not adulterated. It is the expensive wines that are adulterated, of which the saloons have no sale. Be assured, Mr. George and Mr. Townsend, that the stoppage of adulteration in liquors would have no more influence in preventing the deadly evils of intemperance

than the cleaning and polishing a bayonet would prevent its fatal power. One other word. Mr. George wishes to destroy the Rum Power. "So say we all of us." But he would destroy the Rum Power by free rum! Now we submit that when the whisky ring is broken, the Rum Power is by no means destroyed. It only appears in a worse form, not now a political clique, but a debauched nation. This will be a Rum Power that cannot be restrained by law and that will dig the grave of all American institutions.

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Helena Modjeska

REMINISCENCES OF DEBUTS IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

HELENA MODJESKA.

Second Paper.

III.—SAN FRANCISCO.

THE story of my first appearance in San Francisco has been told in American periodicals so repeatedly, that I fear it is hackneyed, and there is little left for me to say about it. An article in the *Century* or, as it was then called, *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1878 or 1879, almost exhausted the subject.

It told how a Polish actress with her husband and son, in company with a few countrymen, arrived in California in the fall of 1876, and settled in a country place in the south of the State. The author describes in a humorous vein the experiences in amateur farming of the little colony, and how the artistic temperament of its members was ill-fitted to meet the every-day exigencies of a roughing, far-western ranch life.

I may then dismiss the matter by reference to the above article, and only add that the failure of our arcadian idylla, connected with the exhaustion of our material resources, compelled us to exchange our dreams of peace for a new struggle for life.

To confess the truth, I was regretting my artistic career. Not only did I think of it during the day, but at night dreams of the theatre haunted my couch. It was in vain that I endeavored to divert this monomania by calling the horses and dogs with names of my repertoire, and by reciting the most effective bits of my parts to the chickens and ducks when feeding them. Instead of assuaging my longing, I only succeeded in making it more poignant.

Oppressed by this continual brooding, and having lost my illusions in regard to the prosperity of our colony, I

formed the bold decision to go to San Francisco to study English, and try my forces on the American stage. Hardly was the plan formed, before it was put into execution. The traditional Polish Christmas Eve meal was partaken in Anaheim with our whole colony, but the New Year 1877 found me already in San Francisco. There I met several Polish friends, and in the house of one of them, Captain Bielawski, made my first abode.

When I communicated my plans to them, they seemed frightened at my boldness, and their fear acted like cold water on my enthusiasm. I could speak but a few words of English, and even those were entirely mispronounced. All my knowledge had been acquired by a few lessons taken in Warsaw a few weeks before my departure, according to the method of Ollendorf. I had learned phrases like these: "Did you see my hat?" "No, but I have seen the books of your brother-in-law," etc., etc. On the steamer and during my short stay in Anaheim we held ourselves secluded, and if we happened to talk to a stranger, it was mostly in French or German. I made a sad blunder the first day on the steamer; desiring some soup at the dining-table, I asked the waiter for "soap." It made me diffident of my pronunciation for a long time.

As I said above, all my Polish friends dissuaded me strongly from my bold attempt; and their arguments seemed conclusive. Several of them had acquired the English language and spoke it like natives, but, then, they had spent twenty years or more in the United States. One of them, an excellent old gentleman, known all over California as the Old Captain, had come to America before 1840. He had been almost forty years in this country, understood and knew the language perfectly, but had a pronunciation of his own. He said "housband" instead of husband; "vyter and alvise," instead of waiter and always. "Why should I break my tongue and adopt a spelling which is not based upon any phonetic rules, but merely upon fancy? I pronounce according to my own taste, and yet people understand me," he would say.

The example of the Old Captain was not encouraging. Why should I succeed, where a man of culture, who had spent the greater part of his life here, had failed. At the bottom of this lack of courage, there was the innate Slavo-

nian diffidence. As a modern French writer says in substance, we Slavs are not well equipped for the struggle for life. A majority of our race, and in the first place, my own nationality, belongs to the vanquished of modern history. We do not possess that superb confidence in our own forces, which is the beginning of success. We do not believe with sufficient energy in our lucky star, in the superiority of our country above all others, in the complicity of the God of armies in our battles. With us patriotism is not aggressive, and it is not circumscribed by certain well fixed geographical limits. It is more like a family feeling, a brotherhood of common suffering. It has reached its present exaltation through resistance to oppression. There are in our patriotism more elements of resignation than of national conceit.

It was then, I suppose, this common feature of our race, which made my friends so timorous as to the result of my attempt. Personally, I was not unaffected by its influence. In times gone by, while I was in Poland, it had prevented me from accepting invitations to foreign stages. As far as 1869, two of the most prominent French dramatic authors, MM. A. Dumas' son and Legouvé, had urged me to try my fortunes on the French stage. I was sorely tempted to do so, as I possessed some knowledge of the language, and it would have been comparatively easy to complete my study of it. That a success in Paris could assure a reputation through the whole world, was well known to me. But my diffidence was stronger than my ambition. The appreciation of my countrymen seemed to have satisfied all my desire for glory, and I refused the invitation.

And now, in San Francisco, I had to deafen my ears to that lurking voice in the deep recess of my heart, that whispered to me "Beware;" however, necessity, which is the mother not only of invention, but also of enterprise, stimulated my ambition and my longing for a return to the boards. Besides I suppose those misgivings, inherent to my Polish nature, were counterbalanced in me to a degree, by a dash of venturesome spirit, the result of some drops of gypsy blood inherited from a Hungarian grandmother.

I assumed an air of calm self-assurance very much in contrast with my innermost perplexities, and quieted the anxieties of my friends.

I at once began to prepare for my work. I was stopping

at the house of Mr. Bielawski, a kind old gentleman, whose wife was an English lady, and in whose house only English was spoken. My first teacher was a German. In a few weeks I could converse a little in English, but with a strong German accent.

In the middle of February, my husband and son joined me in San Francisco and from that time either one or the other remained with me. We took private lodgings, and I changed my teacher. By a singular stroke of good fortune, I happened to meet a young lady of Polish extraction but born in America. Miss Tuholsky spoke excellent English. She consented to give me a daily lesson of one hour, but through her friendliness this hour lasted the whole day. From eight in the morning till eight in the evening we toiled together with hardly any interruption.

I began at once to study the part of Adrienne in the language which was to be henceforward my own. After a short time I felt sure that I should be able to master the tongue sufficiently to accomplish my self-imposed task.

This point being settled in my mind, another perplexity began to agitate me. Shall I succeed? How will my acting be received by these audiences, so strange to me? I had occasion to see some excellent actors, as Charles Coghlan, William Florence, and above all, Edwin Booth, whose performance encouraged me. Dramatic art, as represented by those exponents, appeared to me as being the same in America as in Europe. But I saw also some bad acting, and its success frightened me. And then, will not my lack of familiarity with the language interfere with my performance? will not my foreign accent, my native intonation, render my utterances ridiculous? Shall I be accepted and recognized, or only laughed at? How often did I brood over it, looking at the waves of the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and thinking if I should fail, they would tender me the welcome denied to me by the inhabitants of this foreign country.

Another more urgent and more practical question arose,—How should I obtain an opening? By the kind intermediation of General Kryzanovski, a countryman of mine who had made himself a position in the United States Army during the civil war, and of his friend Gov. Salomon, I had become acquainted during my first passage through San Francisco in October, 1876, with John McCullough, then manager of

the California Theatre. Mr. McCullough had been very courteous to me, but unfortunately he was absent from town in the first part of the summer of 1877, when I presented myself at the theatre. His place was occupied by his partner and stage manager, Mr. Barton Hill. This gentleman had never heard of me, and simply took me for one of those ambitious amateurs, whom every manager meets by hundreds, and whose importunities interfere greatly with his daily business. He always avoided talking English to me, and answered me in French. Supposing I was a lady of society struck with a strong attack of stage fever, he did not very much credit the story of my theatrical experience in Poland. I had not many scrap-books with me, as I never indulged much in collections of press comments, and what I had were written in Polish and not intelligible to him. True, I had a letter from the younger Dumas, quite complimentary and written in French; but unfortunately it was not explicit enough, and the compliments were based on hearsay, so it did not destroy the incredulity of Mr. Hill, though it may have shaken it a little. Bitter experiences which the theatre had sometime before sustained both with foreign actors and amateurs, perfectly justified Mr. Hill's reluctance to listen to one whom he knew to be a foreigner and suspected to be only an amateur.

How often did I call without being received at the manager's office. How often, when I happened to meet him, was I dismissed with a few polite words which, although not put in the shape of a direct refusal, did not, however, contain any satisfactory promise. To my sense of increasing discouragement was joined a feeling of profound humiliation. I could not forget my success in the old country. I had been, in fact, a regular stage queen, and now to realize that I was nobody, was a sensation akin to that of a royal *déchéance*.

In the meantime, however, my friends interceded with the management in my behalf. General Kryzanovski, Gov. Salomon, and Colonel Hinton, a newspaper man who had heard me recite in Polish, and with an enthusiasm inherent to his noble nature, had espoused my cause, urged Mr. Hill so much that at last he consented to give me a hearing. It seemed somehow strange to me to have to pass through this kind of examination, but I was only too glad to perceive even a slight ray of hope.

When I arrived at Mr. Hill's office with my teacher, Miss Tuholsky, he looked a perfect picture of resignation, expecting a dreadful bore. "I can only give you ten minutes," he said, "but you will excuse me if I am sincere and severe."

"Very well, but please be attentive and don't interrupt me." I played for him the last act of Adrienne, most of which is a soliloquy. Miss Tuholsky gave me the cues, and the stage was a small office, with one chair for all the furniture.

When I finished, I asked: "Well, will you give me a night in your theatre?"

"You can have a whole week or more if you desire it."

The manager had been moved, and a thrill passed through me when I saw him furtively wiping his eyes.

This occurred at the end of July, 1877, five months after the beginning of my lessons. Fortunately, a few days afterward, Mr. McCullough arrived. Mr. Hill must have made a favorable report to him, for I soon received a summons to a rehearsal on the stage. The rehearsal of course succeeded better than the private hearing and Mr. McCullough seemed to be even more enthusiastic on my account than Mr. Hill.

In a short time the papers announced the approaching appearance for a week in August of a new star, Helena Modjeska, a Polish actress.

Mr. McCullough and Mr. Hill did everything in their power to assure my success. They gave me very good support, Mr. Tom Keene, then the leading man of the company, was an excellent Maurice De Saxe, and Mr. Henry B. Edwards played Michonnet, and a true and kind Michonnet he was to me on and off the stage.

When the day of my performance arrived, my friends were much more anxious than myself. I had lost that nervous fear, which I could not shake off in Poland. The satisfaction of treading again the boards of a theatre, made me feel quite at home. The audience was not very large, but exceedingly well disposed and kind, and that helped, I am sure, to make the performance a smooth one.

The applause which I received, sounded to me like a hearty welcome to the American stage. Next morning after reading the papers, and after the visit of a few managers, anxious to secure a new star, I could send to my husband (who was

lying sick in the mountains of South California) a telegram containing one single word, "Victory."

A new career in a new country was opened to me, and the waves of the Bay of San Francisco no more called me to their cold embrace.

IV.—LONDON.

On a cold, gloomy morning of March, 1880, I found myself in London. There was no sun to welcome me and to lighten with its rays the sense of oppression which overcame me on my arrival. The immensity of the city, the massive structure of its buildings, the manifold appearances of enormous wealth and luxury, instead of appealing to my fancy and exciting my admiration, made me only realize my smallness, my nothingness. Everything appeared so strong, there seemed to be no place for the weak. Never in my life have I felt myself so lost; and yet in comparison with my arrival in San Francisco I was less a stranger here. I had passed several times through London on my way to and from America. I had in England some acquaintances, and even some relatives. Lastly, my name had already figured favorably in the English papers, thanks to some American correspondents. And yet while my first landing on the American shore had been full of joyous anticipation, my arrival in London produced upon me a very decided despondency. Was it the difference in the atmosphere, the smoke and fog of London in place of the bright sky and of that delightful balmy ozone one inhales with full lungs on the shores of the Pacific? Or, was it possibly the feeling, that America is a home open to the oppressed and the exiles of every nation, and that notwithstanding some slight attacks of knownothingism, it is always ready to broaden the scope of its civilization by new elements,—whilst England, in its insular seclusion, often looks down with contempt and scorn upon the efforts of human progress, when they appear outside the sacred soil of Albion? Was I moved by physical or philosophical influences? I could not say, but whencesoever they sprang, they gave to my forebodings a very sombre color.

I had come to London in order to impress a final stamp upon my American achievement. My adoption of a new tongue would be, I thought, only justified definitely by the

sanction acquired in the first home of that tongue. My American manager had promised to obtain for me a London engagement but his efforts had failed,—and it was written, that now as before I should have to struggle for it myself. Fate, though kind to me, never threw success in my way with open hands; I had always to wrest it by sheer effort. I shall not describe the difficulties we had to secure an engagement; it would be very much the repetition of the story given in the last chapter, only that instead of applying to one theatre, to one manager, I had to apply to a score of them.

When I had almost given up my project, and was balancing in my mind, whether to return to Poland or to America, I one day received a visit from a gentleman who brought me an offer to appear at the Court Theatre. That house was then, fortunately for me, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor so popular on both sides of the Atlantic, who, amongst his other qualities, possesses a great spirit of enterprise and true generosity. He had heard some favorable comments of me from Mr. Charles Coghlan, whom I did not know personally, but who had seen me play in America.

Mr. Barrett's proposition was really nothing but the tendering of a kind and friendly hand to a sister artist. He was not urged to do it by any business consideration, as he had then on the board of his theatre a very good play, which would safely run the whole season: "The Old and New Love," an adaptation of the "Banker's Daughter," by Bronson Howard;—possibly the success of an American drama inspired him with hope for the success of an adopted American actress.

I need not say the offer was joyfully and gratefully received. As "The Old and New Love" was then occupying the evenings of the Court, Mr. Barrett proposed me to play a week or two of matinees.

The selection of the play in which I was to appear, took us some time. At last our choice fell upon a play called "Heartsease." There existed a piece of that name, based upon the well-known "Camille," but the main motive had been left out, and replaced by a tame substitute, the situations had been considerably diluted, and the whole thing was a poor patchwork; but it had one advantage; it had passed through the Censorship of London. It had been already

produced on one of the Metropolitan stages, but had met with a decided and well-deserved failure.

The adapter or author of the piece agreed with us to alter it, by returning to the text of Camille, or rather of the original "Dame aux Camélias," and keeping its present title. The names however were changed, and Marguerite Gauthier, alias Camille, was rebaptized into Constance.

This was done, the new "Heartsease" sent to the Lord Chamberlain's office, and in a few days returned with the approval of the Censor.

Evidently the ostracism which had been pronounced before at the same high place, against the work of Dumas the younger, had more reference to the choice of the title flower than to anything else, and heartseases were considered more moral than camelias.

Mr. Wilson Barrett thought it well to excite public curiosity, by posting large bills in conspicuous places, with nothing but "Modjeska" in monstrous big letters. Though my name had been mentioned in the papers, it was yet unknown to the great majority of people. "What is Modjeska? Is it alive?" was one of the questions I heard in a car. Some guessers thought it a tooth wash, or some exotic cosmetic for the face. Even to the people whom I met socially, I remained a kind of unknown quantity. Only a few days previous to my appearance, at a reception given in my honor by a kind friend, Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, I was approached by a lady who asked me in what language I was to perform.

The American correspondences were only of little avail to me, I fear. There was at that time a kind of distrust in London against American actors, and American praise. Englishmen were a little afraid of being taken in by Brother Jonathan.

Though on the New Continent Anglomania had begun to spread through the large cities of the East, there was no such thing as Americomania in England at that time.

I had therefore uphill work before me. I was to overcome the natural distrust against a new comer, a foreigner and an American,—and the play selected by me might prove another obstacle, as it braved the English social prejudices, and preached the lesson of forgiveness, in opposition to the morals of the day.

My first performance took place in the afternoon of the

first day of May, 1880. The house was full. Through the influence of a Polish friend of my husband, Mr. M. Jaraczevski, attached to the person of the Prince of Wales, both the Prince and the Princess were present. The rumor of their coming had helped to bring the representatives of fashionable society. The big letters of the posters had something to do with the filling of the galleries and the pit.

What we feared as an obstacle, proved to be a help, and the pathetic story of A. Dumas overcame all prejudices, melted the hearts of the public, and disposed them favorably to the new comer. The reception was so warm and hearty I could hardly realize that I stood in the presence of cold-blooded Englishmen.

When the kind protector of all artists, the Prince of Wales, came, according to his custom, to compliment me behind the stage, he could not help saying: "Your play is very much like the Dame aux Camélias." "It is nothing else," was my reply. "How did you manage to obtain the permission of the Lord Chamberlain?" I suppose the story which I told him did not increase very much his respect for the institution of theatrical censorship.

My performances soon became the fashion. Was I not the novelty of the day? The pit was converted into orchestra seats, my matinees were replaced by evenings. In the stores appeared heartseases in all shapes and kinds, the ticket-sellers in town realized handsome premiums upon the seats to the Court Theatre, and considered me as a favorite. Of course the lion hunters did not lose such an opportunity, and from all sides assailed me with invitations to social gatherings.

I played Heartsease up to the end of the summer season. The play with which I opened the following fall was Mary Stuart, which like the Dame aux Camélias was again in opposition to accepted prejudices, and in the same manner proved a valuable auxiliary.

Afterwards I played Adrienne, Romeo and Juliet, Frou-frou, Juana and Odette, remaining in England until the end of the summer season 1882. Then I returned to America which I made my home.

I had played in three countries, Poland, the United States, and England. Believing in the old saying, "*Omne trinum perfectum*," I promised myself to stop at that number, and to forego seeking any new fields for my ambition.

DIVORCE AND THE PROPOSED NATIONAL LAW.

BY H. H. GARDENER.

In discussing any question which involves the welfare and happiness of people who live to-day, or are to live hereafter, I think we may take it for granted that we must consider it in the light of conditions now existing or those likely to exist in the future. We must clearly understand to what domain the question fairly belongs; whether it is a question of vital importance between human beings in their relations to each other, and whether it is a matter in which the law is the final appeal. We may fairly assume that the questions of marriage and divorce have to do with this world only. Indeed, that point is yielded by the marriage service adopted by the various Christian churches when it says, "until death us do part," and by the reply said to have been given by Christ himself, to the somewhat puzzling query put to him as to whose wife the seven times married woman would be in heaven.

According to the record, he evaded (somewhat skilfully it must be admitted) the real question; but his reply at least warrants us in saying that he held the view that the marriage relation had nothing whatever to do with another life, but belonged to the province of this world only, and the necessities and duties of human beings toward each other here.

This point is yielded, too, by every church when it permits the widowed to re-marry, and gives them clerical sanction.

Therefore the religious and civil basis of discussion, are logically on the same premises, and in America, at least, where there is no contest as to the established fact that all divorces must be legal and not ecclesiastical, it is clear that the law does not recognize religion at all in the matter. While a religious marriage service may hold in law, a religious divorce would be illegal, in fact, fraudulent. It is conceded on all sides then, as we have seen, that marriage

is a matter pertaining strictly to this world. It affects the happiness or misery of men and women in their relations with each other, and not at all in any assumed relation with another life, or a supposititious duty to a Deity.

This would logically take marriage, as it has already taken divorce, out of the hands of the clergy, since religion and its duties are based primarily and necessarily upon the relations of human beings to another life and to a supernatural or Supreme Being. The terms of marriage and divorce — so far as the public is concerned — are questions of morals and economics.

That is to say, if there were but one man and one woman in the world it would be for them to say whether they would be married at all, or — having been married — whether they would stay married, if they discovered that the relation was productive of misery to one or both. They could divorce themselves at will without injury and without fear. But since humanity is associated in groups in what is called society or the state, and since under present conditions men are the chief producers and owners of wealth and the means of livelihood; the support of women and children is a matter which affects the welfare of all so associated, in case the parents separate. The question of divorce is, therefore, partly in the field of economics and has to do with the general welfare. This being the case, law and not religion rightly regulates its terms. People marry because they believe that it will promote their happiness to do so. I am talking now of ordinary people under ordinary circumstances, and not of those victims of institutions — such as kings and princesses — who are married for state reasons. Nor am I writing of those still greater victims who are taught that it is their "duty" to marry in order to produce as many of their kind as possible in a world already sadly overpopulated by the very class, thus influenced and controlled by greed and power, that is to say, by those who are benefitted by the unintelligent increase of an ignorant population. Since marriage is the most important, solemn, and sacred contract into which two people can enter, and since it affects — or may affect — others than themselves, the State requires that it be public, that the form of contract be legal and that its terms be respected by both parties, to the end that others may not be deceived or left helpless.

But if the parties to this contract learn to their sorrow that it is productive of misery, if they grow to loathe each other, if instead of happiness, it results in sorrow or ill health, then surely the State is not interested in forcing those two people to continue in a condition which is opposed to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It *is*, however, concerned in the *terms* of the separation since these do or may affect others than the two principals, and since one of these, having entered into a contract (in which the State was a witness) and now being desirous of terminating said contract, may be defrauded in a manner which vitally affects society. It can hardly be claimed that society is benefitted by forcing two people to live in the same house and become the parents of children, when those two people have for each other only loathing or contempt. If it cannot benefit society, then who is benefitted by the forced continuance of the marriage relation? The children? Can any rational person believe that it is well to rear children in an atmosphere of hatred, of contention, of rebellion?

Do not our penal institutions answer this question? Are the inmates of these from homes where harmony reigned? Statistics show plainly that they are not and they also show that an enormous per cent. of them come from the families of those who are not allowed by their church the relief of divorce from bonds grown galling. Children conceived by hatred and fear, overpowered by the lowest grade of passion known to the world (which cannot be called brutal, because the brutes are not guilty of it), bred in an atmosphere of contention, deception, and dread, are fit material for, and statistics prove that they are the inmates of, the reformatory and penal institutions.

Is it fair to a child that it be so reared? Is it not right — is it not the duty of the State to secure — so far as it may — quite the opposite conditions of life for its helpless future citizens? Are the highest and best types of character bred in discord? Is the State interested in the high character of its future citizens? All these questions and many others are involved. But setting aside these most important features I would like to ask who is benefitted by keeping together those whom hate has separated? The wife? Not at all. She is simply degraded below the frail creatures of the street whom men deride. She becomes the helpless instrument of

her own degradation. The woman of the street *may* own herself, she *may* change her life, she *may* refuse to continue in the course which has lost her her self-respect. The unwilling wife is helpless. She has lost all. She has no refuge. She is a more degraded slave than ever felt the lash, for her slavery is one which sears her soul and *may* sear that of children borne by her unwillingly.

It can hardly be urged that it could add to the dignity or honor of womanhood for a tie to be indissoluble which in itself, under such conditions, is a degradation and an insult. Take for example a drunken, a dissolute or a brutal husband. Can it be said to strike at anything dear or noble for womankind that some wife is absolutely freed from such companionship? That she be no longer forced to bear his society or even his name? Surely no good end can be served by the outward continuance of a tie already broken in fact. No one can be made better, no one happier. If it is urged that a God is to be considered, surely such a state of things could hardly excite his pleasure or admiration. If marriages are made in heaven those that prove a mi fit — so to speak — can scarcely be claimed by believers in an all-wise ruler to emanate from there. Religious people will be the last to assert that wrong had its source in such a locality. While people who look upon this question as wholly outside of sacramental lines will be slow to see beauty or good in a relation which is a servitude and a degradation on the one side and a brutal domination on the other.

How does the question stand then? The wife is degraded, the children are brutalized,—are born with evil tendencies—a God can hardly be overjoyed; society is endangered and robbed, is deprived from its cradle of its inalienable right to happiness. Who is left to be considered? The husband?

Would any man worthy the name wish to be the husband of an unwilling wife? If he has a spark of honor or manhood in him could such a relationship held by force give him happiness?

Would it not be unendurable to him? If he is so far below the brutes in his relationship with his mate that he can hold his position only by force is he a fit father of children? Is the State interested in reproducing his kind?

It is true that there are several reasons why divorce is far more important to women than to men—notwithstanding

which fact the question is usually discussed in the Press and Legislature by men only, the other interested party not being supposed to have enough at stake to be consulted or heard in the matter at all. But it is also true that an uncongenial marriage deprives a man of all of the best that is in him; it reduces his home to a mere den of discomfort and wretchedness; it forces him to be either a hypocrite at or an absentee from his own hearthstone and deprives him of the blessedness and sympathy—the holy tenderness and beauty—that should be the star in the crown of every man entitled to the name of husband and father.

But he still owns his own body. He cannot be made an unwilling father of timid, diseased, or brutalized children; he is not a financial dependent. For these and other reasons an unhappy marriage can never mean to a man what it must always mean to a woman.

There is an argument frequently put forward that divorce is wrong and unfair to the children of those so separated in case the divorced parties remarry and other children are added to the family. One great Prelate asks: "Can we look with anything short of horror upon such a condition of things? Here is a family, we will say, composed of the children of three divorced fathers—all by one mother."

This is an extreme and not a pleasing case we may admit; but suppose the divorce were by death would the distinguished Prelate be so shocked? Is it especially uncommon, indeed, for the most devout men or women to marry three times? Are "half" brothers and sisters and "step" children a subject of moral shock to the most rigid religionists? Jesus appeared to approve of a woman marrying seven times. How about a mixed family there? Does the distinguished Prelate take issue with his Lord? No, the whole question hinges on the continuance of the life of the parties separated or divorced. If one of them dies the mixed family relation is not counted either a sin or a shame. If they live and the divorce is granted by law instead of by nature it is pronounced both.

In whose interest is this distinction maintained? We have seen that it is not for the honor of the wife that a loathsome marriage relation be indissoluble, that it can lend neither dignity nor happiness to the husband, that it is one of the fruitful causes of diseased and criminal childhood and that it is, therefore, necessarily, a menace to society.

Legally, morally, economically, then, it is a mistake, and it is productive of great misery. Who then is benefitted? Why is the attempt so strongly made to revise the laws and check the growing liberality in divorce legislation?

Who are the movers in that direction and upon what do they base their arguments? What is the final appeal of these combatants? I shall answer the two last questions first. The orthodox clergy and their followers, basing their arguments on the Bible as the final appeal, demand that this reform go backward. Why?

Because their creeds and tenets have always claimed that marriage is a sacrament and not a legal contract, that it is or should be under the control of the clergy, and that the Bible and St. Paul say so and so about it. The Catholic Church, has, by keeping control of the marriage of its believers, made sure of the children — their education — and therefore insured to itself their future adherence. It has perpetuated itself and its power by this means. It is, therefore, not difficult to see why that church so warmly opposes any movement which can only result in disaster to its growth and power. Her communicants are taught that it is their duty to increase and multiply, and this in spite of the fact that poverty and crime, want and ignorance stare in the face a large per cent. of the very class which it is thus sought to swell. The Catholics are the most prolific and furnish *by far* the largest per cent. of both paupers and criminals of any other class of the community. With them marriage is a sacrament; divorce is not allowed, or if allowed, remarriage is prohibited. Children are born with astounding frequency of subject mothers to brutal fathers. They are bred in a constant atmosphere of contention, bickering, and in short, warfare. The result is inevitable. Contest — war — brings out all the worst elements and passions in human nature. This fact is well understood where war is conducted between large bodies of men; but in such case there is supposed to be a motive — some patriotic principle involved to stir and call out, also, some of the better nature; but in the petty warfare of the wretched household there is nothing to redeem life from the basest. But suppose all this is true, say the advocates of the forced continuance of the marriage relation, the Bible — our creeds — teach us to refuse the relief of divorce, and we are bound at any cost to sustain the indissol-

ubility of the marriage bond. True, for those who accept these creeds or the Bible as a finality; but to those who do not, the State owes a duty. Church and State are separated in America, it is claimed. A magistrate can marry a man and woman, just as he can draw up another contract. When the State went that far it told the people that it did not hold marriage as a sacrament. It then and there took the ground that it was a legal contract, and had no necessary connection with religious belief or observance. It logically follows that if the State deals with marriage as a thing not touched by religious belief or Biblical injunction, that the question of divorce — the terms of the contract — are also quite outside of the province of the clergy. This being the case it appears as futile and as foolish to discuss this question — making of it a religious one — from the basis of the creeds or the Bible, as it would be to discuss the rate of interest on money or the wages per day for labor, from the same outlook. Believers in the finality of Biblical teaching are at liberty to hold their marriages as indissoluble, but have no right to insist upon forcing their religious dogmas upon others, nor to attempt to crystalize them into law for others. No doubt the Bible gave the best light of the Jews, in the day in which it was written, on these and other subjects. We are quite willing to suppose that the various creeds and usages of the churches did the same for the people whom they represented, but the creeds and the Bible have nothing whatever to do with the social and economic problems of our day, nor with the legal questions of our time.

The more they are dragged into places where they do not belong, the more it is discovered that "revision" is necessary. The old creeds and the Bible are fast undergoing revision and are recut to fit the people and the present. It is quite impossible to revise and recut the people and the present to fit the old creeds and the literature of the Jews.

Let us have done with such trifling with the serious problems of the day. It is not at all a question of whether St. Paul said or thought this or that about divorce. It is not at all important what some dead and gone Potentate said; the question before us is what is best for society as it is now? Indeed it appears to me futile to discuss this subject at all if it is to be done from a theological basis. Every fairly intelligent person knows what the church teaches in

the matter. One paragraph and a half dozen Biblical references with a notable name appended is all the space necessary to consume. We all know that in substance the Catholic church's answer to the question "Is Divorce wrong?" is emphatically "Yes."

We are also aware that that church revises its opinions more slowly than any other.

It is equally well known to the intelligent reader that the variations, from the emphatic Yes of the Catholic church, run the scale in the Protestant denominations from a moderately firm yes to a distinctly audible no. Given the denomination and a slight knowledge of its history — whether it claims to be infallible and divine, as the Catholic and Episcopal, or only partly so as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational, or whether as the Unitarian and Universalist they claim to be human only — and you are prepared to state what the adherents of those churches will hold as to the marriage and divorce questions without resort to long papers or circumlocution. Now for the various sects to teach or believe what they please on this and other subjects is their undoubted right so long as they do not attempt to control other people in matters which are outside of the province of the church, and so long as their own adherents are satisfied to abide by the decisions of the communion to which they belong.

The question is, then, what is best for society as it is and as it is likely to be? What is best for society as it is now? Who is benefitted or who harmed by the continuance of a loathsome relationship? Is the State and are the people interested in refusing to allow two people to correct a mistake once made? Is it for the good of anyone to make mistakes perpetual?

It is a question in economics and morals. It has nothing whatever to do with religion. Let us keep our minds clear of rubbish, and above all let us request that our legislators do not tamper with a question of such vital importance to women, in any manner (as is just now proposed) to crystalize the divorce laws into national form and application, until women be heard in the matter, freely and fully, without fear or intimidation. If it were proposed to make a national law for railroads without giving a hearing to but one side of the question; if it were suggested that Congress pass an educational bill of universal application without permitting any but its friends to be heard; if a general measure to control

interest on money were up, and none of the money-lenders were given a hearing — only borrowers — there would be a great stir made about the injustice and inequity of such legislation. But it is deliberately proposed to pass a national marriage and divorce law, to regulate the one condition of life which is absolutely vital to women under present conditions, and to make this law a part of the national Constitution, without taking the trouble to hear one word from her on the subject. Let us agitate this question thoroughly. Let us discuss it on the basis where it belongs; where our laws have already put it — the economic, and moral, and social basis. Let us clear the track of both sentimentality and superstition. Let us hear from *both* sides — from *both* parties interested. We do not drag religion into the interstate commerce debate; when a bill comes up for street-paving, nobody inquires what kind of stone St. Paul was interested in having put down. When the Chinese bill is before us, it is not at all necessary to know what St. Sebastian thought of the laundry business. Their views may have been sound; but they do not apply. I repeat, therefore, let us keep to the subject, keep the subject on the basis where it belongs, have our conclusions at least blood relatives of our premises, and let us hear from both sides of the fireplace. And finally, let us keep clear of passing a national law until both parties to the contract be heard, not only in the press, but in the legislative deliberations.

A recent writer of one of the ablest and clearest papers yet contributed on this subject, in arguing in favor of an amendment to the Constitution, which shall make divorce laws uniform, says: "Let it clearly be shown that Congress can best legislate in the interests of the *whole people* (the italics are mine) upon the subject, and the people, and their representatives, the legislative assemblies, can be trusted to authorize it." It does not occur to even this able writer that half of the "whole people" will have no representation in either the legislative assemblies nor in Congress, and that on this subject above all others, this unrepresented half has far more at stake than the other, and that when an amendment to the national Constitution is accomplished, it is a very much more difficult thing to correct any blunder it may contain, than it would be if the blunder were not made a part of that instrument.

All men appear to agree that marriage is pre-eminently woman's "sphere." Certainly under existing conditions, and under conditions as they are likely to be for some time to come, it is the one field open to her — it is her lot. At present she has nothing to say as to the laws which control — the terms of this single contract of her life — the one disposition she is free to make of herself and still retain her social status and secure support. It would seem only humane to place no farther thorns in her path. Until she has a voice — is represented — the "whole people" cannot amend the Constitution in respect to marriage and divorce — in respect to the "one sphere" which all men concede is woman's one peculiar right.

No laws on these subjects — above all others — should be crystalized into national form and appended to the Constitution until it is done by the help and with the consent of the half of the people whom it will most seriously affect.

THE EXTINCTION OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY A. C. WHEELER.

It sounds very rash to declare that Shakespeare is not for all time.

But it need not sound irreverent if Shakespeare is regarded as a dramatist appealing to men through the theatre. And that, I need not say, is the manner in which men have mainly regarded him.

What his relation to the eternal verities may be, now or hereafter, is too large an enquiry to be covered in a paper which at the best is but the formulation of suggestions that Mr. Dion Boucicault has stirred in these pages.

But what his relations are to the lovers of drama in our time, as compared with those relations in the past, appears to me to be quite within the province of a practical onlooker to discuss. And the thought that must come to every such observer who has any knowledge of comparative methods, and is withal free to accept the logic of facts, is that Shakespeare, like all other sublunary agents or things, when removed from the ether of idolatry to the domain of scientific criticism, exhibits signs of mutability.

Even in his immortality he cannot escape the laws of development and decay.

Mr. Boucicaul thas pointed out that there are "spots on the sun." It belongs to the same order of enquiry to ask if the sun does not exist in time as well as in space and come under that modern hypothesis of the dissipation of energy. And profound as that enquiry may be when kept within the somewhat vague boundaries of poetry or let loose in the metaphysical air of esthetics, it resolves itself into a mere examination of facts where its purpose is to determine Shakespeare's relation to men through the theatre.

I have heard the remark made several times by sagacious actors, that Shakespeare is outgrowing the capacity of the actor. It is much more difficult to play Hamlet acceptably

in our day than it was in Kemble's day. In fact there has been a steady growth of the opinion that it cannot be played at all up to the conception that we have formed of it.

Accepting this conclusion the question then is, has Shakespeare outgrown the theatre or has the public outgrown Shakespeare?

I am perfectly well aware what kind of a smile the latter question will create. But it is the smile of superficiality. Clear thought and clear vision will acknowledge unhesitatingly that the utterers of great thoughts bear no sort of comparison in their perpetuity with the performers of great deeds. Nor is there any sadness in the reflection, for the eternal scale of values bears reference to character and not to talents.

Great thoughts must be modified, recast, weighed in new psychic balances as the world lives on; else the world does not live to any clearer views. To erect a Plato or a Shakespeare or even a Moses somewhere on the track of time and decree that mankind shall not live past that illustrious monument is to put one common chain around all the Galileos of the race.

The possibility of the world outgrowing Shakespeare never occurs to anybody. The people who deal most with him, concede to him with an actor's superstition a divine right to persist, and then invent all sorts of shallow arguments to show that he must.

The moment you leave these *a priori* worshippers and come down to contemporaneous facts, you are met with the marked change in the relationship of Shakespeare and the drama-loving public.

Are the public less familiar with his text than formerly? Do they study him less lovingly? By no means. He has grown into their studies and become part of their pleasures. He lies now in every form of art, and with every aid of commentator and painter, on all tables and on all desks. With the single exception of the Bible, Shakespeare is the most widely-read book in the world.

But I need not tell you that the plays of Shakespeare were not written to be read. They came into literature by a crooked and accidental path. As Mr. Boucicault has so clearly pointed out, they were theatrical properties, fashioned with the one purpose of attracting and holding a rude public through its sensibilities.

I think when you clearly understand this, you will begin

to see in just how far our public has outgrown Shakespeare, and in just how far Shakespeare has outgrown the public he wrote for. When he wrote for all time, he was a poet, when he wrote for his generation he was a playwright. The poet will live on in higher and rarer atmospheres. The dramatist will be adjusted, modified, misinterpreted, disguised, adapted with a growing desire to fit him to the changed and changing conditions of man morally, intellectually, and socially.

What are the changed conditions. Let us answer this question with the immediate facts. They are Salvini, Booth, Irving, Passart.

You are to put yourself in my place and go to see Salvini play Othello twelve times. You are to extend your studies from the actor to the audiences. You will, I believe, agree with me that Salvini plays the Moor much nearer to the intent of Shakespeare the dramatist, than any actor who has attempted it in our time, and you will not have to believe that he plays it much nearer to the spirit of Shakespeare the poet, than any actor of our time.

He does not sophisticate it intellectually. He does not make it conform to the conditions of taste in our day. Its environment is not pictorial or illuminative. It is aggressively histrionic. It deals with the most violent passions without much heed of the subtleties of reason. He reproduces in a stalwart, elemental way the barbaric naivete and ungovernable impulses which Shakespeare in the spirit of his age imputed to the "blackamoor," and which the spirit of his age delighted to witness.

It is impossible not to recognize this, and it is impossible to avoid the impact of it. You feel the full force of sheer histrionism. You are wrought upon very much as the actor is. But you will detect in yourself, and observe in others something like a protest against the cruelty, the violence, and even the logic of events.

The fact is you are farther away from the middle ages than Shakespeare's audiences were, and he hurts you a little through all your admiration, when he is thus reproduced. If you will take the trouble to study Shakespeare's public as you study Shakespeare you will find that some kind of a change has been effected. It is in the sensibilities and in the taste. When you come to bring the master before modern eyes, the first thing to do is to cut him. We expurgate and

admire, we try to invent some motive for Othello's violence other than the brute desire to kill that which has stung him. We quote Schlegel on the side of romanticism and Ulrici on the side of metaphysics. But the fact remains as Boucicault has put it. Shakespeare wrote his plays for the theatre of his time and not for the fastidious taste of ours, and he and his collaborateurs had a keen practical dramatic or theatric sense of how to reach the somewhat coarse sensibilities of that time.

Nothing is so cheap and so false as the constant summary of writers who touch the edge of this subject. They tell us that human nature remains the same.

That is the sorriest libel on human nature that can be penned. Whenever human nature ceases to gravitate earthward and aspire heavenward it will cease to be human nature, and the drama is one of the most brilliant examples at this moment, when viewed historically, of the tendency of human nature.

I do not say that the drama stands abreast of all the other spiritual and operative agencies to make men nobler and better, but it is dragged on by the invisible forces that hem it in, and it continually reflects in its work the influence that is better than it, and that is inevitably moving away from the concrete, the symbolical, the demonstrative, to the abstract, the ideal, and the essential.

I am quite sure that a hundred and fifty years ago, audiences that saw the Merchant of Venice well played gave their sympathies to Antonio. If you have seen Irving or Possart play it, you will understand that there is a good deal of sympathy for the Jew.

What has made this change? Have Irving and Possart (I do not associate them in their talents or methods, only in their results) worked out Shakespeare's purpose to a higher plane, or have they pictured the despair, the desolation, the broken heart of the Jew under the stress of a new and pervasive human sympathy that was unknown in Shakespeare's time; or if known could have no sort of application to Jews? Or are the sympathetic results independent of any efforts of the actors and merely the result of a broader and keener sense of mercy in the spectators?

However we may answer these questions, the result is the same. Something has disturbed the original efficacy of the scene. Mr. Boucicault, curiously enough for him, voices the

modern disdain of what is purely theatric in his remarks about the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. It is a pure piece of romanticism, but to my mind it is not near so incredible as the scene of Richard III. with Lady Anne at the funeral, and I was very much amused to observe Mr. Richard Mansfield's attempts to get this scene in line with our exacting sense of the rational, by changing the environment to a suburban road; by adding youth and attractiveness to Richard, and by adapting a half-bantering, colloquial manner.

All this is in the direction of Mr. Henry Irving's extrinsic devices to improve the representation of Shakespeare, or at least to bring him into better accord with modern audiences; and the point I am trying to make is, that this effort, which is not confined to Irving and Mansfield, indicates on the part of the theatre a conviction that Shakespeare, pure and simple, is not what the audiences of to-day want.

Mr. Mansfield, to restore the acceptability of the scene with Lady Anne, will have to restore the status of woman in the seventeenth century. He will have to push back the sensibilities to a time when the riotous Saxon blood had not yet got over paying homage to feudal violence, and almost invariably exercised it with respect to woman.

But that is an impossibility; and the energetic producer of plays in our day, who expects to attract attention to Shakespeare, knows perfectly well that his only means of doing it, is to lift the experiment into an event, in which modern science and modern mechanism have much more to do than Shakespeare; and we thus have in these productions, a managerial *coup* in the place of a dramatic triumph, and Shakespeare, who, more than any other dramatist, depends upon declamation, and ability to portray passion, is dependent upon the notoriety of the star and the opulence of the manager. This presents us with the anomaly of the work that possesses the greatest intrinsic excellence, needing the most extrinsic assistance.

Especially is this glaringly shown in the poetic comedies. I do not think any intelligent man of this generation ever saw that masterpiece of fantasy, "The Tempest," produced on the theatrical stage who was not disappointed. If he loved what was most etherial, and therefore the best in Shakespeare, and had studied that play at all, he must have made it part of his own fancy, so that it grew into a living

illusion. How was it possible to witness the clumsy attempt to make those subjective splendors objective, and not be shocked? How was it possible to escape from the conviction that the dramatist never dreamed of any such materialization of his poetry, or that he would have been shocked himself by the impertinence of gas and glue in its attempt to realize the "baseless fabric of a vision."

What the dramatist was forced to do when "The Tempest" was written, was to leave all the airy nothings of the scene to the imagination of the spectator. But that is not what the modern manager does. He contracts them all out to the panoramist, the gas-fitter, the joiner, and the ballet master.

The theatre, therefore, in our day, materializes Shakespeare, and in doing so vulgarizes him. Intellectual good taste outside of the theatre spiritualizes him. It is searching for his daintiest meaning, his most subtle suggestion, not for his decorative possibilities. It hears in all the storm and stress of passion, the morning madrigals that blew through Lucrece, and Venus and Adonis; blithe laughter of maidens when the world was young: sad, mysterious strophs of elemental hearts that were near to the breast of nature. It does not care for the archæology of Macbeth's Castle, but sees Duncan's doomed party halted while Banquo talks about "the temple haunting martlet," and it listens in rapt wonder not to the Venetian law that no judge ever heard of, but to Portia's poetic tribute to the "quality of Mercy" that neither she nor the judges knew anything about.

When you find that the theatre does not even attempt to preserve the *esse* of Shakespeare, but gives itself to the enlargement and enhancement of the mere circumstance; when you consider that all other arts than the histrionic move in the direction of finer truths, deeper significances, subtler emotions, away from the material to the incorporeal—from, let me say, the *mise-en-scene* of Paradise Lost, to the intensity of Sordello; from the physical beauty of Greek form to the Christian renaissance of spiritual meaning; when you reflect that all culture is striving year by year to shake off the trammels of rude manifestation and material symbolism and get nearer to the thought and the emotion without the intervention of gesture, or speech, or emblem; and then remember that the stage in dealing with its own Master, day by day loads him with more and more of its own trinkets,

obscures him with more glare, drowns him with more trumpets, belittles him with more paint laid on, you will ask yourself if in the dilemma of trying to make the show of one era fit another, it is not violating the spirit of the present with the materialism of the present.

You will, at all events, conclude that so far the theatre of to-day has found no other means of adjusting the dramatic spectacles of Shakespeare to our age than is furnished in the material wealth and mechanical dexterity of the present time.

You must not forget that during the enlargement of theatrical facilities to materialize Shakespeare, he has been growing, outside of the theatre, mythward, and the world has been insensibly creating a subjective and abstract idolatry for him. And whenever time has idealized a personality or a work, all attempts to represent the personality or the work objectively disturb our reverential fantasy. So you will hear, every time that Shakespeare is "revived," vague complaints that the revival is not poetic. In other words the machinery does not agree with our pet vision.

Does anyone suppose that the theatre will ever be able to reawaken in the public the interest in Shakespeare's work that attended its earlier productions?

Let the manager make the experiment with nothing but the intrinsic merit of the work to depend upon. He will tell you that the intrinsic Shakespeare "spells failure." You must make a contemporaneous event of him with a notorious actor or an affluent backer.

The newspaper answer to this is invariably the same.

"Shakespeare a failure? nonsense. Look at Salvini, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, and Henry Irving."

The great iniquity is that the public *do* look at them and go to look at nothing else — unless it be the managers' extravagance.

No one who knows anything at all of the working of the theatrical system, makes the mistake of supposing that Mary Anderson's or Irving's success is the success of Shakespeare. Miss Anderson's last exploit here was a success of individualism in a corypheac interpolation, and the intelligent American public decided that it would rather see Irving as Matthias or Louis XI. than as Benvolio or Benedick.

Men whose business it is to feel the public pulse, declare that tragedy is dead. We have invented Melodrama—upon which to step down from that artificial height, and we are now fashioning "Comedy Drama" as the next descent.

The stage itself reflects the public contempt for the old heroic forms in its self-inflicted irony. In half a score of contemporaneous plays we shall find somebody answering to the "crushed tragedian," who is only an exaggerated type of the serious player of yesterday and who has only to mouth and declaim, and assume the antic air, and strut in high stepping pace to become instantly ridiculous. This personage is always crushed. By what? Simply by the indifference of the age in which he superfluously lags.

It will not quite do to say that the stage is only burlesquing a method and not an idea, in this humor. For the two are indissolubly connected. If you would see the attempt made to separate them, you may look at Mr. Mansfield's Richard III., where, under the latter day influence, he has colloquialized Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's tragedies are nothing if not declamatory. You cannot very well prattle stupendous passions, or babble about breaking hearts. If you set Othello to chit-chat or lower Marc Antony to an after-dinner harangue, you are simply putting the gods in dress coats.

It is worth while at this point to suggest that Shakespeare's tragedies are not only declamatory, they are cruel, and you may ask yourself with some profit, if you have scanned the historic page carefully, if man in our day is as eager to contemplate cruelty as he was in that era when every kitchen maid would beg for a holiday to see a burning.

The shriek of the Greek Eumenides is sharp in these Shakespearean tragedies. But in the audience there is the quiet defiance of a Christian personality that regards human destiny as depending on human choice and not on the caprice of the gods.

One other consideration and I leave this phase of the subject. It is worth while to reflect that the positive and primary interest in a dramatic exhibition is impaired by familiarity with that exhibition.

It is true, that another and secondary interest takes its place, but it is critical and technical, not sympathetic or suspensive. The imagination gives way to the judgment and

you no longer care to know how the play will come out, but how the actor will compare with a previous actor in the part.

We have here substituted for the natural and illusive delight an analytic egotism that is fatal to anything romantic.

Reason about this as much as you may, and I do not deny that excellent esthetic reasons may be advanced to show that this secondary appreciation is a growth in art — the fact remains that this is not what plays are written for — and above all else is not what Shakespeare's plays were written for.

I cannot convince myself that historic rehabilitation, or archæologic accuracy — as in Mr. Mansfield's superb reproduction of Richard III. or contemporaneous realism, as in Mr. Irving's use of a modern, double-banked organ in "Much Ado about Nothing," will supply the place of that original romanticism in the story, or that human quality in the personages which reflected the passion and cruelty of the age and was wholly without the discipline, the sense of brotherhood and the spiritual aspiration of ours.

If in the course of theatric development, Shakespeare at some time shall become too expensive or too expansive for the manager of moderate means, as he has already become too philosophic and doctrinaire for the actor of moderate ability; if in the renaissance of romance, which is pretty sure to come, the public shall show a preference for themes and motives that belong to the renaissance and characters that belong to the new solidarity of humanity, is it not likely that Shakespeare like Euripides will pass into that veneration that is too sacred for ordinary use?

Far be it from me to feel, much less to exhibit, the irreverence of the literary proletariat. I am not, I hope, one of those products of a young civilization that disseminates knowledge without focussing culture. I have a great respect for the past. But an esthetic training that does not ignore scientific influence has developed in me a sincere respect for mutability. I cannot bring myself to regard the genius of Shakespeare as static. It must, I believe, pass like other energies into the great procession, to be assimilated, transformed, and reproduced in higher forms of beauty. That which is true and seminal in Shakespeare is enduring but not fixed. Its perishable form is dramatic. Its spiritual *esse* is poetic. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BY A. A. CHEVAILLIER, EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF TRUTH.

THE Constitution of the United States which represents the most enlightened and advanced human government of the world, states that every citizen has a "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." An important and timely question of the hour is, has every citizen that right? The whole industrial world, enslaved by legislation in favor of gigantic private trusts and monopolies, answers *No!* In religion, notwithstanding a little more than one hundred years ago a Quaker was hanged on Boston Common, the Constitution is to-day legally respected, although the spirit of the Constitution even here through ignorance, superstition, and prejudice shows there is much educational work yet to be done in teaching people that no truth, whether of creed or dogma, is advanced or appropriated by the human consciousness through futile attempts to force people to see with other eyes than their own. All faith to be saving, that is to have power, must be individual, the result of personal conviction, not of legal or moral compulsion.

We now come to the right of a man to save his body from disease and death (which certainly is "a pursuit of happiness"), and it is upon this subject that I wish to dwell. If a man may not choose his bodily physician, why should he have the right to choose his spiritual physician? Why should government regulate the one and not the other? The medical restrictive laws of some States certainly give the lie to the Constitution, to a degree which is most surprisingly inconsistent and contradictory.

Were the practice of medicine a science, that is, exact in its diagnoses, prognoses, and therapeutics, so that any patient calling in a physician might be morally sure of a correct diagnosis and prognosis of his case, and then of curative

treatment, there might be some ground for a law compelling a sick man to employ a regular physician in whose system he had no confidence, and refusing to permit him to employ any other in whom he did have faith. But is this the case? If not, the whole foundation upon which any restrictive law can be constitutionally built crumbles into dust. Let the physicians themselves answer. "Out of their own mouths shall they be judged," for we have no desire to judge them. "Medicine is still an ineffectual speculation."—Dr. Joseph Bigelow, Ex-President Massachusetts Medical Society. And again Dr. Bigelow said: "I sincerely believe that the unbiassed opinion of most medical men of sound judgment and long experience is that the amount of death and disaster in the world would be less than it now is, if left to itself." "It would be better for mankind if all the medicines were poured into the sea, but it would be hard upon the fishes." — Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D.

Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh College, Scotland, makes this statement: "Ninety-nine out of every one hundred medical facts are medical lies." The great Magendie says that "Medicine is a great humbug." Dr. Alex M. Ross, F. R. S. of London, affirms that "the medical practice to-day has no more foundation in science, in philosophy, or common sense, than it had one hundred years ago." "It is based on conjecture," he adds, "improved by sad blunders, often hidden by death."

"As we place more confidence in nature and less in preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes." — Prof. Willard Parker, M. D., N. Y.

"Physicians have hurried thousands to their graves who would have recovered if left to nature." — Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., N. Y.

Let Sir Astley Cooper's voice be heard: "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder."

"The science of medicine is a meaningless jargon." — John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S. Dr. Evans, F. R. S., London, says: "It has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence."

Dr. Benj. Rush, of University of Pennsylvania, said: "The conferring of exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge under severe penalties from practicing medicine, are inquisitions,

however sanctioned by ancient charters and names, serving as the Bastiles of our science."

This array of testimony within the medical profession could be multiplied by scores of other equally great medical lights, who have similarly expressed themselves. But this is sufficient to prove that if any legislation whatever is needed, it is protection for the people against the experimentations of the medical profession. But this also is unnecessary. Enlightenment is the best and wisest, the surest and safest protection for humanity. A knowledge of facts is wanted; the fact that the means provided to overcome disease have proven inadequate; that a large proportion of diseases are given over by the medical profession itself, as incurable; that statistics give the rate of healthy persons to be one in four thousand or one fortieth of one per cent. Surely something is rotten in Denmark! What is it?

When we get a result in mathematics full of discord we erase our problem and go back to the beginning, — even so must we do when we find humanity groaning under the seeming burden of sin, sickness, and death, of inharmony and discord in its physical, moral, and mental life, go back to the beginning, and finding there that man was created in the image of God and consequently whole (healthy), know that there is a scientific way for man to reach that consciousness.

The world is indebted to homœopathy [once irregular] and to the whole army of so-called irregulars and quacks who have helped to break down the empiricism and autocracy and monopoly of medical priestcraft, and who have made almost all the important discoveries adopted by the medical priesthood and claimed as their own. Only recently we took up the New York *Evening Post* and read an account of the meeting of the American Public Health Association. The antipodally opposite assertions made by the different M. D.'s even on so small a matter as the influence of trees upon health, were ludicrous in the extreme. We quote: Dr. C. A. Lindsay, of New Haven, said: "Our shading increases death and shortens life; the nervous system also suffers. The number of trees in New Haven was undoubtedly the cause of much malaria."

Dr. Henry P. Walcott, of Massachusetts, said he "lived in a town as much shaded as New Haven and found no harm from the great number of trees, but a direct benefit."

Dr. Geo. M. Stanburg, U. S. A., believed that "many malarious places were redeemed by the planting of trees," etc.

Would it not be wiser for man, a spiritual being, the manifestation and expression of omnipotence, to scientifically deduce from this statement of his being, his *dominion* over nature, rather than his *slavery* to it? That "the truth shall make you free" is scientifically demonstrated through spiritual understanding alone.

That great and good man, the grandson of eminent greatness and goodness — Canon Wilberforce, of England,— was some months ago given over by the physicians to death or a serious operation. Going apart to the country, he gave himself up to six weeks' communing with God, when the heaven (within) opened, and the spiritual law of health was revealed to his consciousness, and the operation or his life which physical science demanded, became unnecessary.

In the light of this preface, it is hardly necessary to add that each and every person should have the legal, as he surely has the moral and constitutional, right to employ such method of treatment, be it eclectic, magnetic, or Divine healing through spiritual law (known as Christian Science, Faith Cure, or Mental Healing), as his own judgment and conscience believes in as most effectual. If any patient has no faith in drugs, no law can constitutionally compel him to take them, and no legal liability for criminal negligence can constitutionally, morally, or equitably rest upon the practitioner, since physicians themselves lose a far greater percentage of their cases than do those who dispense with drugs.

If the question of responsibility is to come up at all, it should apply to all practitioners, regular and irregular. Who would be hit the hardest in such an event it is easy to imagine! Fifty-five per cent. of the cases of pneumonia die under regular practice. But one case of pneumonia has been recorded or been known to have occurred under Christian Science, while cases given up by M. D.'s have been known to recover under spiritual healing.

Should any law be enacted to prevent the prayer of understanding to be used at a patient's request, as a means for recovery, such law would of course have convicted, fined, and incarcerated Jesus of Nazareth, in whose Name, and by the power of the Christ, Christian Scientists alone are enabled to heal.

Their failures do not disprove what they persistently claim is a science; a science crudely stated as yet, may be, only in the infancy of human consciousness, the faint glimmering dawn of humanity's recognition and appropriation, but still destined to become the saving power of the world, because it is science, and all science whether of physics, metaphysics, or spirit, is one, for all have their source in Spirit, Infinite Mind, Law; and that law is Love, Truth, God.

Should a law be enacted, Christian Scientists should cease to use their power as a means of livelihood for the time being, and should demand no compensation which is perfectly justifiable ordinarily, because their *Time* and not the Truth is being paid for, and time is money. But never should a Christian Scientist refuse to heal, because the law of God, the command of Jesus the Christ to his disciples to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers," etc., is undeniable and explicit, and must be obeyed at all hazards. Render unto Cæsar, should Cæsar demand it, those things which belong to Cæsar, the right to withhold a fee, but ere long the cures done in His name and through faith in His name, by the power of the Word, will produce such a revulsion and reaction as would inevitably sweep away forever all unjust restrictive measures.

We are forced, while in the act of writing this article, to correct our statement, made in an early paragraph, that in religion the Constitution of the United States is legally respected.

Several most atrocious cases of the violation of the Constitution in matters of liberty of conscience and religious faith have recently occurred in the State of New York. Respectability, philanthropy, spiritual ignorance, or dogmatic materialism have joined hands with self-interest, and the struggle for existence on the part of the waning profession of medicine in their high art of legalized needless manslaughter of countless thousands, to aid and abet their nefarious scheme to imprison innocent, God-fearing, law-abiding, peaceful, productive citizens of the United States because of their religious faith.

There exists in Brooklyn a little band of about two hundred men and women from the humble walks of life, socially and industrially, about on a par with Jesus, the carpenter's son.

They are Norwegians, mostly seceders from the Presbyterian Church, no longer able to subscribe to the Westminster catechism and the mammon of unrighteousness, as so generally manifested by organized church christendom, because they *do* accept and try to follow the words, teachings, and life of Jesus Christ, the two being utterly inconsistent. This band of Christians call themselves by no other name than that of Christians, meeting weekly for worship in a disused church which they hire, having neither leader nor minister, but like the Quakers, each one leading and ministering out of the fulness of the heart, as led by the spirit of God. They call each other brother and sister, and consider it a part of their Christian profession and ministry to care for each other when sick or in want, or sorrow, or if unable to earn a living. They do not believe in medicine, but rather that it is directly contrary to the revealed word of God, and the explicit teachings of Jesus Christ.

The child of one of these disciples of Christ — Mr. Larson,— was taken ill with diphtheria and scarlet fever. The parents obeyed the injunction, which admits of but one interpretation, and hence must be discarded as "foolishness with man" though "wisdom with God" by whomsoever does not accept and obey it.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him; and the prayer of faith (*not medicines*, mark!) shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." [James v. 14, 15.]

Realizing that little Gina was a very sick child, Mr. Larson sent for his former family physician, so in case that it was God's will to take his child (as he in company with many devout Christians believe is the case when death comes, but which Christian Scientists believe is always the failure on the part of man's consciousness,— through ignorance and fear — to discern and fulfil God's will, whenever man, the child of God, is sinful, sick, sorrowing or passes through the shock of physical death into the awakened consciousness of Spirit, that there is no death, since God, the one only Creator, is the Lord of Life). The physician came, prescribed, and came again. Seeing his medicine untouched, the physician enquired into it, and was told by the parents that it was contrary to Christ's teachings to take medicine. Jesus definitely commanded another method. The doctor

then became furiously angry, and threatened them with jail, imprisonment, and even exile of their whole community from the United States. "You will be sent back to Norway, those of you who are not put in jail here," he threatened.

Meantime the little five-year-old Gina was convalescing with a rapidity which would put to blush an honest M. D., when he looks at the ninety per cent. mortality of children under two years old, a condition of things which medical science, falsely so called, through fear, has brought about.

Our worthy M. D. reported the case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, sent their medical emissary to see the child. This doctor, like Pilate, said in substance: "Why, what evil hath he done? The child is recovering; it is not sick enough to be sent to a hospital," and took his departure. But this did not satisfy the irate doctor who was determined to wreak vengeance on the head of these worthy people, and show them his supreme power, backed by the laws of New York which medical monopoly had placed on its statute books in defiance of the Constitution. Accordingly Pilate consented, the child was carried to the hospital, and the father to court, where many said he seemed similarly placed to Christ before his accusers, as this man of God gently but fearlessly stood a martyr for the faith that was in him. The judge (whose name, like the judge who sentenced the witches and Quakers to be hung and burned, will go down in history in the same unenviable way) sentenced Mr. Larson to five hundred days' imprisonment, or a fine of five hundred dollars!

What if every doctor who kills a patient were put in jail? We should not have one single physician outside of prison who was not harmlessly lying under the sod! We challenge any man to say to the contrary! Does a physician live, or has one ever lived, who never lost a patient by death?

The New York *Sun*, which like the New York *World*, is the paper of THE PEOPLE, and not of any privileged class, editorially remarked: "Larson, therefore, is to suffer judicial punishment because of his unquestioning faith in the teachings of the Bible, and his strict obedience to New Testament commands. He is a good man. No reproach is cast upon him, except that of folly in carrying his faith to so great an extreme, AND INTERPRETING LITERALLY A COMMAND

WHICH BEARS NO OTHER INTERPRETATION. . . Such absolute faith, as Justice Tighe told him, is foolishness according to the opinion of the nineteenth century; and when it is actually carried into practice, it becomes a CRIME under our penal code. YET WHO CAN READ THE NEW TESTAMENT AND NOT SAY THAT LARSON HAD GENERAL AND PARTICULAR JUSTIFICATION FOR HIS COURSE?" This, remember, is from one of the greatest daily papers in the United States. Even the Boston *Transcript*, in editorially remarking upon the sentence of Larson, says: —

"*Persons so sentenced may be justified on their side in asking the State to prove to them that the medicine would have done some good if it had been administered. There is an appalling amount of uncertainty about this matter of medication. One physician says: 'Take this medicine or you will die!' Another, of equally high standing, says: 'Take this medicine and you will die!' There are plenty of cases where the relatives of sick persons refuse to follow the directions of a physician, and the patient recovers. In such cases the law never thinks of laying its hands on the relatives who took this responsibility.*"

"What is it that makes this act a crime in cases where the patient dies, and a praiseworthy and sagacious act when the patient recovers? . . . And if the parents are to be held responsible to the State for not administering medicine, when a child dies, what about the responsibility of the physicians in the hundreds of thousands of cases, where the medicine is administered and the patient dies?"

But Gina Larson did not die, "Jesus made her good," or well, as she prated to the writer, although the story has gone out through the press of the country that she did, and the purposes of Medical Science, falsely so called, were accomplished. Through influence, little Gina was returned in ten days, a half-starved, insufficiently nourished child, to the tender care and love, as well as suitable maternal attention of its mother, where the writer saw her the day before writing this paper, a beautiful, happy child. Mr. Larson, by payment of $200 (a remittance of $300, through influence, the original fine imposed being $500,) was released after several weeks' imprisonment, having been "persecuted for righteousness sake," by this free government, once the home of political and religious freedom, now the home of plutocracy and medical priestcraft.

Simultaneously with this episode in New York, the Rev. Mr. Penney, of Attleboro, Mass., who is also a Faith-curist, was threatened by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with imprisonment because he refused to give his eleven-year-old child, sick with typhoid fever, any medicine.

Mr. Penney also was acting from Christian conviction, and believes with at least fifty thousand others, some claiming one hundred and fifty thousand, many of them cultured men and women of intellectual acumen and spiritual insight, that the time will come and is even now being ushered in, when it will be the accepted doctrine of all Christians.

Massachusetts courts decided that they had no jurisdiction over the case, unless death ensued, whereupon the Monopolistic papers of Boston and New York are vociferous in their demand that intelligent, Christian men and women shall be imprisoned if they obey Christ's explicit command and teaching.

Rev. Mr. Penney's child is also recovering.

What if little Gina Larson and Rev. Mr. Penney's child had taken medicine? Is it not possible they would not be in this world to-day? The United States Government, "of the people, by the people, for the people," will not allow such infamous laws to long remain upon their statute books,—laws which condemn as a criminal any man or woman for his or her religious convictions, and adherence to them. Let us obey man's law so far as it does not conflict with God's law. Let us report contagious cases to Boards of Health, but let us when it comes to taking medicine, if we believe God has provided another way for our deliverance, hold, though prison and death are before us, to the "Faith once delivered to the Saints," and which only those who reject the Bible *in toto*, can refuse to admit is binding upon the followers of Jesus Christ.

THE ALIENIST AND THE LAW.

BY EMILY KEMPIN, LL.D., SECRETARY MEDICO-LEGAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK. PRESIDENT WOMEN'S LAW SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

PHYSIOLOGY in its recent endeavors to penetrate into the ultimate recesses of nervous affection increases very materially the responsibility of the physician when called upon to appear as an expert in court.

His duty to-day weighs more heavily in proportion as the amount of knowledge increases which is gathered concerning the complicated nervous action of man. The old adage is recalled again, that our increasing knowledge does but serve to reveal our ignorance. The alienist a few years ago had no need to concern himself with the judgment of a court, the judgment which he pronounced being ordinarily based upon external manifestations which, whether they were the outgrowth of a sane or a diseased mind, could be recognized as such by any layman of average intelligence. The question then was simply this: "Is the defendant insane or is he not?" And insane he was judged to be, only when found breaking tables and chairs, or attempting suicide or when visibly a maniac. In many cases the true disease, that silent, deep-rooted, unconscious, and so dangerous hypochondria, was totally misapprehended, its victim was declared mentally sane, accountable for the deed committed, and judgment was passed upon him. Thus also, only a few years ago, hysteria was still deemed to be "a self-inflicted" (imaginary) disease, capable of subjection by dint of mere will power and energy. This theory, unjust and cruel both to the patient and to those about him, has been happily done away with by science's latest efforts. Hysteria has begun to be considered a very serious disease. The former treatment or, rather, non-treatment, has been judged to lead directly to a total destruction of the nervous system, nay, even to insanity. Recent

research in the domain of psychology has made, beyond a doubt, wonderful discoveries. Nevertheless, the jurist of to-day has just ground of complaint that almost every point in the treatment of the insane is still unsettled or stands upon very shaky ground.

To help Justice to victory is the jurist's ideal. But how can he succeed in his ideal aim if the physician himself, the only helpmeet in the case, is unable to show him to what degree the mind of the actual subject under discussion is disturbed, or whether it is disturbed at all? Justice is literally groping in the dark and oftentimes reads wrong for right. To err is human, of course, and we might rest content with having given our verdict according to our conscience and the best light to be obtained. On the other hand, however, it is just this human incompetence of our own perceptions and discriminations, that should prompt us to broaden our institutions in this direction, to give the law a more elastic compass, so as to enable us in any case of doubt to give the milder sentence.

I think too highly of the office of law and justice in social life to recommend indulgence in any weak sentimentality. But I wish to point out in this connection, that the philosophers themselves are still at variance as between Predestination and Free Will. Nowhere does the difference existing between these two schools come more conspicuously to light than in the adminstration of criminal law. As the latest evidence of this, two modern Italian schools may be cited here. The one, called the *Classical* school, represents the theory that man is possessed of moral freedom, and the criminal is a man like all the rest.

The other, the Positive school, plants itself upon the postulates of the alienist Lombroso. This clever investigator asserts that the difference between the insane and the sane can be stated by means of measurements, and that the respective results of the measurements can be applied in estimating the responsibility of the criminal. The factors are the shape and structure of the skull, the protrusion of the jaw, the length of the facial profile, the malformation of the ears and of the nose, and too great length of arms. He thinks that the criminal may be distinguished by the rapid emotional changes, by his extreme sensibility to magnetic disturbances of the atmosphere, his sudden outbursts of

anger, his alcoholic propensities, his passion for revenge, his unbounded vanity, and foremost by his lack of logic in the domain of the imagination and the mental functions.

In Lombroso's opinion the criminal is born, he is a product of predestination.

Lombroso's theory has found many partisans among Italian jurists. Many placed themselves in active opposition to all the opinions hitherto in vogue, and they formulated their tenets as follows:

1. There is no free will, hence no moral freedom or liberty of choice, no moral responsibility.

2. The recent researches into criminal anthropology have demonstrated that the criminal is not a normal man; and that he belongs to a special class of individuals.

3. Statistics have shown that the increase of crime is uninfluenced by punishment.

Ferry, who has become a fellow-founder of this school, makes no claim that the criminal should go unpunished. He would have him punished, not because he is legally, but because he is morally, responsible to society. "These criminals" as he puts it, this peculiarly shaped and strangely tempered class of people, are doomed to suffer for their acts, because they must live in contact and company with men who are born under sound conditions. Ferry, therefore, advocates disciplinary methods, different from those applied by actual society. He urges, primarily, extensive preventive measures. Police measures as the force is now organized he values but slightly. What he insists upon mainly, is the removal of the causes of crime. For this purpose he would have changes made in our social condition. He advocates the abolition of convents and of celibacy, the promotion of divorce, compulsory education of destitute children, restriction of publicity in trials, and other measures of reparation and repression, too numerous to quote.

Of especial interest, however, is Ferry's method of disposing of the social fiend, the criminal. Capital punishment he declares to be useless and ineffectual, for if it were to be made efficient as a deterrent it would have to be performed in a manner inconsistent with the civilization of the nineteenth century. If not, it is but a scarecrow. Ferry would, therefore, have the criminal kept at hard labor, and should this prove ineffectual, the last resort would be transportation,

despite the bad experience already had with this kind of punishment,— transportation effected by the State and with no possibility of return for the criminal.

From Ferry's point of view the delinquent is a subject brutalized, intellectually and morally, hence the brute being transported is merely given over to his fitting home among the savages.

Whatever may be thought of these theories of the Ferry school, so much is certain that their influence in Europe has been for good. They have brought the long neglected science of criminal law to a degree of development from which the best fruit may be expected. The theory of making a terrible example and a warning has become a thing of the past. We are beginning to feel compassion for the criminal. It is not for the sake of retaliation that he is to be made innocuous, but for the security of society itself. Thus when we come to mete out his punishment we shall also carefully take into account all the divers factors that induced the unfortunate to commit his crime.

The last point in this process has not yet been reached either in Europe or America, a fact clearly recognized in legal circles, in which, to-day, there is a marked tendency to improve the administration of justice.

Prominent German, French, and Italian jurists have recently succeeded in forming an international association for the purpose of discussing and solving difficult problems of criminal law, as an association which, despite rivalry of race and language, and of inherited prejudice, have found members among the eminent jurists of almost all civilized countries.* Every step taken in this direction must be greeted as one of genuine progress, not in the austere domain of science alone, but in the open gardens of human life.

The program of the International Union for the Improvement of Criminal Law is of great interest. Its fundamental tenets are as follows: —

It is the mission of criminal law to combat the idea that crime is a social phenomenon. Therefore, science and legislation must take into account the result gained from anthropological and sociological research.

Although punishment is one of the most efficacious meas-

* The United States are represented by Mr. F. R. Brockway, General Superintendent of the Reformatory of Elmira, New York.

ures in the hands of the State for combating crime, it is not the only one. It must be supplemented by social remedies and primarily by preventive ones. Care must be taken to distinguish between occasional delinquents and habitual ones, and this distinction should underlie all the provisions of the penal code.

Since the aims of repressive measures and penal law are identical, and since condemnation has no value other than in its method of execution, the distinction made in our modern law between repressive and penitentiary functions is irrational and noxious.

Since privation of personal liberty rightly takes the first place in our penitentiary system, the Union devotes especial attention to everything concerning the amelioration of prisons and kindred institutions. Yet so far as the penalty of short term imprisonment is concerned, the Union considers the institution for imprisonment of measures of equivalent effect to be both possible and desirable. As to long term imprisonment, this should be determined not only by the gravity of the offence but also in accordance with the results shown by penitentiary system.

As to delinquents of incorrigible habits, the Union would render the punishment independent of the gravity of the offence committed and keep in view primarily the need of depriving the wrong-doer of the power to do evil even in cases of reiterated petty offence.

THE GLORY OF TO-DAY.

NO-NAME SERIES, NUMBER ONE.

WHAT is around us, what we are familiar with, what we are part of, very seldom conveys to our minds its full importance. Entire appreciation demands distance, perspective. We cannot measure exactly, we can never idealize, the present. The hackneyed speech ascribed to Louis XIV., that "No man is a hero to his valet," illustrates this principle, and is as true of things as of persons. With our tendency to underrate the familiar, the present, is a stronger tendency to overrate the little known, the remote. The shadows of the past magnify objects, and stir the imagination. According to the ancient saw, "All times are good when they are old," just as bad men are expurgated by death. Many of us being dissatisfied, we try to vindicate our dissatisfaction by laboring to believe that our predecessors were more favorably situated in every way than we are. What we know we cannot have is apt to appear better than what we have. The greatest blessings are ever beyond our reach. The Enchanted Islands sparkle in some undiscovered sea.

Every age, every generation, however flourishing, has, so far as known, lamented itself, and instituted comparison with a previous age or generation of alleged boundless prosperity. During the period from Solon to Pericles, when Greece, or properly Attica, reached its acme of renown, there must have been innumerable maunderings about decline, and reference to the earlier and more fortunate days. I have heard women's-rights women allude to Sappho, Aspasia, and Diotma as representatives of the culture and appreciation of Athens, and deplore the deterioration of the succeeding centuries. Then women, they declared, were the equals of men in every particular, and behold how they shone, becoming immortal by their gifts!

It is to be feared that the special pleaders, in their zeal

to make out a case, had grown oblivious of history. That illustrious trio, who are invariably paraded, were not a bit representative. They were *hetairæ*, which, being Greek, does not sound unpleasantly to American ears. The mesdames Grundy, of Attica, did not and would not associate with those superb creatures, who were accounted, if not outcasts, distressingly unconventional. The ladies, the best society of Athens, stayed assiduously at home, in the gynecium; wrought embroidery; talked trifles; were without culture, or in any way fitted for association with men of their class. Their husbands passed barely any time with them. They looked after their children and their households, but were substantially upper servants. While neglected,— they felt not their neglect, being without ambition or aspiration — they were, at least, not abused. If matrimonially dissatisfied, the announcement of the fact virtually sufficed for divorce. They had no share in, and no influence whatever on, the magnificent art and letters of the palmy period of ancient Athens. These were almost perfect of their kind; but their existing importance has been immensely exaggerated. It has long been the fashion of owners of, or pretenders to, scholarship to rave over them. The best specimens have been, by good luck, preserved; but what was all Greece, and what did she know, compared with the present world? Pedants still expatiate upon the wondrous beauty of the Greek language; but they really know nothing, nor can any one know anything, of a language not spoken for near two thousand years. Ancient Greece has grown to be a fatuous form of classic fanaticism. All undue reverence of the past comes, indeed, from ignorance or affectation.

The augustan age of Rome has been lauded to the zenith by hundreds of writers. It was a very good age for Rome, which, after all that may be said, merely imitated Athens in what was creditable, and was principally noted for brute force. The Romans knew how to die, — no great accomplishment, — but not how to live. Most of the patricians were at best but educated barbarians. Their entire civil annals are but a record of warring factions, the Senate and Plebeians continually contending one against the other, under the leadership of demagogues. As soon as any one of them became conspicuous, he was assassinated. The greatest man, by all odds, that they ever had, they butchered, of

course. And it was he alone, if anybody, who could have restored order to the Empire. Our admiration of Rome lessens with our acquaintance.

Italy is esteemed to be the reviver of Letters and Art, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Great artists, scholars, and authors blossomed into fulness and celebrity there. Manners were more refined, conversation of the daintiest. Simultaneously, licentiousness, treachery, rapine, and murder were practiced like musical instruments. Accomplished nobles bade their friends to sumptuous banquets, and poisoned them with rarest wines. Cardinals embraced in pious councils, and hired bravos to stab one another, after they had parted with ecclesiastic blessing. Charming women left their lovers' arms, and plotted their death in the next hour. Popes, the vicegerents of God on earth, had illegitimate children, ridiculed Christianity in private, and plundered their neighbors openly. Many of the holy fathers were unscrupulous politicians in the garb of sanctity. Women were ravished, children strangled, cities laid waste, every cruelty and infamy done, while the classics were discussed, and religion urged and honored. Verily, those are times to praise and worship. Those are the times whose return we should sigh for without ceasing.

The Elizabethan era, the days of good Queen Bess, glitter in history. They were excellent for England's growth, cohesion, and power; but they were bad enough, otherwise, even for that epoch. Frobisher, Hawkins, and Drake, so extolled then, were common buccaneers, who deserved many hangings for their endless misdeeds. Good Queen Bess, faith! In what was she good? She was tyrannical, weak, conceited, mercenary, selfish, perfidious, cruel; she never told the truth, and never could come to a decision. She had all the faults and infirmities of the poorest and meanest of her sex, and scarcely any of their virtues. The whole country was rent with internal dissensions, every sort of trouble. If England advanced in her reign, it was in her despite. She treated abominably her ablest ministers; never kept faith with them; refused to pay them for their invaluable services. They achieved, while she tried to keep them back, playing false with everybody, save her miserable favorites. Her redeeming trait was courage; but a bigger sham has seldom occupied the British throne.

A yet bigger fraud, however, wore the French crown, almost two generations later, and he was styled the Great Monarch. He was chiefly grand in humbug, as recent investigators have proved. But, during his prolonged, ill-omened reign, he schemed successfully to hoodwink his whole court touching his affluent deficiencies, even adding several inches to his stature by high-heeled shoes and splendidious wig. Without these he had no majesty, not a minimum, as Thackeray's ludicrous drawing illustrates. Louis, mighty ruler though he assumed to be, was always ruled; first by mistresses, secondly by priests, much the worse of the two. After his generals had won battles, he journeyed in great state to the field, and claimed the victory. What his diplomatists did, he swore was his doing. There happened to be many brilliant writers and scholars in France in his day, and he imagined himself to be their creator. Being present in the Low Countries at a battle which was going against him, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Am I to understand that you allow this, God, after all that I have done for your glory?" His subjects were ground to the dust by taxation and despotism; the entire kingdom was heaped mountain high with debt. He had genius — a genius for lofty imposition on his contemporaries. Saint Simon has specially pricked this enormous bubble in his mordantly truthful memoirs. Louis' age was another augustan age, of which the terrible Revolution was the sequel, and logical conclusion.

We are but a hundred years old, a people of this morning's sunrise; and yet we, or rather our numerous band of croakers, are bewailing what has been, as if supreme and impeccable. In the pregnant days, from '57 to '61, Europe looked on the young Republic, shook her hoary head unsympathizingly, and chuckled, "The boy is all buttons and boast, and has swaggered himself out of his trousers." Many natives of preterit proclivities felt constrained to admit that the spirit of the Colonies had distilled; that so noble patriotism could not be rekindled. "We democrats of the West are not war-like," it was said. "We are commercial and will arrange our dissensions amicably, as best we may." Hoary Europe echoed them. "O no, they will not fight. Bragging is their game." Did we fight? My memory is that we did, and that our fighting awoke surprise, confusion, finally admira-

tion and appreciation, in the Old World, and taught her various valuable lessons in military art. Such a civil war had never been before; such patriotism had never been shown. And it was a sublime moral spectacle, when the vast armies, at the close of the terrific strife, melted back into peaceful pursuits, leaving behind not a martial trace. In an earlier age, in another country, such a termination would have been impossible. And when the need comes, if it ever should come, we shall again be equal to the task.

Bah! How tiresome it is to have the grandeur of departed days dinned into our ears! Instead of all times being good when they are old, it approximates truth to say, "All times are good when they are new." To hold a different opinion is ultra-conservative; is to belong to the silurian period; to be altogether unilluminated and unilluminatable. The earth does not go backward, any more than the other planets, or any part of the cosmic system. Nature is progressive; everything moves onward and upward. A great many men are inclined to think that things deteriorate with their added years. To their eyes, things do deteriorate. But this shows that the men are waxing old, not that the world is worsening.

They who keep in the current, and swim bravely, perceive that the shores they pass grow finer and richer steadily. The bulk of men are incapable of broad views. They are corroded with themselves. Their pettiness distempers their blood; because they lose their grip, they are sure that the orbits of the celestial bodies have suddenly become eccentric. Because they are assailed with dyspepsia, they fancy the universe to be out of equipoise.

There are always Jeremiahs lamenting over diminution and decay. There always will be Jeremiahs, while there are listeners. Prophecies are getting cheap; the discount of disparagement ascends unwaveringly. Wails over the past grow fewer and less boisterous, as the years march on triumphant. The later years are so fraught with light as to reflect forward and backward at once. We now learn more in a lustrum than a century has heretofore taught. The green idol of the by-gone is crumbling. All intelligent worshipers have long since deserted its shrine. Nevertheless, a huge multitude kneel around the altar, and fill the temple with echoes fainter and fainter, until they perish, still-born, of soundlessness.

Almost no epoch of the past will bear austere examination. Countless historic records, long believed, have recently proved to be fables. The chroniclers of old were credulous as children. They saw through their imagination. Love of the marvellous was their spur. Antiquity is more or less a narrative of prodigies. Its puissant battles, its invincible heroes, would impel us to believe that the human race had dwindled. Every man of wide experience might think so, but for his knowledge that hyperbole is interwoven with the remote. Much deception has made us cautious and critical. We have been educated to wholesome distrust. We are disposed to believe only what we see, and, on reflection, but half of that. We are weary of the Astolfos, the Allorys de l'Estoc, the Geoffreys de Frises, the Guys de Bourgogue that wear the dominoes of reality. We turn from them, and all their blazon, to our quiet neighbor, to our early friend, and find in him a degree of patience and courage that the ideal Paladins were not credited with. If you want unalloyed heroism, look for it at the close of this century. The fustian and the rant are gone; but the grit, as it has never been, stays and strengthens.

The passing of chivalry is yet deplored. What a happy passing of the pseudo chivalry it was! The knights-errant who for five centuries disgraced the Old World, pretended to right wrong; protect the weak; succor the distressed. But, beneath their pretension and vaporing, they were coxcombs, libertines, marauders, and ruffians. In the name of honor and glory, they lied like epitaphs; robbed like the sea; debauched maidens; murdered defenceless prisoners. Compare these meprisable swashbucklers with the humble American, who will, on instinct, risk his life for a woman he has not known, or never seen. Just symbol this of the romantic past, and the practical present!

But we have no great statues, no epic poems? Nor have we mastodons or ichthyosauri. This is not the age for them. Each age has its exponents, its characteristics, which belong to and fit into their surroundings. We are without Greek temple or Delphic priestess. But we are also without an ignorant populace, and without childish superstition. We have what we need, what we crave. We have, in this land particularly, freedom and humanity. Humanity, worth more than art and literature, than treasure and titles, is not

a hundred and fifty years old. Jean Jacques may be said to have presided at its birth. This is specially the era of Science, which is the source of advancement and of Truth. Through it, we are steadily subjugating and educating Nature into the service of Man, the noblest and most valuable of employments. Nature seems willing to furnish what we earnestly and laboriously seek. Who can divine then what secrets she may yet divulge for our development and advantage? The world has actually moved within a century as never before. Beyond that lived the ancients. We of this generation are pre-eminently the moderns. We have surrendered the babble and nonsense of metaphysics and doctrines, to take up facts and principles. We feel assured that we are at last on the right track. The globe is being democratized, and we are in the van, and intend to stay there. Everywhere is discontent. Happy sign! We rejoice at it. Progress and amelioration are the children of discontent, a noble and prolific sire. We are incontrovertibly on the eve of new adjustments, which must continue and improve. The glory is to-day. A greater glory may be to-morrow. Happy they who are born now, and in this Country! We are the Nation of the future, and the unswerving pursuers of ideas and ideals. We are thoroughly practical; but we cleave, at the same time, more and more to letters and the arts. What the Nation has accomplished in a hundred years is the best augury of what it will accomplish in the future. Our past has confused prophecy. What may not the coming centuries yield! We have never truly lived until the present, which is worth all that has been. If our senses were acute enough, we could hear the world growing better,— better socially, politically, morally, mentally. All rills in the dim distance have swollen into streams, and are bearing us toward our destiny,— greater than we have ever dreamed. Is life worth living? If it never has been, it is worth living now. All lands, all ages, all civilizations have contributed and are contributing to the Great Republic. She is the youngest and most robust child of Time, and the golden prime is, and ever will be, the Present.

THE BIBLE AND MAN'S DESTINY THROUGH ETERNITY.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

PART I.

GOD'S OWN VOUCHERS FOR THE VERBAL INFALLIBILITY OF HIS WORD.

THE character of our Lord Jesus Christ is from the first word in the Book of Genesis, down to the closing verses of the Book of the Apocalypse, an utter incredibility, except by the testimony of a Divine, miraculous, verbal revelation from the Creator, by His Holy Spirit, unto all mankind. The words and thoughts of such a revelation can be nothing less than a ministration of Truth from time to Eternity, by an inward experience that commands men's attention, as though they perceived the footsteps of supernatural presences. The fossil remains of an angel in a bed of coal would hardly be more surprising than the sight of a human being assuming the moral image of God, in the midst of a cycle of human natures, where "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," but all are conscious of a supreme selfishness. There is something of the same feeling of amazement and incredulity, as when a Blondin is seen walking in the air, and performing motions on a tight rope, in doing or attempting which, most persons would lose their balance upon earth. Just so, these spiritual attainments, exercises, developments, are felt to have in them a divine origin and authenticity. They are altogether of God, not man, proofs of the presence and power of Deity. Thus, the whole character of the Lord Jesus Christ is superhuman, miraculous, and affects all men who behold it, as it would if they saw him walking on the sea or stilling the tempest. The command over the elements is not more wonderful than that perfect self-forgetfulness, and victorious and blissful consciousness of power in God, at his own disposal, and in his own right. And wherever

and in whatever degree we are permitted to behold any likeness of our Saviour in human beings upon earth, we have a right to say as concerning the Holy City New Jerusalem and its inhabitants, THE LORD IS THERE! Who else will ever be, or can be, there, save only the believers in the revealed Word of God, and His pardoning and regenerating mercy, through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"*Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Infinitely glorious, and blessed beyond all conception, is this declaration of the power and glory of the regenerating grace of Christ in the new creatorship of every believer. Heart, mind, thoughts, imaginations, will, active life and the impulses of action, all alive unto God, and answering to His whole being and attributes; all exquisitely sensitive to His will, and jealously correspondent and obedient; all impulses originating with Him, and passing through His existence, by His Word, His law, His love, upon and within the soul, and answering back with ecstatic responses to His glory!

"Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him. Add thou not unto His words, lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is true, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart, the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." "As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all those who trust in Him. Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you. What thing soever I command you, observe to do it; thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." "It is written: Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord shall man live."

All this is reaffirmed by Him. This testimony is that of the Lord Jesus. Is it honest, is it true? The character of Christ is staked upon it. On the lowest computation of infidelity itself, it is the testimony of a good man. The very scoffers at revelation admit the goodness, the honesty, the unquestionable integrity, the perfect character of Christ. He is an unimpeachable witness. They who reject every

other part of divine revelation, receive without hesitation, as true, the Words of Jesus. They admit that Christ was goodness incarnate, truth and love without mixture and without deception. But here is the testimony of such a being, the personification and example of uprightness and goodness to the race, as to his own rule of life and conduct, as to the infallible perfection of that rule, and as to its supreme and perfect, unquestioned and unquestionable authority over all mankind. An absolute, unhesitating regard to it and obedience of it are presented as the principle of his own character, the inflexible determination of his own conduct in all things; and he declares that what it is for him, it is and must be for all mankind, their sole authoritative rule.

Now, if this testimony is not true, the Lord Jesus knew it, and consequently you have this acknowledged, trustworthy, and good being, the admitted personification and example of all goodness, basing his whole life upon a lie, setting out in his public ministry of self-denying and suffering benevolence, with the proclamation of a known enormous falsehood, as the foundation of it, and the authority for it, and endeavoring to impose the same falsehood upon the whole human race. But this deception, this huge, vast swindle is inconsistent with the lowest supposition of any goodness and honesty whatever in the being who, under such solemn circumstances, on such a stupendous theatre and compass, publishes this testimony. The Old Testament Scriptures must therefore be received as the perfect Word of God, or this witness, though acknowledged to be the most perfect example of goodness and truth, is infinitely deceitful and wicked, the Alpha and Omega of falsehood, imposing under the guise and influence of assumed goodness, the greatest of all possible forgeries, an uninspired, imperfect, human production, as the authoritative revelation of Jehovah for mankind.

We are confined to this dilemma. Either this book, these written revelations, to which Christ refers us, are the Word of God, and we are bound to receive and obey them as such, or that admitted Personification and reality of truth and love, on whose testimony this fact of divine inspiration stands, is a false witness, a person of incontestable and immeasurable wickedness. This wondrous Being, the

light of the world, the light of life, the divinity of truth and goodness, of love and mercy, incarnate, this Being, who went about doing good, who could stand amidst malignant enemies on every side, and say, with his life and character, as transparent to their view as the air of their own landscapes, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" this Being, in the admiration and eulogy of whose moral loveliness and glory, with the transcendent beauty and grandeur of whose life and death, the capacity and genius of infidels themselves have been employed and exalted, is the greatest of deceivers, and the light that was in him was the very blackness of darkness; if the Old Testament Scriptures, to which he applied the comprehensive designation, "*It is written*," are not the Word of God; and if the predictions, and declarations, the types and laws of those Scriptures, did not culminate in him as the Son of God incarnate, if they were not fulfilled in him, if they did not testify of him, and make belief in him, and obedience to him the duty of all creatures, and the only possibility of eternal life, then Christ Jesus was the greatest impostor of the ages.

The reach and power of this argument is readily perceived. It is palpable, unanswerable, unescapable. The Lord Jesus Christ is the central personage and reality of Divine Revelation. To him all truth converges, and around him as the central Sun, all light, all orbs of light, gravitate, and on him they depend. To him all the testimonies of God travel, and from him all light is reflected back, as the renewed and repromulgated testimony of God, God being His own interpreter in Christ, and not permitting divine truth, divine revelation to depend on any other than a divine witness.

Thus the Lord Jesus stands, "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the Word incarnate, and travels with his disciples through the Old Testament, bidding them search it as for their life, because it testifies of him, telling them that in it not man, but God testifies, and expounding unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. And then from the same central position, as the Way, the Truth, the Life, and from the Cross, uplifted as the source and centre of salvation, he creates and establishes the New Testament Scriptures, himself their life, in his sufferings and death, and the fountain of their inspi-

rations, the vital element of their light, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, the end of the law for righteousness, the manifestation of the divine attributes and glory, the consummation and proof of all divine revelation, "the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ!"

And if the things revealed concerning this manifestation were disclosed in mortal language, as when our blessed Lord revealed to his disciples *the things in all the Scriptures concerning himself*, then must those Scriptures, inspired by the Holy Spirit, and spoken by Christ, be the very expositions in and through the study of which, the angels of heaven desired and endeavored to obtain their knowledge of the "riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints."

The most boundless prepossessive belief of childhood in the words of the Holy Scriptures, as the words of God, is the intuition of robust reason, in comparison with the delusions of those who turn the whole Word of God into a book of fables, and make the New Testament as well as the Old, the most untrustworthy record ever imposed upon human credulity.

But this they do,— the whole race of rationalistic critics, who deny a supernatural inspiration, or an infallible revelation of divine truth, in the books of the Bible. This being their postulate, nothing but the destruction of all trust in God and a Divine Saviour, can ensue in those whose minds and hearts are enveloped in the blackness of such darkness. What utter impossibility is involved in such a supposition as that of the angels in heaven, in the very presence of God, being shut up to the study of conjectured documents of men's traditions, received from idolatrous races of unbelievers in God, to find out the meaning of the very name of God, by theories invented, near two thousand years after the coming of Christ into the world!

There is another hypothesis of infidelity, so crude, so gross, so absurd, yet withal so subtle, abstract, and shadowy, and requiring such a monstrous capacity of credulity to encompass and swallow it, that it has already gone into the darkness, even as a bog-jelly or miasmatic exhalation from dank marshes at midnight loses its glow and its very existence in the morning sun; and that is, the supposition through the brains of Strauss, that all this manifestation of

the divine glory never had any existence; that there never was any such personage as Jesus Christ; nor any such life, nor any such revelation of truth, nor any such divine history, or concatenation of events; but that this loveliest of all lovely presentations of character and example, and this grandest of all sublime manifestations of possible celestial life, the most consistent and harmonious in every development earthward and heavenward, and the fullest of internal evidence, and intrinsic and outshining demonstration (a demonstration the more irresistible the greater the torture of investigation, comparison, and acquisition it is subjected to), was all a mere myth, the chance gathering and rising of a fabulous legend, wilder and more fictitious than the Arabian Night's entertainments! That this character of a perfect man, this delineation of infinite truth and loveliness, with all the divine precepts, instructions, examples, embodied in it, and leading men to holiness and salvation, to God and heaven, and these disclosures of supernatural ideas, and of a divine scheme of redemption, that never by any possibility could have entered the mind of the natural man, or been suggested by any but a divine being, were the haphazard productions of human fancy and depravity.

The extent of credulity and blindness in man, that could gravely propound and receive such articles as the creed of unbelief, surpasses all the faith of devils in man's capacity of superstition, and subdues the reason of man, in imitating the monstrosities of devil-worship. The very first utterance of Christ in the Gospel is enough to annihilate this preposterous scheme. The first petition in Our Lord's Prayer, "*Our Father* who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—" the very first words *Our Father*, are sufficient to sweep the whole into nothingness, as a most mad and blasphemous delusion; and indeed, the breath of that holy supplication dissipates these damp, mildewing cobwebs from the surface of the human reason, as the fresh north wind and new-risen sun drive the night fog from the bosom of the ocean.

A comet may excite astonishment, but you can see the stars even through its tail, so that a thousand such interventions would not raise the beginning of a suspicion that the stars and not the comets were the unreal appearances. But thus do the wandering delusions of unbelief, to which are reserved the blackness of darkness forever, rise and flicker

and disappear from generation to generation, sometimes glaring across the firmament, alluring unstable souls, while the majestic orbs of truth divine roll on in their brightness, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

If any man should tell you that the range of the Himalaya mountains in Asia, whose tops pierce the heavens, or the Andes in America, or the Pyrenees, or the Alps in Europe, were nothing in the world but an imaginary jelly, a fictitious mist that you could sweep away with a broom; if anyone should tell you that the Alleghany mountains over which railroads climb with such toilsome and costly zigzags, or through tunnels excavated at such vast labor and expense, were only an optical delusion, an imaginary bank of fog, through which any pedestrian with an umbrella could walk on an uninterrupted level from the Atlantic Slope to the Pacific; and if a man of great intellectual power and astuteness should write a volume to demonstrate this theory, and commend it to the credit of mankind, this would not be an absurdity one thousandth part so monstrous, so absurd, as the gigantic fantasy deliberately broached and offered to the world for truth, that the being and life of Jesus Christ, and all the infinite granite peaks and table-lands of revelation, all the stupendous disclosures from God and heaven through him, were nothing but the shadows of legendary fictions, the imaginary creations of unknown brains, glittering mirages in the air, superstitions reflected from the hot sand wastes of human depravity, wandering, mythical mists and fog-banks, settled into the forms of mountain ranges.

They that continue and will accept such drafts upon human credulity and teach the same, must be, if any ever are, in the category of those given over of God "to strong delusion to believe a lie, that they all might be condemned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

All this the devil in the wilderness well knew, nor did he attempt to come to the Son of God as an unbeliever. The first form of the temptation was personal, as an appeal to our Lord's perishing condition, after forty days' and nights' fasting, and in bodily anguish with hunger. He would have tempted him to perform a miracle, only for himself, and for his bodily and not his spiritual work and service. If thou be the Son of God, all things are at thy disposal. Why

wait here and suffer hunger, when the elements of nature are thy servitors, and at a word will bring thee food?

"Command these stones, that they be made bread." Thou wilt die otherwise, and thy cause will perish. The appeal was to that voice from heaven which had been uttered in our Lord's baptism, when the devil also had doubtless been present and had heard the voice of God, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "Well now, if thou be the Son of God, set up thy dominion at once, and assert and prove it openly, for all things are subject unto thee, and all claims are inferior to the necessity of thine own existence."

"Nay, but I, myself, and all creatures, are subject unto God's Word. My meat and drink is to do the will of my Father who is in heaven. And even as the Son of God, born of a woman, descended of the fathers as concerning the flesh, and with them under the law, I came not to destroy the law, nor to set myself above it, but to confirm and fulfil it. I can do nothing of myself, but as the Father hath given me commandment, so I do.

"I can do nothing but at God's Word, and it is written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live.' The Word of God cannot be broken and that is my guide. I cast myself on God, and esteem obedience to His commandments more than my necessary food. "In the volume of the Book, it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God, yea, thy law is written in my heart."

Thus, the first personal appeal and argument of the Lord Jesus was an immediate assertion, not of his own authority, but of the authority and inspiration of the Word of God. He would not condescend even to assert his divine Sonship, or his commission, or his power, in answering the tempter, but simply threw himself, with all mankind, upon the written Word of God as his supreme law, and in obedience to it, and with a trust in God accordingly, as the sum and substance of his ministry.

He answered Satan just as he afterwards answered that certain lawyer who stood up and tempted him, saying: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He said unto him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

Having met with tremendous rebuff, and finding the Lord

Jesus inexorably and immovably entrenched within God's Word, impregnably fortified there, as in a divine citadel, there is no hope of moving him from without, the Tempter tries again.

He had hoped to cope with the Son of God by himself, apart, as it were, from the Godhead, and to tempt him into the inadvertent assertion of his own independent power and majesty.

Self-will, self-seeking, self-provision, self-anxiety, self-dependence, so seductive, so alluring, self-pride and the assumption of dominion at his own pleasure, the very thing by which the devil himself fell, the same devil would first of all try upon the second Adam, since by a similar assault he had plunged the first with all his race into sin, death, and ruin. But the "Son of God came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." For even Christ pleased not himself, but made himself of no reputation, and said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of my Father in heaven." Being absorbed in the will of God, he was bound up in the Word of God, and the devil found him inaccessible on any ground outside the Scriptures.

Now, then, he will take him in the Scriptures, for he knows them all; he has studied the prophecies, he has watched the signs of their fulfilment, he is a cunning and malicious theologian, and for dead, dry orthodoxy he hath nowhere his match. So he also will play this card himself, "It is written." "He will quote and apply Scripture with cunning plausibility and sophistry, in the hope to make Christ fall by presumption, by the very pride of the privileges and glory and dignity of his office beforehand. He will tempt him to prove his mission, and make a vain-glorious display of his confidence in God, by a needless exposure of himself to danger requiring God's interposition." "So he taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him: If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." "Seen of angels." We may suppose that angels may have been in waiting, that a cloud of them may have been floating over the Holy City, that the tempter himself may have been aware of their presence, as they gathered round about the temple,

and lay upon their wings in the clear, transparent air, wondering how far the great fallen archangel would be permitted to go in his mysteriously endured work of temptation, upon their incarnate Lord and Creator.

But would the Saviour yield to such a suggestion? Not if there was anything in God's Word that forbade him so to apply God's promises. And therefore, when Satan had quoted Scripture to induce our blessed Lord needlessly to challenge its application as belonging to himself, instantly the devil is rebuffed and beaten again with another Scripture. It is written again, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Satan is driven to despair; and he ends with Christ where he generally begins with all ordinary mortals, by the application of alluring and seductive offers of riches, power, dominion and splendor. He takes most men, first, at this lowest point, and has no need to go higher, no need to neglect the grosser passions, and play upon a loftier, more spiritual ambition.

But with Christ, he began as it were at the very gate to heaven, where he found him, and would have had him work a miracle to save himself from death. Just so, at his last hour, men with the spirit of the devil railed on him and said: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross and we will believe thee."

Now after all these failures, it can have been hardly anything but sheer desperation that drove the devil to his last resort, and to the use of stratagems and lies, which instantly unvailed him in his true character of the father of lies, and a murderer and liar from the beginning.

For when he began to say, after bringing forward by some diabolical magic, a vision of all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, "All this is mine, and to me it is delivered, and to whomsoever I will I give it; and if thou wilt fall down and worship me, all shall be thine;" then did Christ instantly reveal and *Satanize* him, for thus, everyone must have known that a liar and a devil was before him.

And then did Christ finally address and smite him *as* the devil, but still with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. "Get thee hence, Satan; for *it is written*, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

We should be grateful for the unexpected testimony of the devil, as to what is written in the Old Testament being the true and undisputed Word of God. We did not indeed need that evidence, but it is not to be despised; and any evidence extorted from a criminal which criminates himself, is of all things most undeniable. It is however, not extorted, for the devil gives it willingly, and in the most natural way, —First, by admitting the authority of what is written in Moses and the Prophets as divine, and second, in quoting and urging the same, himself, as indisputable.

IS THERE A TO-MORROW FOR THE HUMAN RACE?

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know?" — *Young's Night Thoughts.*

"*One thing is, therefore another is.*" — *Quintilian.*

IS THERE A TO-MORROW FOR THE HUMAN RACE? The unanswered enigma of the past, the unsolved problem of the future, can science assist in its solution? Can we reason of to-morrow from what we know of yesterday and to-day? Or must we depend on so-called revelation as interpreted by creeds and dogmas? Is it a question to be decided by faith or by facts? If by the former, whose faith shall the inquirer accept, as the foundation of his investigations? If by the latter, on what evidence are the facts to be established? There is no accepted standard by which the basis of faith can be accurately measured and verified, while errors in the interpretation of facts are obstacles in the way of all logical demonstrations. If inferences from established facts are often precarious, how uncertain must be the conclusions drawn from questionable historical evidence.

In all investigations it is very difficult to be sure of facts, then to ascertain the conditions that surround them and the laws that govern them. These are the obstacles ever in the way of honest enquiry, and in our efforts to overcome them, we must rely more or less on the evidence of our senses. They are liable to err, it is true; yet, outside of the realm of mathematics no more truthful witnesses can be produced in any forum; and when they are educated to careful observation and unprejudiced conclusions, a verdict rendered upon their testimony will seldom be reversed on a "writ of error" or an "appeal to a higher court." Even Agnosticism cannot doubt

the truthfulness of these faithful servitors of man, through whose evidence alone do we gain a knowledge of all natural phenomena, and when they tell us of things that in the ordinary course of nature ought not to happen, they are as Sir John Herschel said: "Often clues that lead to new discoveries."

The first lesson taught to primal man by the senses was: "That the visible universe was composed of matter and force, and dull indeed would have been the intellect that could not recognize this fact in every moving thing. Centuries passed and it became an established scientific fact that there was an intelligence in this force that directed the movements of atoms in accordance with formulated designs.

If matter and force now exist they must be eternal, for if there was a time when they were not, and they now are, then has something been born of nothing, and if the time shall come when they will not be, then will something be resolved into nothing. That something cannot be the offspring of nothing, or nothing claim something as its primogenitor is a proposition, which although trite, is so self-evident that even Agnosticism cannot say: "I do not know that it is true."

In his pursuit of knowledge man must recognize facts and admit the testimony of self-evident truths, and from thence he can with more or less certainty reason from the known to the unknown. Tillotson says:—"That those things are certain among men which cannot be denied without obstinacy or folly." If then the existence of matter and force is admitted, is it not self-evident that they have been, during all time past, and will continue to be for all time to come, and that all their attributes are as enduring as the future? Is it not also evident that in all natural phenomena, force must first exert its influence on matter before its atoms can move? Therefore all movement must be in strict accordance with the laws of force. And as matter never evinces any evidence of intelligence except when it is intelligently moved, is it not evident that intelligence is an attribute of force alone, and that it is only through matter that it manifests its designs? It is as certain that there can be no design without intelligence as that there can be no execution of a design without matter. When one of two material substances is to be selected for a particular purpose, the one perfectly adapted, and the other unadapted therefore, it is

evident that the force that makes the proper selection must be intelligent, for the ability to choose the right and reject the wrong can only belong to intelligence and is not a property of matter.

Two seeds are planted in the earth. The one that of the vine, the other of the oak. Without force they would remain unchanged forever, and with force not intelligent both would move alike. But observe the result of "vegetative energy." Upon and around the seed of the vine it deposits proper nourishment which it intelligently gathers from the surrounding earth, air, and water; and with the skill of the most accomplished artisan it chooses the elements necessary for its peculiar life and construction, as if it had the wine-press and goblet in contemplation in their selection, while by its side the same intelligence is selecting other elements — or the same in different proportions — and is laying the keel of a ship of war or an ocean palace. How and from whence comes this difference, save that the intelligence of the force that superintends the construction of both vine and oak has so ordained it?

It must be evident even to Agnosticism that there are three eternals, matter, force, and intelligence, and may we not see in these a manifest trinity who

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

As there are different conditions and combinations of matter so are there different degrees of intelligence revealed in those conditions and combinations. From the feeblest manifestations of what scientific ignorance calls the instincts of insect and animal life to the highest reasoning faculty of man, there is a constant and increasing gradation of advancing intellectual capacity, and none can say when or where, in the process of evolution, the individual personality fitted for a future life begins, or when or where the immortal *Ego* was born. Nor is this knowledge necessary to man's belief in his own immortality. We know that we now exist from positive evidence and not from hope and faith, and if we have the same, or like evidence, that those we call dead, yet live, that we had that they once lived, how can we logically deny the continuity of life or the certainty of the coming to-morrow? Human intelligence has its distinctive characteristics

by which it is always recognized in this life. They are reason, reflection, friendship, love, and memory, with the methods of communicating them in our business or social intercourse. These are peculiarities that belong only to our race, and if after death they manifest their presence to us by the same signs or tokens that we recognized in life as marks of personal identity, how can we doubt their continued existence?

We know that our absent friends are living because we communicate with them and recognize their memory of the past, their peculiar modes of expression, their mental idiosyncracies as manifested in the thoughts they utter, and the phraseology in which they are clothed, we have no doubt of their identity. These well-known "ear marks" of their personality are evidence as conclusive as any upon which men or nations act in the most momentous affairs of life. They are only found attendant upon a human soul and if after death they are manifested, is it not certain that the intelligent force or beings from whom they come yet live and preserve their individuality?

We receive a letter from a distant correspondent,—it is either of business, friendship, or affection. How do we recognize it? The handwriting may be very different from that of the person whose signature is attached. It may be that of an amanuensis or in the type of the Caligraph, yet if memory of the past is there, if incidents known only to the one who dictated it and ourselves are related, we know with certainty its authorship, and on such evidence as this, not only are messages of remembrance and affection received and returned, but the whole business of the commercial world is transacted. The measured click of the telegraph is recognized as a medium of human thought because we know that thought is thus transmitted, and that nothing else can produce the intelligent phenomenon.

When we remember that in the countless volumes of human recollection that have been written by the different personalities in the past there are none alike in page or paragraph, how can we doubt the identity of the authorship of those in which are written secrets known only to the writer and to ourselves? Neither does it matter to us how the communications are made, whether by signs, symbols, or in our own familiar chirography, the evidence of authorship is

in the substance of what is related. Handwriting may be counterfeited but not memory of the past. In every human breast is a casket of recollections whose treasures are known only to its possessor, and if there is no to-morrow to the human soul after the night of death, all these memories are buried in our graves. But if personal recollections survive the slumber of the night, and on the morrow tell their familiar tales to their companions of yesterday, is it not absolutely certain that death is not eternal oblivion, but the dawn of another day?

In vain may sage and savant by obscure theories clothed in scientific verbiage, attempt to explain away this evidence. The logic of the experience of every day life confounds their philosophy and its conclusions. "*Conscious cerebration*" cannot cause a fragment of stone to perform an intelligent act, when it is beyond human contact or the reach of physical force, and "*unconscious cerebration*" has no lever or fulcrum known to science by which it can move the most minute atom of matter, and yet in so-called spirit phenomena an unseen force not only does perform this seemingly impossible feat, but it relates to enquiring friends, familiar scenes of the past, recognizes those who are present, answers interrogatories mentally propounded, and not unfrequently points to the future with the unerring finger of true prophecy.

It is useless for the disbeliever to deny these facts. They are so clearly and conclusively proven to-day by unbiased, credible, scientific, and competent witnesses, who have observed this occult phenomena, and related what they have seen and heard, that disbelief of their testimony is but the incredulity of uncharitableness, or the denial of bigotry and prejudice. In our courts, where the science of evidence is regarded as a compilation of the wisdom of the ages, I have often seen the life and liberty of citizens forfeited to the demands of a violated law upon evidence far less conclusive than that upon which so-called spirit phenomena asserts its being, and demands its right to candid, intelligent investigation.

In relating what I have seen on the supposed "borderland of a future world," I only ask of the reader the charity claimed by all, who, conscious of their own truthfulness and rectitude of purpose, do not hesitate to award it to their fellows. To those who doubt the deductions and conclusions

drawn from the facts, I have something to say in the future in a spirit of friendly, courteous controversy, but with those who deny the facts related I will have none. The reader may not accept my inferences nor agree with my logic, but in charity, he will not condemn without investigating. There is a volume of wisdom apparently unrecognized by the theologians of to-day in the proverb of Israel's wisest king,—"*He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and a shame unto him.*"

MY EXPERIENCE IN 1889.

During the month of August last I visited, for the third time, "The Cassadaga Lake Free Association." My experience up to that time has been published in a "Review of the Report of the Seybert Commission," and the narrations of occult phenomena therein contained were more than verified during my last visit; but time and the space allotted me will only permit a brief account of my investigation of so-called "independent slate-writing" at two interviews, with different mediums.

On Wednesday, Aug. 28th, I purchased four new slates at a store on the grounds. I took them from a box just received and opened, that probably contained a hundred or more. I selected those that had defects in their frames, and grain-marks in the wood, so that I knew they could not be duplicated by magic or legerdemain, and to make assurance doubly sure, I initialed them before visiting the medium. It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon. The room I entered was well lighted by two windows and two open doors; a common table and four chairs were all the furniture it contained. On leaves taken from a small pad on the table I wrote six interrogatories addressed to persons who, if the fundamental doctrines of the Christian churches are true, were in the "spirit world," but if not true, then they had long since been resolved into their original elements, and, of course, had lost their personality in the great sea of force and matter, from whose fathomless depths come all living organisms and all sentient beings.

I knew that in life they had been my friends; that two of them were endeared to me by the ties of love and kindred. I also knew that if the cheerless theories of a few prominent

scientists were true, all our emotions were but the innate properties of matter developed by atomic affinities and combinations, and that if those combinations were disintegrated by death and decay, the emotions were dissipated and lived not in the memories and personalities of the past. If this theory was not true; if the sunrise of a new existence succeeded the sunset of death, I could see no reason in the philosophy of life why they might not give me some evidence that they yet lived, loved, and remembered.

I determined that the experiment should be a test, absolutely free from all suspicion of fraud or magic. I knew that I was an expert in magic and legerdemain, and that deception from this source was very improbable if not impossible. And I also knew that the medium was not a magician. I folded the slips of paper lengthwise, then rolled them up into small pellets and laid them on the table by my side. I laid one slate on the table, the medium placed thereon a small fragment of pencil which I covered with another slate, and tied them together with my handkerchief. One of the interrogatories was addressed to an intimate friend who had in life been a member of our bar. He was well known among his friends by a peculiar and unusual appellative which for convenience in description I will call "Mark"— my interrogatory was addressed to him by his full name, there being nothing in it that could suggest the appellation. When my slates were thus prepared, the medium who was at the opposite side of the table reached out his hand as if about to take hold of the slates, but before he had touched them he jerked back his arm with a spasmodic action, and exclaimed in an excited tone,— "Mark is here! Mark is here! and is very glad to see you." Then pausing a moment in an attitude, as if listening intently to some distant sound, he said: —

"Mark wants you to untie the slates, take out the pencil, tie them up again, with nothing between them, and he will show you something wonderful — that will astonish you."

I obeyed this direction, — untied — opened the slates, removed the pencil, re-tied them and laid them by my side out of the reach of the medium, when he continued in the same excited tone: —

"Mark wants you to lay the pellet containing the interrogatory to him on the slates."

I replied that I did not know which one it was. The medium answered: —

"He says, pick up anyone — you cannot make a mistake — it will be the right one, even if you shut your eyes when you pick it up."

I remembered that the leaf on which I had written the question to "Mark" had a corner torn off, as it adhered to the binding. I examined the pellets closely and seeing one that I thought was thus torn on its edge, I concluded that was the one written to "Mark," so I selected another that I was confident was not the one, and placed it on the slates. The reader will bear in mind that at this time the slates were placed out of the reach of the medium, he could not have touched them without passing around to my side of the table, *which I knew he did not do.*

I next laid the two slates on the table. The medium placed a small fragment of pencil between them as before. I laid my hand on one end of the slates, the medium placing his fingers on the other end; we sat for some moments conversing on the ordinary topics of the day; soon I distinctly heard the pencil writing between the slates — as certain am I of this, as I am that I am writing this sentence, and I am equally certain that it was not done by the medium, nor by any force known to science.

While the pencil was writing, I quoted a line from one of Tom Moore's poems, making an application to a person of whom we were conversing. In doing so, I misquoted one word in the line, believing at the time that I was repeating it correctly; as the last word of the quotation fell from my lips, the medium excitedly exclaimed: —

"There, it is done! open the slates quick! be quick! open them!" I immediately did so and the inner surface of the lower one was covered with writing in several different hands, and at the bottom of the slate was written the quotation I had just repeated, in which the error I had made was corrected, while a word was changed and underscored with two lines, making the application I intended, and I am also confident that it was written as I repeated it, for there was not time, even for a swift stenographer, to have taken it down after I had finished it, before I opened the slates. It was signed by the medium's so-called control.

I then picked up the pellet I had placed on the other

slates, opened it and *it was the one I had directed to my friend.* I untied the slates and there was a complete answer to the interrogatory, *the words written alternately, in three colors, red, yellow, and blue*, as if done with artists' crayons. The answer commenced "My dear old fellow," exactly as my very intimate friend "Mark" usually addressed me, and as no other of my acquaintances ever did. The pencil writing on the slate which was on the table contained pertinent and characteristic answers to the interrogatories I had written; one of them referring incidently to the presence — in spirit life — of one whose death I was not aware of at the time, and only ascertained the fact on my return home. The medium could not have known this person or of her death. Observe, here was a fact related to me that was unknown to either the medium or myself.

The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the centre of the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended; she being seated at least ten feet from them, she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: "Anyone that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write." We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of two hundred fifty words. The poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the

"intelligent force" was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The "force" was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity.

Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so.

"I *have only a round, unvarnished tale delivered.*" That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so.

If there is a spirit-world, and a continuity of human life; if the historic relations of past events so universally believed by the Christian world are true; if the laws of life are as immutable as the source from whence they came; if there is indeed a "*Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,*" then the solution is comparatively easy. It is but a repetition of the phenomena, so abundantly manifested in the times of the early patriarchs, and that attended the life of the Nazarene, and the career of his disciples, and the apostle Paul but enunciated a scientific fact when he said: —

"*There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and the glory of the one is not the glory of the other.*"

In this phenomena there is demonstrative evidence that the hope and faith of the Christian world are true; that there is a to-morrow for the human race, and that there is now, as of old, an intercommunication between the living and the dead, or rather that there is no death, only a change, from worm to butterfly.

I know that no conscious force of mine assisted in producing the phenomena I have described, and if we possess a mental and physical force that *we* are unconscious of, who knows of its existence?

The unseen energy that directed the pencil and invisible crayons must have known its own origin, or at least whether it belonged to earth or spirit life; and why should it deceive by fraud and forgery? If it was the result of an unknown mental force that pertains to incarnate beings, it was, of

course, governed by natural laws, and it was apparently as easy to announce that fact to those with whom it communicated as it was to falsify and mislead honest inquirers.

If it was not "Mark" who answered the interrogatory, it certainly was some sentient power that was mentally his "*alter ego*," for it counterfeited his signature, possessed his memory and peculiar characteristics of expression, recognized his friends, and asserted his personality.

What was it that wrote my quotation from Tom Moore, as it fell from my lips? Was it the unconscious cerebration of my own mind? Surely not, for it corrected my error. It knew what I did not know, while it perfectly understood the application I intended to make. Was it unconscious cerebration of the mind of the medium? Surely not, for he did not know "Mark," had never heard of him or his characteristic mode of expression. Was it a conjunction of unconscious brain action of both medium and myself, as Dr. Carpenter asserts? Did the medium and myself combine our mental forces in one "inextricable jumble" to deceive ourselves, and then write a falsehood and perpetrate a forgery on the slates? And if that was possible, what power moved the pencil when it was not in contact with our physical organism? Was it the "*odic force*" of *Reichenbach*, as a few *savants* assert? That is, did the mental energy of two persons, unconsciously to themselves, unite with the so-called "*od*" force of the German scientist, and conspire to commit a motiveless, cruel deception, when they could as easily have told the truth, explained the phenomena, and enlightened the world? The average thinking mind will fail to see why an unknown, intelligent energy that certainly can write, think, remember, communicate ideas, and assert its personality, should hesitate to avow its parentage?

I am not a philosopher but an old lawyer, accustomed to weigh testimony according to the rules of the science of evidence. I have no other "guide boards" to direct me on the pathway of investigation than those whose correctness has been accepted by the learned jurists of past centuries, and that in judicial tribunals always point with unswerving fidelity to the truth. If I cannot depend upon these, then am I like a mariner who is at sea, on a rudderless ship, with no chart, compass, or beacon light to guide him on his pathless course.

The laboratory of the scientist is not the place where the

question of the immortality of the human soul is to be decided. The alembic and retort cannot assist in its solution. It is true that with the microscope and the revelations of chemistry the *savant* may investigate the secrets of life in the lowest forms of its manifestations. He may see its faint movements in vegetable cells, in protophytes, infusoria, and protoplasm, yet it is life alone and not intelligence that he discovers. Force and motion he observes and recognizes, but not intellect. Between matter and mind is an unbridged chasm that as yet defies the skill of the scientific engineer. But the presence of an intellectual force can be determined by even the ordinary juryman on such evidence of its existence as he sees in his daily life. Certainly he can recognize human intellect in the witness box, even if it is manifested through the utterances of ignorance or mental weakness. Humanity has no known counterfeit in nature's vast domain, and when its characteristics are manifested to us in any intelligible manner we recognize them as easily as the banker does the genuine coin in general circulation. If this is not so then is human testimony of no avail, and the trial of a cause in court is but a "comedy of errors" where, under time-honored rules, men are unwarrantably condemned to infamy and death on the evidence of "erring human senses."

A few months ago I received a letter from "the land of the midnight sun." It was written by a friend of my early manhood. I had not heard from him for forty years, and although I no longer remembered his handwriting, yet I knew from the innate evidence of the communication that it was from the one whose name was subscribed thereto. I had believed that he was dead, yet from the memory of past events, and the peculiar style of their narration, with the mention of an appellation he was known by among his youthful companions, I knew that he was alive and had written to me. It seemed like an echo from the distant past that had come to me from beyond the ocean; yet I did not doubt its authenticity. A few weeks after I received another communication which purported to have come from "the land of perpetual life and sunshine." It had the same innate evidences of its authorship; it also narrated old memories, and was subscribed by the familiar appellation "Mark." It too seemed an echo of the past, but it came from beyond the grave. I knew that the Christian world believed that "Mark" yet lived, and I

did not know that the "mystic river" was wider or more impassable than the sea, and notwithstanding all that sage, servant, or sophist ever wrote, I could not if I would, resist the evidence that there was a to-morrow after the darkness of death, and that my friend lived in its sunshine of a new existence.

Truths are but nature's thoughts uttered through natural phenomena, and the experience of mankind recognizes that fact in the ordinary transactions of life. The humblest swain that guides his plough through the furrowed field, is as confident of the truths related to him by the laws of nature, with which he is familiar, as the scientist is of those developed by the retort or microscope. He knows full well that the planted seed begets the ripened ear, and that the apple shaken from the limb will fall to the ground; and to prove these facts his testimony in our courts would have as much weight as that of a Grey or a Newton, although his dull mentality never thought of vegetative energy or the laws of gravity. He recognizes the voice of a companion who calls from an adjacent field, or the faintest sound of the tinkling bell of his wandering herd in the distant woods. He sees a blow given and returned in a personal conflict, and on the witness stand relates what he saw and heard, and his evidence is received by both court and jury with as much, if not more, confidence than would be that of a Faraday, who scientifically demonstrated that ocean steam navigation was impossible.

Science errs in her conclusions as frequently as do our senses, and when the latter tell us what they see, and hear, and feel, we cannot disbelieve them, because the former doubts. I have a slate covered with the familiar handwriting of my old friend "Mark." I recognize his peculiar mode of expression, and his memory of the past, and moreover I do most positively know that it was not written by physical human agency. I know that the most eminent divines and scientists believe in a future life for the human soul, and I also know that the combined wisdom of all the saints, sages, and scientists that ever lived, cannot prove that it is impossible for spirit life to return to earth. Therefore the logic of the evidence tells me that "Mark" yet lives, and until this is rebutted by clearer and conclusive evidence that he could not communicate with his friends in this life, I must trust the testimony of my senses and believe that he yet lives in "the to-morrow for the human race."

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

WHAT is Religion? though a wholly natural and proper question, will doubtless strike the evangelical mind as unnecessary and impertinent. Religion has been so long and so habitually blended with Theology that the two are apt to be regarded as identical. Religion is technically thought to refer to the feelings and conduct of Man toward God; Theology to the existence and nature of God, and his relations to Man. But this distinction is popularly so little preserved, that the terms are used as if synonomous, to the inextricable misunderstanding and debasement of Religion. Religion really, whatever scholastics and casuists may say, has no connection, direct or indirect, with Theology. It is simply and solely the highest morality, and the rule of life: it was active, a principle of humanity, and potent for good, ages before Theology had been invented. This word is found in Plato and Aristotle, and applied to the authors of Theogonies, such as Orpheus and Hesiod. It was used also by ecclesiastic writers of the third and fourth centuries; but it never, as clerically maintained, had its present significance until the famous French scholastic Abélard employed it, in the eleventh century, to explain what he called the science of Christianity. But Theology in a broad sense, followed hard upon Christianity, though the term does not occur, it is said, in the New Testament, being visibly foreign to the holders of the early faith. The Fathers of the Church, as they are named, were all theologians, and from the second to the thirteenth century, exhausted their genius and learning in complicating and mystifying its original doctrines and plain morality. Africans, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, representing different and distinct ages, they did everything in their power to interpret the unknowable, and explain the inexplicable, by a variety

of presentment. A curious study of mind and mood, of earnestness and zeal, of belief and theory, of racial conditions and peculiarities they certainly furnished; but to the cause of truth, in which they were vitally interested, they added nothing. Athanasius, Cyril, Irenæus, Origen, Augustine, Cyprian, Jerome, Justin Martyr, Lactantius, Tertullian, are great patristic names; but their voluminous writings, ascetic, polemic, and exegetical are of no practical value whatever. They, and all modern theologians, in an honest effort no doubt to illuminate and benefit true Religion, have only obscured and hurt it. Theology, instead of inspiring and strengthening faith in extra-mundane, supernatural affairs, has unquestionably weakened, and often destroyed its agencies. Albeit this is not a theological period,—in many respects the reverse of it, in fact—, thousands of ecclesiastics have not yet found it out. They continue to cast their tiny plummets into the unfathomable sea, in the vain hope of sounding bottom. They are forever trying, in their blind way, to convert skeptics, reclaim the fallen, divulge divine secrets, and are producing the opposite effect.

The Church, or Churches, have, from the beginning, been far more theologic than religious, and, by being so, have rather repelled than secured communicants. Roman Catholicism, whatever it may have been at the outset, has grown to be stupendously, completely, ineradicably theologic. It claims, of course, to have been primeval Christianity, but without valid argument, or aspect of speciousness. It has, like everything else, been evolved. Notwithstanding its assumption of unchangeableness and unity, it has had its full share of vicissitudes and schisms, and is destined to many more. But it has arranged its own history, machinery, and myths to its satisfaction, and presents to-day a magnificent system for controlling superstitious minds, and for confounding reason. It has been made responsible for many crimes which rightly belong to a cruel age; but it has more than enough of its own to answer for. *The* Church, as its arrogation is, now demands that all its dogmas, however untenable, shall be accepted on faith, unreserved and absolute. Nevertheless, in feudal times it stood, to do it justice, between the brutal Barons and the oppressed people, and thus greatly benefited Humanity. The Protestant Churches act much the same; but, as they do not pretend to be infallible, like the Papal

See, they seem less wedded to superstition. They at least allow their members to read the Bible; but the Roman Church denies the laity this, and every vestige of freedom, and dominates them in the name of authority. So complete a spiritual despotism exists nowhere else. The fact that it can still exist, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, proves how easy it is to enslave the understanding of the mass of men by a parade of priestly bugbears. Wildly absurd as the Roman creed is, and passing comprehension that it should be held by millions, it cannot, as a mere theologic scheme for imposing upon the weak and timid, be too highly commended.

Why should any intelligent, independent mind revere any Orthodox Church as such? The Church, in one form or another, has generally arrayed itself against the cause of progress, against science, against reform of every sort. The advance of Humanity has ever been made in face of the fiercest opposition from defenders of dogma, and denouncers in synod and pulpit. Even when our Civil War was brewing, most of the Orthodox Churches in the North either defended or apologized for Slavery, and violently censured the few clergymen who had the manliness to speak against it. The Church has been the direct and moving cause of spilling oceans of blood, because of some theologic difference of opinion, when any opinion on the subject was worse than worthless. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of men have been butchered for disbelief in some ridiculous tenet, invented by a fanatic monk, or distorted from original significance by the morbid fancy of some self-torturing priest. And this appalling savagery has been perpetrated in the name of Religion. All history, indeed, has been stained and disgraced with theologic infamies. The greatly exaggerated persecutions of Christians by Pagan emperors, in ancient Rome, are as nothing compared with the incalculable, merciless slaughters of Christians by Christians for the glory of God. From the first to the seventeenth century, the bitterest and deadliest strifes among men have been waged about trivial variations in Biblical belief: the most atrocious cruelties have resulted from quarrels concerning the best way to get to heaven.

Still, even in those unenlightened days, Religion, though far less common, was very much what it is now. It long

antedated Christianity, with which it has no sort of alliance. Socrates, Solon, Aristides, Brutus, Marcus Cato, Marcellus, Pelopidas were religious. Thousands of so-styled Pagans have been immeasurably more religious than thousands of noted Christians, some of whom have been canonized. The Churches are continually concerned in regard to the heathen; but many of the heathen might with far more justice be concerned in regard to the Churches, which often practice the opposite of what they preach. Religion has no dependence on faith, or belief of the sacerdotal sort. The idea that it has is the bane of all Theology. Religion is practical, not in any manner theoretic. It may have an ideal standard to help and stimulate it; but it is occupied with deeds and facts, leaving cavils and subtleties to those who care for them. Faith, on which so prodigious stress has always been laid, which is considered by the Churches essential to salvation, is not, in any sense, a virtue. Its possession may be fortunate; may be good subjectively; but it is outside of the will, entirely beyond our control. It is, strictly, an accident; must, it should seem, be ascribed to temperament, for which no one is responsible; temperament, combined with circumstances, constituting what we call destiny. We are no more answerable for our faith, or our want of it, than we are for our stature, the color of our eyes, the shape of our nose. A man may wish to be six feet tall, when he is but five and a half; to have hazel eyes, instead of blue; to own a Grecian rather than an aquiline nose. But Nature will not gratify him. If he should be evangelically told that he would, in consequence, be consigned to perdition, he would regard it as a joke: he might, if lacking humor, become furious. But this is substantially what every man, without faith, is told by the Calvinists, who, naturally, cannot consider going to hell in the light of a jest. In truth, it may be doubted if they are capable of perceiving a joke, however transparent. If they were, they never could have subscribed to a creed so monstrous. Calvin himself was one of the gloomiest of mortals, which goes far toward explaining his doctrines. Conscientious, self-denying, intensely honest, a dreadful theology made him, as it has made millions, a barbarous bigot. If he could only have laughed, he might have been less inhuman: he might have spared Servetus.

If we have not faith, the priests aver, we should secure it

by prayer. The remedy is nearly as bad as the disease. To a rationalist, the very idea of prayer is preposterous. Accepting, for the moment, the theologic theory, that God, omniscient and omnipotent, created the universe, of which this world is so immaterial a part, He must then know what is best for man, without man's prompting or reminding, in the form of prayer. Imagine, too, the number of contrary prayers that are offered, and the perpetual dilemma in which the Almighty must be placed. That is impious, add the priests. To pray is a divine commandment: prayer is grateful to God as a sign of submission to his will, as an evidence of worship. His love of praise is insatiable. What could such a Being care for human praise, being eternal, all-sufficient to himself, the Author of everything? Would not prayer be the strongest proof of a want of faith in the Deity; as if he had made an immense machine, and could not keep it going without our puny and impertinent suggestions? In a subjective sense, prayer, it should be admitted, may be beneficial to a genuine believer in it, by relieving his mind, by predisposing him to a better life. But prayer in general is perfunctory, a part of the orthodox ceremonial only, an empty form, so often repeated as to lose whatever it might once have had of sacredness. Objectively (and here Theology insists on its efficacy), prayer is, to say the least, most incongruous and illogical, positively unthinkable.

As man is religious without Theology, he may be religious with it, or in spite of it. Belief in it does not, primarily, make him better or worse, though it must be very hard for him to square justice and goodness on Earth with what he is compelled to think justice and goodness in Heaven. How he can reconcile the discordance, and keep his sanity puzzles the understanding. Probably he does not try reconcilement. He brings his mind to bear on secular things alone, and thus improves his religious nature. On the other hand, many orthodoxists are harmed by Theology, and harmed badly. They are inclined to hold unconsciously, perhaps, that their ecclesiastic observances, their ceremonial practices, release them, in a measure, from the need of discharging moral duties. If they attend Church regularly, paying high rent for a pew, and subscribe liberally for foreign missions, are they not more apt to be tempted into taking undue advantage in trade, or into excusing themselves for neglecting

obvious duties? If they are mercenary, do they not fancy, that, by giving money for new altar-cloths, bigger organs, and advanced pastoral salaries, they are buying a reserved seat in the best of the celestial mansions? Such communicants are permeated with a sense of their own interest. They often say about the evangelic future that they are not certain of the truth of their creed; but that, if they are mistaken, it will do no harm, and that it is well to be on the safe side. They thus keep a sharp lookout for both worlds.

The mischief of the orthodox scheme, as originally presented, is that it appeals to the lowest feelings of humanity,—selfishness—and fear, which is only another form of selfishness. It cannot be otherwise when Heaven and Hell are put forward as the divine reward of piety, and the divine penalty of wickedness. We should, if deserving, be good for the love of good,—or the love of God as the Scriptures put it—not for the hope of recompense, or dread of punishment. No wonder that deeply pious souls, like Mme. Guyon, have wished that some mighty angel could turn extinguishing oceans into Hell, and apply a consuming torch to Heaven, in order that mankind might be virtuous for virtue's sake alone.

Lately, a disposition has been shown to ignore Hell, which the most rabid orthodoxists can hardly abide. But Heaven has been retained as a germ, notwithstanding the loss of its ancient caparisons. One is as grotesque as the other: the two are interdependent. The existence of Hell makes Heaven impossible, and the evangelic Heaven is childish.

Heathful minds refuse to believe God a monster or an egotist. They do not, and cannot, know what he is: common sense may tell them what he is not. The name is on everybody's tongue, and each has his own idea of its meaning. God is unknown, and unknowable. Only orthodoxists can conceive him to be personal; for instead of his making them as they assume, they make him, and paint him far blacker than themselves. The chief difference, indeed, between them and the rationalist is their belief in a personal God, and in conscious immortality. They think, "Do you believe in God?" an exact definitive question, and are surprised if told that it is entirely vague; may mean anything or nothing. He who does not believe in their idea of God, they decry as an infidel or atheist, which is an easy, evangelic method of emphasizing divergence of understanding. If their concep-

tion were true that God creates souls, knowing their doom by his prescience, and then damns them for fulfilling the purpose of their creation, would not an unequivocal atheist be a hundred-fold better than the most uncompromising believer? The whole plan of orthodox salvation is so destitute of consistency, justice, intelligence or reason as not to be worthy of entertainment by a rationalist. It would be supremely revolting, were it not so puerile. Obviously, it was concocted when the world was in its infancy, and was not designed for its ripeness.

The Churches of the advanced order have recently permitted Jehovah to remain in the background, and have discreetly brought forward Jesus — no two beings could be more antipodal — as their Deity and exemplar. His life, as recorded in the New Testament, whether he be regarded as man or God — there is not the slightest probability that he ever claimed to be divine — is so grand and beautiful as to be a model for universal imitation. The advanced Churches, fearing the repulsive effect of lessons drawn from the Old Testament, now incline mainly to the precepts of Jesus. While they are insisting on his gentleness, his goodness, his self-denial, his unstinted compassion, they seem to forget how inconsistent is their preaching and their practice. If Christ should return to the nineteenth century world, and try to visit the fashionable churches of New York, Boston, or any of the leading cities of the country, how would he be received? Would he not be denied admission, in his plain garb, with his simple ways? The sleek sexton and his assistants would not consider him a gentleman — and he would not be such, as they apprehend the term. They would be afraid to show him to a pew, even if they should pity his pale, pensive face, and wearied air. He would form a strange contrast with the elaborately carved woodwork, the decorated ceilings, the stained-glass windows of the sumptuous interior. Those churches would be no place for him, and he would recognize the fact at once. Indeed, he would not go there. He was the first democrat; he would seek the poorest quarter of the town, and address himself to the common people. He would incur great risk of arrest as a tramp; but he who had been crucified would come prepared for rejection and revilement. He would not be put to death again — thanks to the growth of Humanity, in spite of Theology — but in his

incognito he would find the orthodox world remarkably unappreciative, if not inimical. It is to be feared that he would be forced to find shelter with the infidels and atheists, so designated. Orthodoxy and Jesus are irreconcilably dissentient, even at the present day; and yet the self-complacent orthodoxists are convinced that their correlation is complete.

Religion has, by the spread of intelligence and education, the development of Reason and Science, so combated and modified Theology as to deprive it of its old power of harm. It no longer burns and tortures for opinion's sake (William Penn was one of the first to teach that men are responsible for their religious convictions to God alone); but it still delights to persecute, so far as it can, those that openly oppose its dogmas. Theologic hatred, grown proverbial, and theologic temper continue to be of the robustest fibre. It would scarcely be safe to leave the fate of a defiant rationalist in severely orthodox hands. He would not be strangled or poisoned, in all probability; but, if they could have full sway, they would make his days most oppressive. A good deal of the ancient spirit, though assuaged by a century or two of true Religion, yet lingers in the evangelic churches. The clergy, for example, who assume to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, are commonly the reverse of meek or lowly, when any one controverts, however mildly or earnestly, the tenets of their creed. Amiable otherwise they may be; but in this particular, they are intolerant, intemperate, violent, often slanderous, venomously untruthful. All noted personages who have arraigned the Church; who have dared to differ from its ignorant or barbarous doctrines, have been foully defamed, and cruelly punished, when punishment was possible. The Vatican, which burned Giordano Bruno for the unpardonable sin of being intellectually in advance of his time, longs to burn him again, after nearly four hundred years. Even in our own day, the orthodox preachers of New England prayed that Theodore Parker might be speedily removed from life because he avowed sentiments of true religion. A braver, better, nobler man the century has not seen; but having aroused the demon of Theology, he could not be forgiven.

Theologic temper is visible in 1890, alike in the Pope of Rome, and in the smallest rustic clergyman. Nor is it to be

wondered at. Any man or set of men led to believe that they are explaining the word of God to the throng, thirsting for their explanation, naturally become spiritually arrogant, and intensely choleric, when some religious thinker, exposing their ignorance, puts their petty conceit in the dust. Why should not Theology, narrow, inflated, intolerant, and cruel, be the bitter foe of Religion, enlightened, tranquil, sympathetic, and benevolent? Theologians and orthodoxists in general may be, fundamentally, as good as other men. But they are limited, non-progressive, and their strenuous adherence to superstition impairs their better judgment, and gradually dehumanizes their views of the supernatural. Nothing is, or can be, more pernicious to the understanding than continuous cherishment of untruth. Orthodoxists sometimes say that their belief, even if unsound, cannot injure them. But it can, and does. Its tendency is degrading: it confuses and weakens moral ideas, the standard of right and wrong. If orthodoxists fail to suffer from their creed, they owe their failure to their temperament, capable of resisting even the hideous dogmas they have been taught.

Religion requires that a man should be a law to himself; thus reflecting the cosmic principle, the evident order of the Universe. The religious man aims to be pure, temperate, truthful, honest, sympathetic, humane, above all charitable. In whatever he falls short, as he is most likely to, for he has an ideal, he tries unwearyingly to do better. He has no dread of punishment here or hereafter: his conscience is his guide, his self-esteem his approval. He regards fear as a miserable, degrading, slavish passion, with which genuine manhood has no concern. He totally rejects the expression, "God-fearing," even in the mouth of the orthodox, and asks: "Why should any honest man fear God?" He seeks no reward, temporal or eternal, beyond satisfaction with himself, and the respect of his fellows. He lives for this world, hoping, perhaps, that there may be another, but neither knowing, nor pretending to know, anything about it. The supernatural troubles him not: he is conscious that it is inconceivable. Nature is enough for him here, so long as he is here; he sees that we are constantly drawing out her secrets for the good of Humanity. What is behind Nature is, to him, as it is to all of us, an impenetrable mystery, which may be revealed when we are ripe for the revelation. This world and Nature

afford, in his eyes, ample scope for the fullest and highest discharge of duty to ourselves and our race?

Man, he believes, is debarred from his best possibilities by trying to fit himself for two worlds, — one so real, the other so shadowy, — and to please a Deity, laboriously constructed by the evolution of superstition, which theologians declare to be Christianity. Humanity will, he feels, be vastly the gainer when we confine our efforts to its relief, its illumination, its advancement. The best preparation for the future is, to his mind, preparation for the present. If there be another state of existence, our proper dealing with this will qualify us for that.

Theology, though greatly modified, and inevitably doomed, is still a hindrance and a detriment to Religion, — first and last, the rule of life. Relieved of its grievous burthen, we see clearer, think straighter, act better. It is Theology to believe that one and three are the same; to afflict ourselves with the question whether we have committed the unpardonable sin; to decide the Biblical meaning of the Holy Ghost; to admit that bread and wine are flesh and blood; to concede that a thing is certain because impossible; to receive as divine ten thousand glaring absurdities. It is Religion to follow reason and truth wherever they may lead; to aid the poor and struggling; to stand by the weak; to minister to the sick; to bind up the broken-hearted; to protect the defenseless. It is, in brief, to obey the Golden Rule, which, near six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Confucius announced in the words: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

Paul's definition of theologic faith: "The evidence of things unseen, and the substance of things hoped for," is famous and revered. The New York child's definition of yesterday is more pertinent and practical: "Trying to believe what you know isn't true." Happily, Theology is passing. It will ere long be as obsolete and uninteresting as Astrology has become. Religion, as a consequence, is spreading fast throughout civilization. The two cannot much longer coexist in the same nature. The New Dawn has shown them to be as incompatible as Vice and Virtue, War and Peace, Jehovah and Jesus.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY T. PARKER EDWARDS.

THE widespread agitation of the present is one of the hopeful signs for the future triumph of civilization, yet of the manifold plans and theories advanced, none seem to us adequate to meet the demand of the present condition of society.

To us, the hope of the wretched millions who curse the day when they first beheld the radiant dawn, lies more in awakening the moral sensibilities of the people than aught else. Education along the lines of the man's spiritual nature, must be the key-note of future endeavor, if the prophecy of the optimist is to be crystallized into a practical reality. Let us not be misunderstood by Spiritual instructions. We do not mean dogmatic theology, which upas-like has cursed the ages; strangling the noblest impulses in the grandest lives of every generation. True Spirituality dwells in the radiance of a broad, all-incompassing love; for in point of fact, in the spiritual world love is to the soul, struggling upward, precisely what the sun is to life on earth.

Love is the law of spiritual growth; its presence in the soul dispels selfishness, even as the morning sun dispels the blackness of night; and it must be remembered that selfishness more than anything else, lies at the root of the misery of the multitude to-day. The conscience of the rich and favored classes has been so effectively lulled to sleep by the elastic platitudes of fashionable Christianity, that the day seems to have long since departed which witnessed the Church, in the front of the battle for the poor, the oppressed, and the down-trodden victims of society and circumstances, over which they have had absolutely no control. At present the pulpit too frequently essays to entertain those who dwell in palaces, and reck not of the people's want and woe, or the hour's great

demands. Had the Church recognized her divine mission, that of developing the moral nature and unfolding the spiritual element in men's nature, precisely as Science and research has developed and unfolded the intellect; had she addressed herself to the conscience of the people, holding up at all times the highest ideals and impressing the purest and noblest deeds, that have blossomed along the pathway of human endeavor; had she made the world feel and know the beauty of justice and honor, of charity and benevolence, of hope and courage; had she ever cultivated the profound reverence for truth and that freedom of thought that dares to search for the hidden treasure in the bowels of the earth, on the heaven-painted mountain side, or in the eternal galaxy of the heavens;—and on the other hand, had she always taught the responsibility man owes to man, and the enormity of the sins of immorality, of injustice, and indifference to the needs of the humblest of earth's children; we say had she kept this divine mission in view, and not lost sight of her true functions, society to-day would present a far different aspect. Then we should not find the thousands of men able to move in fashionable circles, who have wantonly trifled with the most sacred treasure known on this revolving ball, and shuffled off as a worthless thing, or thrown aside as a useless toy, a tarnished soul, once pure as a dew-kissed flower; nor would we find thronging our great cities, multitudes of men consumed with one burning desire, namely, to make wealth without the labor of earning it, to amass fortune, though they know it to be at the expense of the homes and happiness of their fellow men.

These merciless speculators, or legalized gamblers, who after wrecking the hopes and fortunes of thousands by cornering life's necessities, not unfrequently make donations to rich churches, or charitable institutions, seeming to imagine that if they help to support the ruined lives they have made, they will be justified in continuing to ply their nefarious trade. Often one of these rich idlers will throw to the starving a few crumbs of his wealth, as an anesthetic to quiet his conscience, which in spite of a settled determination to heed it not, nevertheless, sobs within the chambers of the soul,— within the hearing of the brain, and will not be comforted, because a wrong is being done other lives, which bringing anguish, and not unfrequently stimulating crime,

is also crushing out the divine principle in the soul of the evil doer. Here is a lesson that must be taught. The bribing of the conscience will never atone for a wrong committed; the whole course of life must be changed; the evil must be abandoned.

Again if the spiritual development had been as zealously taught as dogmatic theology, society to-day would not be honeycombed with that pious hypocrisy which upholds ancient error, and sneers at honest investigation; not from conviction, but for policy. We do not here refer to honest believers in any doctrine, but the fashionable followers of popular thought, who, when driven to the wall with arguments, confess their disbelief in the creeds to which they subscribe, and admit that their convictions are in perfect accord with broader thought. The Nicodemuses of to-day are legions.; their influence for good, used on the side of light and progress, would be incalculable; they cringe before the broken shrine of error for business interests, or for caste in society.

Still further, if true spirituality had been inculcated by the church, the warring religious sects which fiercely regard each other, oftentimes the embodiment of hate, would have been an impossibility; for spiritual development rests on love, and world-wide good-will is as far from dogmatic theology, as East is removed from West.

Only hints are these of evil conditions which the Church as an ethical institution should have overcome; and which since she has forgotten her mission, falls to the individual to overcome; that society may be re-constructed on the lines of equality. This, then, seems to us to be the paramount duty of the hour. *The education of the spiritual, or the development of every moral attribute in man's nature:* and this work devolves on every one who has felt the impulse of a nobler life within his being; who has caught a glimpse of a holier state; or heard the rustle of angels' wings. We would not decry any of the worthy efforts that are being put forth to better the condition of the people, and reduce crime, and the temptations that lead crimeward; but in all this work we feel the vital importance of educating the soul of the people — of appealing to the conscience of mankind.

UNGAVA.

A COMPANION IDYL OF MAMELONS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER MAMELONS.*

THUS did the Doom of Mamelons work out its dole. And leaving in her grave the joy of all his life, the fairest, sweetest woman of her race,— whose women were the glory of the world,— down from the Mound of Fate the Trapper came with heavy step and slow, as one who bears a burden greater than his strength, to where the tongueless Chief of Mistassinni stood beside his bark, his silent paddle in his hand, and to him slowly said:—

"Old friend, in yonder sand my love lies dead. You helped me lay her lovely body down, where it must lie beyond the reach of loving hands forever. There, as she bade, I have kept holy tryst one night. She met me there. To that high crest where first the world was born, from silence and from starlight she came down and stood beside me. I saw her clothed in raiment like a queen, and all her beauty riper grown stood stately in her form, and shone resplendent out of face and eye. She told me things to be. And, as she talked, I heard the stir of thousands round her, and through the starlit air above the sands approving murmurs run; but long and lonely stretch the years 'twixt this and hour of meeting. Empty are my arms of that warm life that should be nestling in them, and empty all the world. With eyes uplifted unto mine, upon my breast her mother died. The chief I loved is dead. And now she, too, is gone, and with her took in going all the sunshine of the

* Ungava is not in the true sense a sequel of "Mamelons," for that tale stands complete in itself. Nevertheless, the two are closely connected, and structurally united in a close companionship, as two of the principal characters in Mamelons — the Trapper and the old Chief of Mistassinni — are leading ones in this story, and in it are necessarily many allusions which are more plain and enjoyable to the reader if he has previously read Mamelons.

world. You, now, and I are left alone. Two silent ones, for you are tongueless, and I with grief am dumb. We two are joined in brotherhood of woe. So in this bark of thine will you and I take seat, and you with silent blade shall steer it upward on the flooding tide of death-dark water,* colored like our grief, between the awful cliffs, which, leafless as our lives will be, have stood in dead, gray barrenness from the foundation of the world. So, now, old friend, from this dread shore of Fate push off, and we will go, I know not whither and I care not where. We two alone are left, and till death parts us will we bide together."

So was it done. Slowly, without word or sign, the old chief lifted paddle and silently the light boat moved from that dread shore which for a thousand years had been the shore of fate, and through the whirling eddies, whirling strongly up and on the flooding waters black as their grief, between the monstrous walls of rock the silent two went floating up into the silence of unknown hap and hazard.

All day they drifted on in silence, until they came to where the Marguerite flows crystal over shining sands. Then the dumb helmsman steered his light bark inward through the current, flowing swift and clear. With skilful stroke he pushed it upward through the eddying tide until he reached that lovely bend where silver birches grow, and where a spring pours down its wimpling line of liquid music, singing through the grasses, until it, laughing, runs into the smiling river. Then, standing on the strand, he to his stricken comrade said: —†

"Listen, Trapper, to wisdom born of losses many and of many years. At Mamelons your love lies dead. Your thoughts are heavy and your heart is sore. The wounds of

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* The waters of the Saguenay are dark and gloomy to a degree unknown in any other river or body of water I have ever seen, and are noted, the world over, because of their peculiar sombre and sinister appearance. Looked at from above, they often seem to be as black as ink.

† The reader must bear in mind that the language of pantomime, or sign language, has been brought to a wonderful perfection as a means of communicating thought among the Indians of this continent. The ancient Greeks, as is known to all scholars, found it adequate for the purpose of full dramatic expression, whether of comedy or tragedy. They did not originate it, but borrowed it from older races and ages. The reading of the motion of the lips is also an ancient accomplishment, if such a word is allowable in connection with such an art or practice. Nor is it nearly as difficult as one might imagine to follow the pantomimist, and catch the sense of even subtle shades of expression. Some have thought that it is the earliest, as it certainly is the most vivid and picturesque, method of imparting human thought.

death are deep. Time is the only balm that heals its hurts, and change. These two salve all and heal at last, if ever. The island is no place for you or me. There sleeps her mother and there sleeps the chief. The house is empty as a nest when birds have flown and under snow the bough droops down. There will thy grief keep fresh and sore. Its ache will grow as grows thy sense of loss. Here will we camp to-night, and on the morrow northward will we go to far Ungava.* Upon its sands and ice, in distant years, I fought and hunted. There, perchance, I may find some, who, scarred in those old fights and gray, remember me. If not, it is the same. Among the Nasquapees is one who knoweth all. He can call up the dead.† His eyes see backward and before. There is but one thing I would know. It may be he can tell it me. Here will we sleep to-night. Perchance in sleep some dream‡ may come. If not forbid, to-morrow northward we will go."

To which the Trapper:—

"Old Chief, your years are many and your words are wise. The wounds of death are deep, and time and change and God's sure help can only heal. The island is an empty nest. The fairest and the sweetest bird these northern woods may ever know, has flown. She has found summer land. She will come back no more. The island is the home of graves. Some things are there for me to do. But they can wait. His kinsmen watch the house, and they are true. When out of years I have, by many sights and deeds and varying haps, carved calmness, and been strengthened, I will go back. I will not go till then. I, too, have seen Ungava, and have fought upon its sands, and stumbled on its blocks of ice, bloodwet. I will go north with thee, and hear again the

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* Ungava is the name of a large bay which runs deeply into the body of the continent near the northeast corner of the Labrador peninsula. It is remarkable because of its extraordinary tides, which rise to the height of sixty feet and more. Around it, formerly, the famous tribe of Nasquapee Indians — if they be Indians — had their home. Of these remarkable people I have spoken in my note concerning them in Mamelons.

† This is an allusion to a famous prophet or high priest of the tribe, who, apparently, was the last of a long line of prophets, who claimed to have powers such as the Witch of Endor possessed and exercised, when, if our Old Scriptures are to be credited, she called up the spirit of Samuel from the dead.

‡ As is well known, the Indian is a firm believer in dreams as a method of mystic and valuable communication. From this old-time superstition no reasoning can turn him. He sincerely believes that the Great Spirit speaks directly to him in his sleep by their agency.

roaring of its tides, and hunt the seals beneath the fires that burn the end of the world.* It may be that in action swift my soul will find its rest, and out of changeful chance forgetfulness will come, and scab the gash of grief now bleeding red, and scar it to dull pain. We will go north, and bide together till we die." So was it done.

So went they northward, and for half a year did widely roam. Strange fortunes fell to them. They passed the sources of the streams that flow toward the south. They saw the forests dwindle down until the mighty pine was but a shrub. They visited old fields, where in forgotten years old fights had been, whose only record was scattered and white bones. They made them bags of eider,† and housed themselves in snow. They trapped them furs which gave them garments such as princes wear. They fed on meat of fish and fowl and animal, juicy and fat, cooked with a hunter's art. For bread they digged them roots, which deftly parched and pounded, yielded substance sweeter than the wheaten loaf. So roamed they through the north, through those wild wastes where trails are scarce as honor among men. One, seeking day and chance, if they still waited; the other, balm for wounds within, and that forgetfulness which dulls the edge of pain and makes it easier to be borne. So leisurely they drew their trail into the north as men who seek at random, or seek forgetfulness of selves; — that sweet oblivion or dim memory of woes.

So roamed they on. One night they camped beneath a hill, one of a range that stretched a hundred miles from east to west: a ridge of mighty bowlders, meteoric stones and rocks volcanic, treeless, soilless, a monstrous jumble of chaotic débris that might be monument above a ruined world.‡ There in wild labyrinth of desolation they made their bivouac. Before they slept, the old chief, standing in the camp-light, signed:—

"Trapper, some evil fate is coming swift as death. Twice

* The northern Indians will gravely inform you that what we call the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, are the reflection of flames which ever and anon rush out from the end of the world, which they hold to be forever in a state of combustion.

† The Nasquapee Indians sleep in bags lined with eider-down.

‡ Nothing can be imagined more desolate and dismal than this section of the Labrador peninsula. If Ignatius Donnelly's theory is correct, that a comet once struck the earth near what is now the northern extremity of the globe, one might easily imagine that, west and north of Ungava, he was standing amid the ruins caused by the awful catastrophe.

on the trail to-day I felt the ledges shake*. I hear the sound of running noises under ground. The fire to-night burned blue, and talked. I smell a storm.† This is a wilderness of rocks. There is no trail. If sun should fail what eye might thread a passage through? I fear some fate is coming. What counsel do you give?"

To which the Trapper made reply:—

"Chief, lie down and sleep. The stars are bright. The sky is blue. No storm is coming. If it comes, we will bide in our bags. Two days at most will blow it out. Our food will last till sun comes forth. The rocks are jumbled, and all look alike. Who cares? We are not boys. Can you and I lose trail? That were a joke. Your nose is not a hound's. No storm is coming. Lie down and sleep. Let ledges shake. Unless they shake me out of bag, I will sleep on." So spake he lightly, and, muttering in his throat, the old chief crept into his eider nest, and like a duck within its warmth of feathers the two men slept.

That night the dreaded storm came down and such a storm no man had ever seen in all the North. Nine days it blew. Nine nights its roar was on the hills of rocks piled high as broken trees. Nine sunless mornings came. The falling fleece turned darkest night to gray. From out the north chaotic whirlwinds rushed, whirling in screaming eddies onward. The upper stillness, which, woven by the gods in silent looms, is folded like a downy mantle round the world as vestment cast by slumber over weary beds, was torn in shrieking shreds and blown down the gale in strips of noise. The forest, like a man entombed alive, moaned, writhed, and roared, unseen. Hills into distance ran from sight. The streams stopped running and the lakes lay shivering, dumb, and black, beneath the ice that was itself invisible. The world turned gray, and through the whirling, eddying fleece the lenses of the eye reflected only falling flakes. Chaos had come again and all the earth was without form and void.

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* Earthquake shocks are not infrequent throughout this section. Some years the seismic disturbances are felt for months together, and scarcely a year passes that one or more shocks are not experienced.

† Even many white hunters I have met in my wanderings have boldly claimed that the coming of great atmospheric disturbances was plainly interpreted by the nose. May it not be possible that the organs of smell, like those of sight, are much more acute in those who are "lone hermits of untainted woods" than in us who live from day of birth in smoky and foul atmospheres?

Amid the storm whose fury blotted out the world, the two men, blinded, faint from hunger, wandered on. Each day they groped for shelter; each night, burrowed under snow, awaiting death. All skill was vain; all courage useless. They felt that they were doomed. Twice had the chief refused to move. Twice had he fixed his eyes on vacancy. And twice the death song struggled in his tongueless throat. The Trapper would not yield. His heart was true as tested steel to bravest hand. It would not break nor bow to shock, however heavy. Twice had he rallied his old friend from trance for further effort, when, staggering onward round the sharp edge of a ledge, they slipped together and both fell through covering snow into a fissure yawning wide, and downward half a hundred feet they slid into a mighty cavern!

So, into shelter under ground, through God's mercy, had they dropped, when, blinded by the storm, and hunger-faint, they stumbled from the cliff, and fell. The cliff, a rounded bowlder nicely poised, had lost its balance as they fell, and, rolling after, lay on the shute through which they slid, huge and heavy as a hill.

Then spake the Trapper, as he staggered to his feet, grimly jesting in the face of death:—

"Here are we safely housed, old friend, at last! Never did mongrel cur, chased by she-wolf, skurry into kennel faster. I fell with legs so wide apart that all the hillside followed. Its cobbles pelted on my back as I slid downward. I'll strike a light and see if we have host to welcome lodgers."

Then he struck light and to the wick of a short candle placed it; and, as it kindled into blaze he held it high above his head and in the light it gave, the two men sought with earnest eyes the nature of the place, and whether it were home or grave.

It was an old-time cave. Home had it been and grave, for those whose deeds and death are prehistoric. In ages lost to memory of men, man had been there before. Fleeing from sudden heat that blasted, or dreadful cold succeeding heat, or from that awful monster* bursting out of distance into

*Many tribes of Red Men have among them the legend of a great catastrophe caused by a comet striking the earth. The story or myth of a "flying dragon, breathing fire and smoke," is founded in all old literatures, and always connected with a vast ruin wrought on the earth. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a collision should not occur between the

northern sky, nigh where the steadfast star now sentinels the heavens, and breathing fires in volume wider than the world, rushed, tearing downward toward the pole, struck the even earth head on and knocked it from its level poise, changing its course forever, so burying all in ruin:—hither to this deep cavern had he with his children wildly run, and, screaming, plunged into it, as men to-day running out of fire with garments blazing plunge headlong into saving wells.

There had he lived, there fed his hunger, worshipped God, wrought with his hands—and died. For, scattered here and there, were instruments of stone: a hatchet, flint heads for spears, and arrows sharpened with laborious pains. Brands too, were there, which once had glowed with fire for human need,—charred proofs of tribes and primal things, which any careless foot may spurn as worthless, and yet be older than the Pyramids. Amid the dust the foot disturbed were teeth of men and animals that lived in the forgotten ages. Searching through an inner passage, seeking outlet, the Trapper found a knife of bronze lying on the floor, its handle resting in the dusty outline of a human hand, and wondered if the breast that felt it last had been of priest or victim. Who might say? Who, who might ever tell the secrets of that dread place and symbol? Here, penned with death, for many days they groped and sat in gloom. At last the Trapper, feeling that death was nigh, said suddenly, "Old friend, our time to say farewell has come." Then for the last time lighted he the feeble wick, and, as it warmed, the small flame slowly grew until it globed with yellow light the central gloom. Then rose the Chief of Mistassinni, cast robe of fur aside, and grim, gray, and withered, stood forth to sight, and to the Trapper signed: —

"Trapper, we die a death of shame. We are not men.

---

earth and one of the many "monstrous and lawless wanderers of the skies." Nor is it inconceivable that such a collision in the remote past did occur. Assuming this to be true, many remarkable and now mysterious phenomena on the earth's surface could be easily explained. Kepler declared that "comets are scattered through the heavens with as much profusion as fishes in the ocean." Lalande had a list of seven hundred comets observed in his time. Arago estimated that the comets belonging to the solar system, within the orbit of Neptune, number seventeen and a half *millions*. While Lambert says *five hundred millions* are a very moderate estimate. And this, be it remembered, does not include these that are constantly pouring in from the infinite spaces beyond the limits of the solar system. When the multitude of the comets is considered, the wonder is, not that *one* has struck the earth, but rather that, if I may so speak, the earth has managed to dodge them at all!

We are as hedgehogs in a hole, shut in by ice. Here shall we die and rot, and be no more forever,— never see light of day, nor breathe the upper air. I am a chief. Before the Esquimau tore out my tongue and ate it, my voice was heard in every battle fought through all the North, and where it sounded men knew Death was there, and shrank. Only the Chief * and you had fame so great. In feasts and dances, and when the stake † was struck, our names were linked together like three equal stars, and mothers of the Esquimaux hushed crying child with whispered mention of our awful fame. But dying here like starving hog in hole, I never more may see the lodges of my tribe ‡ nor sit in council with chiefs among whom I am greatest. The battle will be set, and he I hate will live. And younger men will never know my fame. Do for me one more deed, far better than that one you did for me upon the ridge above the Saguenay when you did save me from the Esquimaux, and prove your love again. Draw now thy knife, and place its point betwixt the ribs that are above my heart, that I may lean upon it and die as warrior dies in battle under foeman's knife, and not be smothered like a hog in hole."

And from his shrunken shoulders, haughtily, his blanket did he cast, and posed himself above the burning wick whose dying flame began to waver, that friendship might do for him the deed he prayed for.

Then said the Trapper, speaking through the failing flashes of the light: —

"Never before, old Chief, did friend in dying ask deed of me I did not do. But this I may not. I may not redden knife of mine with thy old blood. I am a man without a cross,§ and such a deed I am forbid. It is not fit. Your superstition is not true. Out of this cavern filled with old-time bones, we two will go at death into free air: thou to the lodges of thy tribes; I to her throne.‖ Hunger has done its work, and we are weak. We will lie down and sleep as

* Referring to the chief who was uncle to Atla.

† The stake around which the war dance is danced, and into which each warrior strikes his hatchet, thus signifying his enlistment for the war.

‡ An Indian believes that if he is smothered underground, his spirit will remain buried with his body, and never reach the Spirit-land, viz., that he will miss the blessing of immortality.

§ A pure-blooded white.

‖ Referring to his joining at death his beloved Atla, who in dying [see Mamelons], beheld herself elected by the gods to sit on the "last and highest throne of her old race."

after battle, battle-tired. Sleeping, we soon shall pass to deeper sleep, and so to happy waking. Old friend, the light is going. Brief is our parting. Look. With this failing flash I give thee dying cheer, and bid thee long farewell." And with the word the light went out, and in the gloom of that old grave of prehistoric man the two men stood, lost to each other's sight forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMING OF UNGAVA.

So stood the two in darkness and in silence, waiting death. The one with Indian patience grim and dumb; the other, brave, high-hearted, revolving many thoughts. When, suddenly, the pulseless air moved with vibrations. The awful silence grew sweetly vocal, and a voice, clear-toned as silver bell or flute, said, from afar: —

"Who speaks of dying and of shameful death? Whose voice bids friend the long farewell, and gives him dying cheer? No death is here, nor dying. Ungava comes!" And in the distant gloom, far down the caverned corridor, shone out a star, pure white, intense, illuminating all, and in its dazzling radiance, clothed in white fur from head to foot, a wand within her hand uplifted high whose point burned unconsumed, with face of snow, and eyes and hair of night's jet hue, floating on as vision seen in dream, there came — a girl!

So in the white light stood the three, and on the one the two did gaze with eyes that grew with wonder. No greater change might there have been had angel of the Lord descended to that cave to summon dust and bone of dead humanity to glorious resurrection. Then, rallying from first shock of vast surprise, the Trapper, awe-struck, said: —

"Shadow or substance. Spirit or flesh. I know not which strange vision, but by the living God I know that never unto man in deeper need did He send saving angel. Who art thou, thou who bearest name of wildest shore on the round earth, and of what world? Speak message out, and tell thy tale; for whether I be quick or dead, I know not as I look on thee."

Then, clear as bell or flute in evening air of summer, came the words, filling all the cave with sweetness like a song sung by unseen singer: —

"John Norton, thou art known to me, for I have seen thee when a thousand miles divided. Amid the smoke of battle have I seen thee move when death went with thee, step for step. Asleep, at night, beneath the pines or at the base of rocks in strange wild places in the woods, above thee, sleeping, have I stood and warded evil from thee. Wild beasts and wilder men with nose of hunger and with eyes of hate, have I turned or frightened from thy couch, and in the morning thou didst wake refreshed and safe, as one who knows not that he is guarded. I am a spirit. This mortal frame I use, but am not of it. I am thy angel. Before his face that is forever veiled, I stand forever pleading. For every soul born into flesh has guardian spirit. Thine am I, and I have come in hour of need to save. Great service do I thee. Great service must thou do in turn for me. Here hast thou wandered into realms where, mid the ruins of a world collapsed, the arts and mysteries of that ruined world live on.* My soul is thine. Thy soul is mine. We two are knit forever. So much I tell thee now. The rest shall be revealed as time moves on. My grandsire, after flesh, is Prophet of the North. He, child of the White God. This old chief knows my line, and therefore me. At Mistassinni did that line begin. At Mistassinni will it end. For he and I must sleep where his and my ancestors sleep, in that old cave where sound in constant council voices of the dead and spirit murmurings.†"

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*The prophet of the Nasquapee tribe or race — I incline to the view that they are originally of a different racial stock than the red Indian — held that the world had been wrecked by a vast and far-reaching catastrophe, and his race — all save a small remnant — destroyed by it. He also held that that old race, thus destroyed, was the custodian of arts and powers, mysterious and potent on dead and living alike, and that these had been originally taught them by "the gods"; viz., superior beings, who had come from some other sphere, bringing with them knowledge and powers "too high for mortal minds;" and that this fearful knowledge had been continued in his line, or caste, and was known to him.

†There is at Mistassinni a celebrated cave, which is regarded by the Indians with the utmost reverence, awe, and fear. Not one of them will ever look at it to this day in passing. The reason of this profound feeling seems to be found in their superstitious conviction that, from remote time, their dead chiefs were buried in it, as were also their prophets or sorcerers. It seems to have been the sepulchre of ancient days and people, for it has not been so used for a long time. They believe that the spirits of the dead hold their councils there, and that ghostly debate is constantly going on within its great chamber. I cannot ascertain that anyone has ever actually visited this

Then to the Chief she said:—

"Old Chief, above thy head a hundred years have rolled. Look with the eyes of many days. Behold, the first and last am I. Thou knowest fate, and its old voice. For, when the first White God did'st come from out of sea in boat not built by man, and, on the beach all wet and foul with brine and sand, was found by thy old sire, who then was boy, the prophet of your tribe did say, 'When girl is born instead of boy, the White Gods die.' Last chief of Mistassinni, here amid the ancient dead, the daughter of the White Ones, doomed like thee to end the line of glory, brings life and gives thee greeting."

Then did the grim old Chief do mystic deed. There, standing naked to his waist, the Totem of his tribe in red upon his breast, he lifted hands of plainest pantomime. Thrice did he wheel the sun around the earth in stately motion. Then strung his bow, and from his quiver four arrows drew, and, breaking pointed heads, he shot the harmless bolts to south and north, to east and west. So saying, "Thy reign is one of peace, and over all the earth." Then from his head the horned band he took — that symbol of old sovereignty, older than earliest throne,*— and from his wrinkled neck the string of savage claws,† won in chanceful battle with the polar bear whose lightest blow is death,— a necklace whose every pearl had come at risk of life, — and laid them at her feet. Then on his withered breast he signed the sacred sign, and in solemn pantomime took goblet filled

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celebrated cavern, or has any accurate knowledge of its size or appearance. All that is known of it is that it was once the place of sepulchre, and is regarded with utmost fear and veneration by all the tribes of the North.

* Horns, as symbolic of power and sovereignty, are, literally, older than thrones. Like the Cross — the old-time symbol of joy and plenty — they run backward in time beyond all interrogation. When or how the symbolic significance first arose, no one may ascertain. If there was no other evidence, the horns of the bison on the head-band of an Indian chief — for none save chiefs of the highest rank can wear them — would prove that the red men of this continent belong to the primeval races. As the Trapper would say, "That is a sign that cannot lie!"

† The string of bear's claws round the neck of a chief is the highest possible proof of his skill, courage, and rank, since every claw in the necklace must have been taken from a bear that he with his own hand — unassisted by any — had killed. When it is remembered that the Indian had no weapon save his arrows, his hatchet, and his spear, some idea of the strength and courage required to secure such savage trophies can be formed. It takes a man of supremest nerve and courage to face a grizzly or polar bear with a Winchester to-day. What, then, must be thought of the stout-heartedness of one who, alone, and armed only with such feeble weapons as the native Indian had, would bravely attack these monstrous animals? Verily, no braver race of men ever lived than the red Indian of this continent.

with water and poured * it on the ground. Then stately stood, and signed:—

"Child of the Gods that were as snow! Daughter of Power and Mystery! Queen of Spirit-Land, whose coming in the flesh before I died, and going with me to the grave, was told a hundred years ago when I was born! Ungava! I, Chief of ancient times, about to die, salute thee! For the same Voice that spoke thy fate, above me, sleeping in my father's tent, did say: 'This boy, a chief to be — the last and greatest of his line — shall die in battle with his foe upon the sands of wild Ungava, when from the White Gods shall be born a girl that bears its name.' So art thou known to me and so I know my foe still lives, and day and chance will come. Trapper, 'tis well thy knife stayed in its sheath, for now I know I shall not die like hog in hole, but like a warrior on the bloody field, with sound of battle in my ears, my foe beside me, and the dead in heaps around. So, like a chief shall I take trail that leads me into Spiritland."

Then, after a pause, the Trapper spake:—

"Ungava, such boastful words are vain, and vain this pantomime of worship. The light of heaven never will he see, nor foe, nor battle red. Here we are penned with death. Through veins that never shrank before, a chill creeps on, and all my frame is weakened of my power. If thou art able, lead me from this dreadful place filled with the smell of graves and dust of mouldered men, to where my eyes can see the sun once more and to my nostrils come the wind that bloweth strong and pure; and, whether thou be witch or woman, soul or flesh, a living sweetness or the mate of death, to me thou shalt be angel evermore."

So spake the Trapper with clear tones. To him Ungava listened as wanderer listens to sweet song sung by familiar voice through dewy air to him home-coming: — a song that tells of love and home and peaceful days that have been his, and shall be his again forever. Then to him said:—

"Fear not. Thou shalt see sun again. Upon thy face shall blow the wind that bloweth strong and pure. I am queen of under and upper world. The earth is hollow, and

* The Indians of the Labrador peninsula present to the student of their habits and customs the curious spectacle of being both Christian and pagan, and in an equal measure. They will receive absolution at the hands of the priest, and the next instant engage with equal sincerity in an act of superstitious worship.

its outer shell is cracked with passages like the ice. I know them all. They are blazed trails to me. At touch of mine they flame with light far brighter than the sun. I know the under ways, — a labyrinth of passages which are to others endless as those tangled circles where the wicked dead go wandering, vainly seeking end of doom and the warm light of upper world, whose loves and light they forfeited by evil deeds. Through these I will guide safely on to where my grandsire sits whose eyes have seen the coming and the going of three times fifty years; who knows the arts and mysteries of lost worlds and ages, and has power on dead and living. Nor fear the chill that bringeth death, nor that dread weakening which has shrivelled up the full-veined strength that in thy frame was born, that I have seen go forth in battle mightily, until I veiled my eyes in horror at the redness of thy path amid the bodies, even as my soul, admiring, leaped, glorying in thy power. Here in this vial, cut from crystal under pole, where, vibrant, quick with living sparks, glows that electric force which is of Him nor man nor spirit ever saw, who rules the universe He made, and is forever making by-laws that work forever, — the great I AM, — is vital liquid, which, were you dying and one drop was laid upon your tongue, you would rise up strong as a giant. Thus with my finger, moistened with this living essence, I wet thy bloodless lips, and thine, old withered Chief, and bid ye follow me. Twice twenty leagues we go through warm and cold, this way and that, through crust of earth cracked into fissures when the fire-breathing Dragon * of the North, whose tail was wider than the world, struck it head on, until we come to where my grandsire waits to show us, ere he dies, things that were and things that are to be. Come on! Come on! I am thy angel, Trapper! Follow thou the light that burns because I will it! Follow me, and fear not! I am Ungava!"

(*To be continued.*)

* The breadth of the tail of the great comet of 1811, at its widest part, was nearly *fourteen millions of miles*; the length of it *one hundred and sixteen millions of miles*. The earth, remember, is only seven thousand nine hundred and forty-five miles wide. If the tail of such a comet as that of 1811 should sweep over our globe, it would not be large enough to make a bullet-hole in it!

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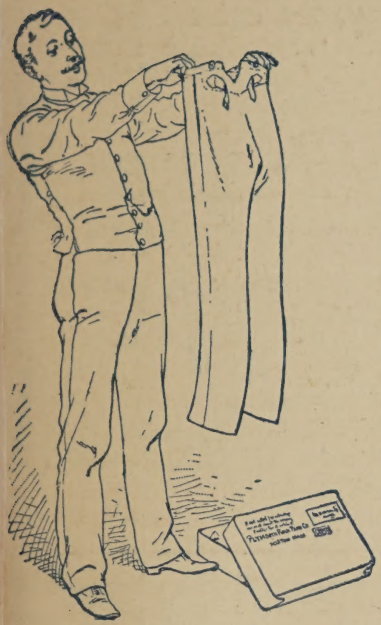

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They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them." —HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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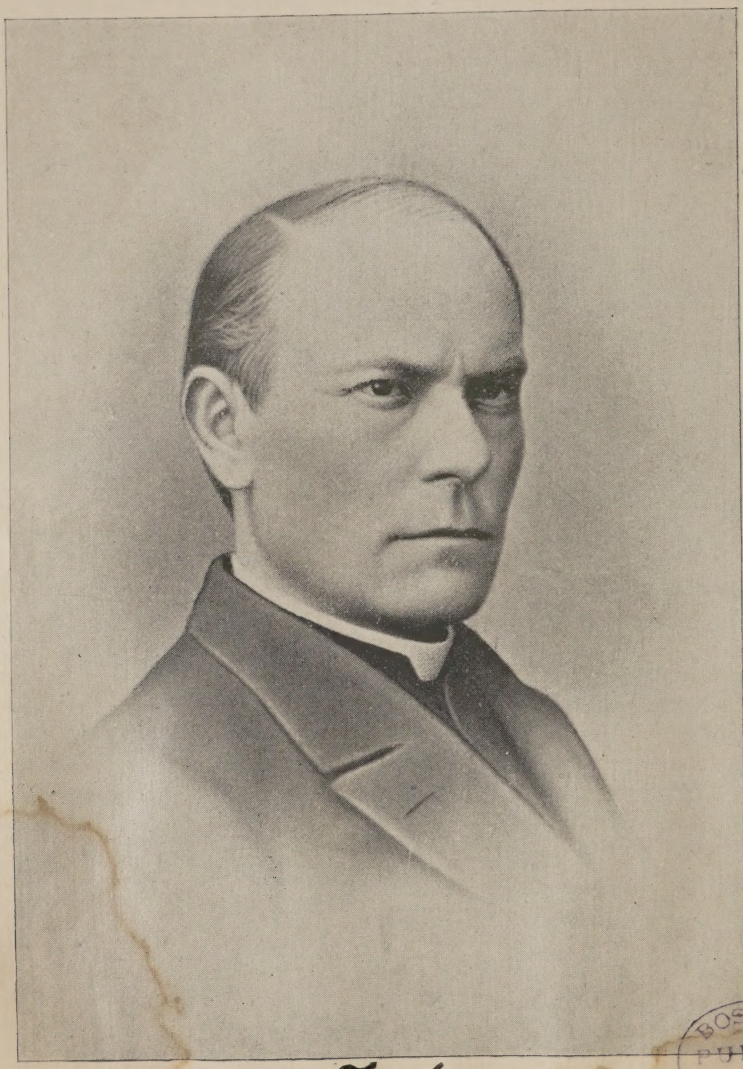

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THE ARENA.

No. V.

APRIL, 1890.

RELIGION, MORALS, AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Our Public School System is between two fires. On the one hand — shall I not say it plainly? — are its fool-friends; on the other, its no-fool enemies. I mean nothing personal by these epithets; I only wish strongly to set forth the situation. For friends are sometimes the worst enemies. A well-meaning stupidity may do more harm than an outright attack. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," said Talleyrand, modifying and intensifying the words of Fouché.

If the friends of our common schools would only recognize their true function and their limitations and then put them on a basis of simple justice, they would be impregnable to any assault. But injustice is always weakness; and the injustice of certain arrangements, not essential to the system, makes the system itself seem open to righteous attack. But the system is not open to such attack. If it appears to be, and if its enemies take advantage of such an appearance, it will be the fault of no one but its short-sighted friends.

When an institution is manifestly of great public utility; when it has been inherited from a venerated ancestry; when habit has made us at home with all its peculiarities, — under such circumstances it is not easy to do justice to objections brought against it by those of alien birth and religion. It is always difficult to "put yourself in his place." How much

more so, when you feel sure, at the outset, that the objector is not only a foreigner, but that he holds "corrupt" and "dangerous" ideas in religion. It is so easy then to say, "Let him stay at home if he doesn't like us," or, "If he chooses to come, let him take things as he finds them."

But all this feeling and this kind of talk are wide of the mark. The situation of things is so serious that a lack of comprehension, and so of justice, becomes a source of peril. At the outset, then, we need to comprehend the situation. In a republic, a conflict of opinions means a possible change of laws, a possible reconstruction of institutions. We need to know then what it is that has precipitated this conflict of opinions. This may teach us how a peaceful settlement may be attained. A little careful study will show us that nobody is to blame for it. It is only another of those inevitable conflicts that spring out of the growth of civilization. In a free country, open to all the world, where any man may vote, where all religions are represented, no question is to be regarded as settled until it is established on the basis of equal right and an all-round justice.

In the first place, then, let us understand the situation. Let us see how naturally it has come to pass that the matter is now up for reconsideration and fresh settlement.

The founders of New England were substantially homogeneous — of one blood, inheritors of one social and political tradition, and one also in their religious ideas. We must judge people from the point of view of their time, and not demand of them to be too far in advance of their age. So we need not be surprised to find that they had not yet outgrown the union of Church and State. No one had then outgrown it. They are not, therefore, to be judged as false to any higher standard, for then there was no higher standard.

That we may mentally place them, we need to note the three great steps of human progress as touching this matter. They had reached only the second stage. It is reserved for the present time to not only advance to, but to establish itself firmly at the third.

At first all governments were tribal. Each tribe or people regarded all its members as descendants of one common ancestor. It worshipped its own gods. No alien could share either its political or its religious life except through the

process of adoption. A man was neither a citizen nor a worshipper merely because he lived in the same territory. There must be kinship, either real or fictitious. They could conquer and hold in subjection other tribes, but they had no political or religious rights. All the ages during which this condition of things lasted, religion was one of the functions of the State. No matter whether the officials believed or not, they took part in the ceremonials as naturally as they performed any political duty. Indeed, then the religious ceremonials were political duties.

Under Cleisthenes, at Athens (about 509 B. C.), a great change took place. The process of adopting aliens had gone so far that the fiction of tribal kinship broke down. Henceforth the State limits ceased to be tribal and became territorial. But the old fiction of tribal worship still remained under the form of an official or State religion. And from that day to this, with only one or two notable exceptions, the pretension of the State to establish and regulate the religion of its subjects has been conceded.

But civilization is beginning to take the third and last great step, of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." Not until this is completely accomplished will the conscience of man be free. This country is the first one, in all the ages, to take this great step forward and to limit its own jurisdiction to those matters that concern this present world. All others, however small in earthly territory, have pretended to include within their boundaries the shadowy and limitless beyond. The founders of this republic distinctly refused to establish or endow any religion. And what it refused to establish it now has no right to meddle with, except to the extent of seeing that all have equal rights. This condition of things was plainly recognized in the time of Washington.

In a treaty with Tripoli (Nov. 4, 1796), it is said, "As the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion," etc., etc. This document was drawn up by an ex-congregational minister, and ratified by a Senate containing many church communicants. It was signed by Washington himself. This explicitly indicates the point of view of the fathers.

But the founders of Colonial New England had not yet reached this higher plane of civilization. It had not yet

occurred to them that religion was not as much a part of their official business as the laying out of a public road.

When, therefore, they established the common school, any question as to religious teaching would never come up. They simply followed the lines to which they were accustomed in the old home. And, so long as nobody objected, they were not trespassing on anybody's rights. Now and then there might be a village "infidel," but, if so, he was not popularly regarded as having any rights to be trespassed on. Instead then of finding fault with the fathers for this condition of things, let us rather praise them for being so far ahead of their age as to establish a public school at all, and for declaring the principle of freedom of conscience, even if they did not always live up to it. It is easy to poke fun at them as coming here to "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and to compel everybody else to do the same." But what they did contained the seed of a larger and fairer growth than then they could comprehend.

But what next did they do? They invited all the world to come and share their grand heritage on equal terms. They did not invite only those who were willing to join the Congregational church, or to be governed by it. They did not invite only those who were willing to avow themselves Christians, or to be governed by Christians. They set up no conditions of race, or color, or creed. They declared their purpose to make this land "a home for the oppressed of all mankind." They invited all to an equal share in the rights, the privileges, and the duties of a human republic.

This invitation was accepted. By whom? By Quakers, by Baptists, by Episcopalians, by Roman Catholics, by Jews, by Hindus, by Buddhists, by Disciples of Confucius, by Mohammedans, by people from all over the earth. But the Orthodox Congregationalists had inheritance and tradition on their side, and besides, for a long time, they were in the majority. So the schools went on as they had done. By means of bible-reading and prayers — the whole modified, of course, by the characteristics of the teacher — religion was more or less taught from the point of view of the Orthodox Congregationalist. The other orthodox Protestant bodies naturally raised no complaint, for the general teaching did not seriously conflict with their beliefs. The Jews were com-

paratively few; it was a part at least of their own Bible that was read, and besides, their faith in the eternal salvation of their children's souls was not at stake. The representatives of the great pagan nations were not numerous enough to make their voices heard. But the Roman Catholics increased in numbers until they became an important political factor in the nation. Then, too, there was a sharp line of separation between Protestant and Catholic that made of them two hostile religious camps. It is plain enough then as to why the conflict has come now, and in its present shape.

What then is the complaint of the earnest Catholic? In the first place it is this,— that his children in the public schools are subjected to the teaching of a religion which he not only does not believe, but that threatens their souls with eternal ruin. Now we must give the Catholic the credit of being sincere and in earnest. In that case, then, there is, from his point of view, no more intolerable tyranny on earth to-day than that which is manifested in the management of our public schools. The grievances which led to the rebellion of the Colonies against King George were insignificant in the comparison. Any mere question of earthly politics is as nothing. Were I a Catholic, and did I believe as any honest Catholic must, I would resist such oppression by every means in my power. And if I could not change the school policy of the country, I would pay taxes in its support only on compulsion and under constantly reiterated protest. The position of the Catholic here is impregnable. His cause is that of simple justice. And so long as the friends of the public school allow one just cause of complaint to remain, they are playing into the hands of its enemies. For the foundations of any institution are insecure so long as the cry of injustice is beating against its walls. Let all the real friends of free education labor, then, without rest until all fair cause of complaint is taken away. When that is done, and not till then, they can rally all right-minded people to its support. Then, and not till then, they can fearlessly face all its enemies. To this end the public schools should be made frankly and purely secular.

"But," say the friends of the present condition of things, "a purely secular school will not satisfy the Catholics. What they want is a division of the money and schools of their own." Grant that this may be true. But just now I am

not discussing the question as to what will "satisfy" anybody. I am talking about what is just and fair. A visible injustice is not made right because something else would not satisfy somebody. One thing at a time. The present condition of things is unjust. Remove that injustice first, then we shall be ready to consider the next step. When the manifest unfairness is removed, then *no just ground of complaint will remain.* So far the position will be unassailable. Whether a secular school is all the Catholic wants or not, *it is fair so far as it goes.* It works him no positive injury. A man may want a loaf of bread and a mince pie thrown in, but you are not treating him unjustly when you offer him the loaf. But if you cram down his throat what he believes to be poison, that is another matter. A secular school then does the Catholic no wrong. And when the wrong is taken out of a position, you can count on God and humanity as on your side in fighting for it.

The Catholic position is well known by every careful student of the subject. Briefly stated, it is this: for his children he wants a school where his religion can be taught. Any other school to him is "godless." Men like Bishop McQuaid tell us that the church and the home are not enough; they want all the seven days for the inculcation of religion. They tell us too, that in their judgment, there is no use in trying to teach morality in the schools apart from religion. Religion and morality, in their minds, are so inextricably intertwined that the latter cannot be taught alone.

We must address ourselves then to the question as to the right of the public to educate at all; and then as to what it has the right to teach; and, further still, as to whether morality can be taught apart from religion.

And, in the first place, we need to find out what right, if any, the State has to undertake the work of educating the children at all. If, for example, I have no children, why should the State take money out of my pocket to pay for the schooling of the children of my neighbor? By the same right, if right it be, why should I not be called on to pay for the clothes of those same children? Why not to furnish them with bicycles or skates, if the father does not happen to be able to buy them? Why not tax me to keep my neighbor's coal-bin well supplied? On ground similar to this,

Bishop McQuaid, in his article in the *Forum* for December, brings a strong charge against the whole system. He calls the principle underlying it "unadulterated communism;" and he adds: "It needs only two other provisions to be perfect — a nursery for babes, and a university for the State's pauperized pets."

Now, as a man's general theories necessarily shape and color his special opinions, I wish unequivocally to say that, as opposed to Socialism, I am a political Individualist. So far I am in accord with the bishop. But a political Individualist is not necessarily an Anarchist. He need not agree with Tolstöi and think that all governmental functions ought to be abolished. If government is to exist at all, it must certainly be allowed some functions. If you concede a man the right to live at all, that right must carry along with it at least such vital functions as breathing, the beating of the heart, and the circulation of the blood, those things on which the very fact of life depends. If, therefore, there is to be any State, — waiving one side all other questions now, — it must at least be permitted the exercise of such functions as are necessary to its very existence.

I do not propose to raise the question as to what or how many these are. I wish only to know as to whether the power to enforce popular education is one of them. And it is plain, I think, that this will depend on the nature and constitution of the State. Louis XIV. could exclaim, "*L'etat, c'est moi!*" *The State — it is I!* In that case, only Louis XIV. need be educated. If he holds the power to control and shape the destinies of the State; and if he knows how and wishes to do it rightly, then all may be safe, whether the people be educated or not. But in our republic, each individual voter is a Louis XIV. His education and virtue, or his ignorance and vice, — these mean the life or the death of the State. If, then, our State is to exist, our sovereign, — *i. e.*, every voter — must be as intelligent and virtuous as possible. Since the very life and welfare of the State depend on this, it is surely plain that public education is one of the functions that go along with the right of the State to exist at all. To tell the State that it may live, but must not exercise those functions on which life depends, this is surely absurd. This may be conceded, and the question of "communism" not be raised at all.

But I am enough of an Individualist to be willing to concede that this is the only ground on which public schools can be successfully defended. It is the lack of clearly seeing and holding by this that is one of the main weaknesses of the friends of a common school system.

And it is in the light of this principle that the next question is to find its answer, — what has the State a right to teach? Before proceeding to answer this positively, there is one limitation that cannot be made too clear nor insisted on too strongly. The State has no right to teach religion in any form.

Lord Bacon was no atheist; neither did he ever appear as its defender. No man ever looked with clearer eyes over the wide field of the rise, the growth, the decay of States. His opinion, then, as to the comparative results of religious meddling with the State is worthy of memory and regard. Says he: "Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore, atheism did never perturb States; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further, and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the times of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times; but superstition hath been the confusion of many States. . . . In all superstition, wise men follow fools." (Essay XVII. Of Superstition.)

No careful and unbiassed student of history can fail to see that the religious control of States has always been a curse, both to the State and the religion as well. And it is perfectly plain, in the nature of things, that it must be. Why? For the very good reason that the great aim and end of the two are diverse, and often contradictory. It is as if the driver of a coach full of people should drive hard and fast for the point which he wishes to reach, while the passengers inside desire to go somewhere else. The State exists for one thing, religion exists for another. It is no question as to which is the more important; it is only that their aims and methods ought not to be the same.

In finding out what these diverse aims are, we shall find out why the State has no right to teach religion of any kind in its schools. Religion concerns the relation in which the soul

stands to God; and the one great historic aim of the Christian Church has always been to secure the salvation of the soul in the future life. Now to one who believes, as I do, in a future life, the eternal welfare of the soul must always outweigh in importance all other considerations whatsoever. Bishop McQuaid and myself would have no quarrel over this point. But this is not the point that is up for discussion. It is rather this,— whose business is it to see to the future welfare of the soul? The individual's, most surely. No man has any right to impose so important a task on any other, even were it not absurd to suppose that anybody else could attend to it. And the absurdest of all possible claims would be that which should make soul-saving a function of the State. This is "unadulterated communism" with a vengeance. If the Bishop ridicules the idea of the State's furnishing the child "cradles, baby-wagons, and attendants," who will gravely discuss the trusting the matter of soul-saving to Congress?

Whatever narrow limits to State action any man not a communist would set up, it does look as though all reasonable men might agree in limiting the jurisdiction of the State at least *to this planet*. It must always be to me, personally, a most interesting and most important question as to what my condition is to be in the next world; but it is simply *none of the State's business*. If I choose to make some region lower than heaven my abode after I leave this earth, it is certainly none of the business of the Governor of this Commonwealth, acting in his official capacity. Neither is it the business of any other State or city official, nor of all of them put together. Even if it were, could the police "arrest" my soul and set its feet in the narrow way? This whole matter is simply absurd. The Governor or any other State officer, as a private person, may do whatever he pleases in his personal and private capacity, to influence my religious convictions or actions. But the use of official power can only make me a coward, a hypocrite or a martyr. And in either case, the "help" is not very apparent. No, let the State keep its hands off the whole matter of religion. Any other attitude, were it not persecution and injustice, is at least an impertinence. The State has a right to see to it that all religions are granted equal rights; beyond that it has no rights in the premises.

With a man's thoughts, his opinions on any subject, the State can have no possible concern. It has a right to see to it that my actions as a citizen, and as pertaining to this world,— the only world over which the State has any jurisdiction,— shall not interfere with the equal rights of other citizens. Here, so far as conduct is concerned, the State's function ends.

That matter, then, disposed of, we are now ready to consider the positive question — as to what the State has a right to teach in the public schools. In this matter of education, the one great concern of the Republican State is that each citizen shall be self-supporting, not a public burden; shall be sufficiently taught to be able to vote intelligently, not endanger the State by ignorance; shall be trained to a knowledge of the fundamental principles of right and wrong, so that if he violates his special duties, he shall not be able to plead that he knew no better. Beyond this no political Individualist can consistently go. It is not essential to the State that the school should do the work of the nursery. It is not the business of the State to fit a boy for a profession, which is only his private way of earning money. That my neighbor's boy should read Latin is no more a concern of mine, than that he should ride a bicycle. And my neighbor has no more right to take my money to teach him the one than he has to train him for the other.

I would, therefore, have the public schools, which are supported by public money, rigidly confined to the teaching of those things which concern the stability and prosperity of the State.

If there is to be a public school at all, the first two points to be aimed at — fitness for self-support and for casting an intelligent ballot — will doubtless command general consent. The one point that will be disputed is that which proposes the teaching of the fundamental principles of morals. Most extreme religionists have been accustomed to claim that the inculcation of their special dogmas was absolutely essential. This has been the strength of all priesthoods in all ages, and it will not be readily surrendered. It is a matter of prestige and power. Cupidity and ambition are bound up with it. Nor is this claim confined to Christianity. The old Hindu priests were accustomed to frighten their ignorant followers by telling them that if they did not perform all the rites of

their religion regularly, the very pillars which were supposed to hold up the earth would give way. The one sin of Jesus that the Jewish priesthood could not forgive was his "speaking against the Temple." It was not that he had done any wrong as a man. To a priesthood the worst possible crime always must be anything which threatens its stability and power.

That the Catholic priesthood, then, should claim that morals cannot be taught apart from their dogmas and their authority, is only a matter of course. I wish it were as much a matter of course that nobody else should be deluded into such a belief by their specious pleas. It is very fortunate for me, in the conduct of this argument, that there has just come to hand the January *Forum*, containing an article on "The Ethics of Marriage," by W. S. Lilly, Esq. He is an Englishman, one of the most brilliant essayists of this age, and — what is more important for me — a devoted Catholic. In this article he not only gives his own opinion as to the nature and foundations of ethics, but he quotes, to the same end, a great Catholic authority, Suarez. No intelligent American Catholic will lightly set himself in opposition to either of these great names. And both of these grant me all I should ever wish to claim in my contention, that the great principles of human conduct, of ethics, are separable from and independent of both the institutions and the dogmas of any religion. And, if so, of course they can be taught and enforced by the State in its purely secular capacity.

Let us note then, and note carefully, what Mr. Lilly says: "The ethics of Christianity are not, as Mr. John Morley somewhere calls them, 'a mere appendage to a set of theological mysteries.' They are independent of those mysteries, and would subsist to all eternity though Christianity and all other religions were swept into oblivion. The moral law is ascertained, not from the announcements of prophets, apostles, evangelists, but from a natural and permanent revelation of the reason. 'Natural reason,' says Suarez, in his great treatise, *De Legibus*, 'indicates what is in itself good or bad for men'; or, as elsewhere in the same work, he expresses it: 'Natural reason indicates what is good or bad for a rational creature.' The great fundamental truths of ethics are *necessary*, [the italics are Mr. Lilly's] like the great fundamental truths of mathematics. They do not proceed

from the arbitrary will of God. They are unchangeable, even by the fiat of the omnipotent. The moral precepts of Christianity do not derive their validity from the Christian religion. They are not a corollary from its theological creed. It is mere matter of fact, patent to everyone who will look into his Bible, that Jesus Christ and his apostles left no code of ethics. The Gospels and Epistles do not yield even the elements of such a code. Certain it is that when, in the expanding Christian society, the need arose for an ethical synthesis, recourse was had to the inexhaustible fountains of wisdom opened by the Hellenic mind; to those

> 'Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools,
> Of academics, old and new; with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.'

The clearness, the precision of pyschological analysis, which distinguish the ethics of the Catholic schools, are due more to Aristotle and Plato, than to Hebrew prophets or Christian apostles."

So far, Mr. Lilly. Amen say I with all my heart. It is what I have long held and taught. The only surprising thing is that, in discussing this great question against Catholic contention, I should be able, to this end, to quote a great Catholic writer, backed up by a famous Jesuit philosopher, acknowledged to be an authority on Catholic teaching.

If neither Christ nor his apostles, the Gospels nor the Epistles, are essential to the knowledge or the teaching of the great fundamental principles of morals, then surely the Catholic Church will hardly claim that their perpetuity is dependent on being associated with either her ceremonies or her dogmas. If the sweeping of *all* religions into oblivion would disturb no single moral principle, then surely the priest is not absolutely essential to their teaching in the schools.

And when the common Catholic or evangelical argument is freed from its own logical confusion, all that really remains is, that the *philosophy* and the *sanctions* of ethics are peculiar to special churches, and more or less dependent on church authority and dogma. The Catholic may rightly claim that he holds certain special theories *about* ethics that he wishes to have taught to his children; and may further

claim that his theory of reward and punishment is necessary as the means of making people obey moral laws.

But whether we agree with him or not, it is apparent that this is not the point up for discussion. The fundamental principles of ethics can be as easily formulated and put into a text-book as can the fundamental principles of mathematics. Then it is the State's own business to establish and enforce its own system of penalties, to the end that public order may be secured and the safety of the State maintained. The work of the State here is no other, and no more difficult, than it is in regard to a breach of its revenue laws.

The world has found out, by experiment, that certain things are wholesome to eat, and these are called foods. In precisely the same way, it has found out that certain other things are deadly, and these are called poisons. So, by experiment, it has learned that certain courses of conduct are essential to the health and the well-being of society, and these are called good. It has learned also that certain other courses of conduct are injurious to society, and are called evil. There is not nearly so much dispute over these things as there is by the doctors themselves even, over what people shall eat and drink and wear. Surely, then, it is absurd to say that these things cannot be taught except as they are mixed up with a whole host of other things, that even the great Catholic authorities themselves assure us had nothing whatever to do with their origin, and whose integrity would not be touched though all the churches and religions together were swept into oblivion.

It is plain enough that the Catholics wish to keep the training of the children in their own hands, not for the sake of making them moral, but for the sake of making them Catholics. I find no fault with their desire to keep Catholic-born children in the Catholic Church. They have a perfect right to do so, if they can. But it is not the business of the State to make Catholics any more than it is to make Unitarians. Let us keep the State, then, to its own affairs, and let the Catholics keep to theirs. The Catholic Church is large enough and it ought to be manly enough to ask only for "a free field and no favor." That it will have so soon as the public schools are purely secular. That all the rest of us have. For any of us to ask more is for us to wish to be tyrants over our brethren. If, in a free

field, the churches cannot keep their own children, then it is their fault, and they themselves should look to it. State officials cannot be allowed to become seekers after ecclesiastical estrays.

One point more demands brief attention. The Catholic, though he might not object to such a school as I have described, on any other ground, still says it is not enough, for it is "godless." Now let us see precisely what and how much this charge means. From my point of view such a school is not at all "godless." If God has left His own world and is shut up exclusively in the creeds and formulas of the Catholic Church, then the charge is true. But if God is really "in and through all things," as Paul declared, then all study is dealing with God face to face. I believe God is present and active in street-dust and star; in all the wonders of His world and the laws in accord with which flowers unfold as well as solar systems grow; in all the development of humanity; in social, in political, in industrial changes as well as in the moral and religious revelations of Himself to man. So I would rather say that no honest study is, or can be, "godless."

But even were this not so, it would still be true, as has already been argued at length, that it is not the business of the State to make its schools square with the religious demands of any church. The State is secular purely, and its aims and methods cannot rightly be other than secular. It is the business of religious organizations to deal with religious matters. All they can ask of the State is that it shall treat all with equal fairness and leave them all free to pursue their legitimate ends in their own way.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION — A REPLY TO COL. INGERSOLL.

BISHOP J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

THE founders of the Colonies from which the United States have sprung were deeply religious. Their faith was the chief motive which impelled them towards the New World, as religious zeal had led Columbus to his discovery. When the War of Independence broke out, the descendants of the original settlers were still believers in God and Christ, as their fathers had been. To represent them as sceptical and irreligious is a perversion of the truth of history. And this is what Col. Ingersoll has done in the article to which I have been asked to write a reply. In declaring that "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," they certainly did not believe they were "guilty of an act of pure blasphemy — a renunciation of the Deity." They were not declaimers and had no thought of making "a declaration of the independence of the earth," which would have been false and foolish both from a scientific and a rhetorical point of view. In making this simple declaration, our fathers did not dream that they thereby "politically tore down every altar, and denied the authority of every sacred book, and appealed from the providence of God to the providence of man." They were not critics, but creators; not destroyers, but builders; and for them the providence of man was but a phase of the providence of God. Their world view did not permit them to think that man makes the sun shine, the rain fall, the wind blow; gives to earth its double motion, and drives the innumerable stars like a flock of birds through the limitless expanse of the heavens. They were aware that there was nothing new or startling in the declaration of rights. How could a revelation of high import leap forth from a convention or congress? They who argue and debate lose sight of the

benign face of Truth, visible to some quiet thinker in the pleasant solitude of delightful study. From the time of Aristotle, philosophers and theologians had taught that man is by nature a social and political animal, and consequently that he has natural social and political rights. St. Thomas, more than six hundred years ago, held that dominion or supremacy is introduced by virtue of human law, and Cardinal Bellarmin, who lived in the sixteenth century, has taken great pains to show that power resides as in its subject in the whole people, and that they transfer this power to one person or more by natural right. Here we have the principle that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. In affirming this truth our fathers could have had no thought of denying God, since they held that from Him man derives his nature and therefore his natural rights. For them, as for the American people to-day, all that we are and all that we can hope to be, comes from the infinite Being in whom we live and move and have our being. And this was the faith of the framers of the Constitution. They were wise and practical men who were brought face to face with what seemed to be almost insuperable difficulties. The Union under the Articles of Confederation was hardly more than nominal. Disruption and bankruptcy threatened the government. Antagonisms of various kinds prevented the States from coalescing into an organic whole. The question of slavery divided the North and the South; the smaller States were jealous of the larger States; religious differences and prejudices gave to different parts of the country a distinctive character, and the introduction of the question of religion would not only have brought discord into the convention but would have also engendered strife throughout the land.

There were not only grave misgivings concerning the ability of the delegates to agree among themselves, but there were even stronger doubts, whether, should they succeed in drawing up a constitution, it would be ratified by a sufficient number of States to make it binding. If their work failed, they clearly perceived that war, involving ruin and the loss of liberty, would be the result. In the presence of such danger, like wise men and patriots, they as far as possible avoided irritating subjects, and set themselves to work "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the

general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." It was prudence, then, and not scepticism, which induced them to leave the question of religion to the several States, and which led to the first constitutional amendment, taking from Congress the power to make laws "respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This amendment was made not for the destruction but for the protection of religion, by men who believed that religion, which alone gives to the moral character the glow of enthusiasm and the strength of abiding convictions, is the surest safeguard of free and healthful public life. Had our fathers been sceptics or anti-theists, they would not have required the president and vice-president, the senators and representatives in Congress, and all executive and judicial officers of the United States, to call God to witness that they intend to perform their duties under the Constitution, like honest men and loyal citizens. The causes which would have made it unwise to introduce any phase of religious controversy into the Constitutional Convention, have long since ceased to exist. We have become a united people; the States have coalesced into the nation; our political and religious differences are of a pacific and emulative nature. If there are still reasons why express recognition of God's sovereignty and providence should not form part of the organic law of the land, they are certainly not those by which the minds of the authors of the Constitution were swayed in omitting to do this. Col. Ingersoll, however, raises objections to the recognition of God in the Constitution which he deems insuperable, and I proceed to examine them. "Intelligent people," he says, "know that no one knows whether there is a God or not." This is a radical assertion. To know that no one knows whether or not God is, one should have a thorough, comprehensive, and critical knowledge of the development and history of philosophic thought from Socrates to Kant and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and I venture to think there are not a dozen intelligent Americans who are willing to claim that they possess such knowledge. Nearly all intelligent men, in every age, including our own, have believed in God, and have held that they had rational grounds for such faith. What new information, what deep insight, what access of mental strength have the intelligent people of Col. Ingersoll gained, that they know

that no man knows whether God is? Has any argument for God's existence, however it may have been modified, been invalidated or weakened even by the revelations of science? Kant's criticism of reason has doubtless affected theistic, as it has influenced all modern thought. He has shown that all our knowledge is a synthesis of contingent impressions and necessary conditions; and he and the agnostics maintain that we know only the conditioned; but they are bound to assume that we know also the conditions of thought, and these conditions are unconditioned, since they are necessary. We cannot know the relative without knowing the absolute, nor the phenomenal without knowing the noumenal. Modern agnostics, following the lead of Kant, deny the objective validity of the conditions of thought; but consciousness witnesses that the subjectivity of any true category is inconceivable. The proofs of God's existence which Kant's criticism apparently weakened, have during the last twenty-five years steadily gained in the estimation of the best and most impartial thinkers. Stuart Mill, who had been brought up an atheist, recognizes their force in the Essays published after his death. The cosmological, the teleological and the ontological arguments in favor of theism, though the manner in which they are urged has changed to conform with our widening knowledge, have lost none of their power to convince.

No believer, it is needless to say, claims that we have an adequate knowledge of God, for this would be a denial of the necessity of faith. He alone can grasp His own infinite perfection, and we look to Him as to the sun with eyes blinded by the too great light. But is not all knowledge partial ignorance? So long as we walk contented through the world of fact and appearance our path is smooth and our progress secure; but when we attempt to look beneath and ask ourselves what anything is apart from its sensible presentation, we sink into boundless regions, where intellectual sight grows dim. The mind is superior to whatever it comprehends, and hence the infinite Adorable must forever clothe Himself in mystery. But our knowledge of the truth of science is not more certain or more clear than our knowledge of God's being. We know that matter is, but what it is we can only conjecture. It can be known by us only in terms of mind, and hence our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and

more immediate than our knowledge of corporeal substance. Unless we are willing to accept the crude realism of the uneducated, we cannot hold that matter is an object of experience. God is the idea of ideas, the ultimate in thinking, without whom all thought is chaotic. Knowledge begins and ends in belief. We trust the testimony of the senses, and the facts they reveal to us are received on faith. We can know the minds of our fellowmen only by inference, and in the same way we know God. We do not claim that knowledge without faith is sufficient, or that we are able to explain all the intellectual difficulties by which our belief in God is beset. From the very fact that the idea of God is comprehensive of all ultimate ideas it is more open to assault than any other. But the inference from difficulty to doubt is illogical — they are incommensurate terms. There are causes of belief which are not reasons. Our faith in the freedom of the will is irresistible and fatal, and yet there is no logical proof that we are free. It is difficult to answer the arguments of the idealist, but our confidence in the objective reality of the external world remains unshaken. The determinist has weighty considerations to show that freedom is impossible, but all the same we remain conscious of our freedom; the atheist and agnostic advance with confidence to prove there is no God, or that man cannot know there is, but the human soul, in the midst of a transitory and shadowy world cleaves to the Eternal, the source of life, and love, and hope. Americans believe in God, believe they know He is, and to assure them, as Col. Ingersoll does, that such faith is evidence of lack of intelligence, will, I imagine, leave the fact unchanged.

But, if we are, as a nation, to recognize there is a God, what God, asks Col. Ingersoll, shall we choose: the God of the Catholics, of the Presbyterians, of the Methodists, or the Baptists? This objection is childish, and it is enough to answer, that whatever doctrinal differences on other points may exist among them, Christians and Jews acknowledge one and the same God, as Republicans and Democrats have the same country, as men of science have for the object of their investigations one and the same nature, however various and contradictory even their views and conclusions may be.

"The government of God," Col. Ingersoll urges, "has been tried," and he thinks, has been found wanting. It was tried

in Palestine; in Europe, during the Middle Ages; in Geneva, under Calvin; in Scotland, under the Presbyterians; in New England, under the Puritans; and as Col. Ingersoll holds, the result, in every case, was failure, cruelty, and misery. But we are indebted to the government of God in Palestine for our moral earnestness and strength, our passion for justice and righteousness. The influence which radiated from Jerusalem has stimulated and invigorated every people which during the last nineteen hundred years have risen to a higher, purer, and more intelligent life. The Middle Age sprang from the chaos, which resulted from the ruin of pagan civilization and the incursions of the barbarians. It brought order out of chaos, saved Europe from Mahometanism, created parliaments, instituted trial by jury, invented the printing-press and gun-powder, built the social structure upon the monogamic family, preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, produced the manifold and sturdy kind of life, which made Shakespeare possible, and which he has made immortal, wrested the charter of popular rights from a tyrant's hands, and when it was about to fade away before the coming age, as the moon grows pale when the sun

> "Tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore,
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,"

it sent Columbus to open another world to human energy. The Puritans of New England have impressed their character upon this whole country. To them we owe much of what is best in our life. They had the faults which spring from intellectual narrowness and religious prejudice, but when I consider their qualities I know not where to find such men to-day.

The government of God has, indeed, been tried; but has the government of atheism or agnosticism been tried? If there has ever been a government of atheists it has existed only among the lowest savages; and as a system of thought, atheism gains acceptance only in epochs of decadence. It is a creed of despair. A universe of ever-beginning evolutions, which forever end in dissolutions, to begin and end again, without end, is a universe which makes pessimism the only possible creed. And as for the government of agnostics, who are simply hopeless sceptics, it will be sufficient to quote Goethe's words: "All epochs of faith," he says, "are epochs of

glory, which uplift souls, and bear fruit for the present and the future. On the contrary, the epochs in which a sad scepticism prevails, throw, at the best, but a passing gleam, whose light does not reach the eyes of posterity, because no one wishes to devote himself to the study of sterile things."

But Col. Ingersoll's thesis that the recognition of God in the Constitution must have, as its necessary result, a theocracy, is untenable. It is, indeed, manifestly absurd, and flies in the face of facts known by all who know anything. Is the government of Massachusetts theocratic? In the Constitution of that State, there is more than the recognition of God's being. "It is the right, [I quote from the Constitution,] as well as the duty of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe." "If God is allowed in the Constitution," says Col. Ingersoll, "man must abdicate. There is no room for both. If the people of the great Republic become ignorant enough and superstitious enough to put God in the Constitution, the experiment of free government will have failed. . . . With religion government has nothing whatever to do. . . . If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven? . . . There can be no such thing as a Christian corporation. Several Christians may form a corporation, but it can hardly be said that the corporation thus formed was included in the atonement. For instance, several Christians form a corporation — that is to say there are seven natural persons, and one artificial — can it be said that there are eight souls to be saved?" This kind of writing, which runs through the whole essay, is boyish trifling, or worse. It is the kind of American style which the cultivated thinkers of the world call flippant and vulgar. To affirm there can be no room for God and man in the Constitution or anywhere, if it have any meaning at all, is bald atheism. If to recognize God in the Constitution would prove the American people to be ignorant and superstitious, to believe in God at all is evidence of ignorance and superstition, and since Americans, as a matter of fact, with few exceptions, do believe in Him, Col. Ingersoll must hold that they are ignorant and superstitious. To affirm there can be no such thing as a Christian nation is to be sophistical. Nation is an abstraction, and an abstraction cannot be Chris-

tian, but neither can it be free, and therefore there can be no such thing as a free nation. "The church has been," says Col. Ingersoll, "in all ages and among all peoples, the consistent enemy of the human race." This is loud and clamorous talk, but empty and hollow as the rumbling of winds amid waste mountains, where no human voice has ever uttered words of sober sense. "Everywhere and at all times it has opposed the liberty of thought and expression." On the contrary the church has been and is the most strenuous advocate of the freedom of the will, without which there can be no free thought, and only at times and within certain spheres has it sought to prevent the expression of honest thought. In our own country to-day there are thoughts which a man would be punished for publishing, and the latitude of opinion and utterance which in this age may be beneficial, might in altogether different social conditions be ruinous. Discussions which are helpful to mature and enlightened men, would often be harmful to ignorant youths whose animal passions are ever ready to bribe what faculty of thinking they may have. The barbarian is a youth, as the savage is a child, and the church which has had to deal with mankind in every phase of their development has not always been able to choose an ideal policy. "It has," says Col. Ingersoll, "been the sworn enemy of investigation and intellectual development." The Church preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, and by the genius which forever burns there, the modern mind has been set aglow, and the classics are still the best school of the most perfect intellectual culture. The authors of scientific investigation are Descartes and Bacon. Both were Christians; Descartes, a Catholic, educated by the Jesuits, and all his life the intimate friend of priests; Bacon, a Protestant, who in his essay on atheism, says: "I had rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. . . . It is true that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." Not only the originators of modern science, but nearly all the great investigators of physical truth — Copernicus, Kessler, Newton, Liebnitz, Ampere, Liebig, Fresnel, Faraday, Mayer, Agassiz, Van Beneden, Pasteur, — were or are religious men, Catholic and Protestant.

Col. Ingersoll continues his indictment: "It has denied the existence of facts, the tendency of which was to undermine its power." The existence of what facts, shown to be facts, has the Church denied? Only fools deny the existence of well-authenticated facts; and whatever opinion of the men who have given direction to religious thought in its relations to scientific theories one may hold, there are few who will imagine they were idiotic.

"It has always been carrying fagots to the feet of philosophy." The church bore no fagots to the feet of Plato and Aristotle, who, after Socrates, are the fathers of philosophic thought, but it preserved their writings, and its saints from Augustine to Thomas of Aquin, have been their most illustrious disciples. Col. Ingersoll continues: "It has erected the gallows for genius." Nay, it erected no gallows for Dante and Petrarch; for Lopez de Vega and Calderon; for Corneille and Racine; for Michael Angelo and Raphael; for Bossuet and Fenelon; for Shakespeare and Cervantes; for Mozart and Beethoven; for Palestrina and Wagner; for Goethe and Browning.

With the genius of the critic, who would empty the universe of God and leave man to wallow in the slough of matter, and to be ground to atoms by the infinite fatal machine, the church, doubtless, has never had any sympathy. Col. Ingersoll's love of outrageous assertion is a will-o'-the-wisp which leads him into quagmires where there is no solid ground of fact or theory. A destructive critic necessarily stumbles, when his style jolts from epigram to epigram. Then Col. Ingersoll is too indignant. Indignation is a passion of which we soon weary, one which a good writer will rarely indulge, and his wrath at the ways of God and religious men, the sublime fury which the sight of a priest or a preacher arouses within him, have ceased to be interesting. Ministers of the Christian religion have doubtless, here and there, committed both crimes and blunders, but in the main, they have been good men working for the good of men. It is easy to find fault with those whose deeds have left an impress on the world's history, and believers in God and in Christ have been doers, while sceptics and infidels have for the most part been content to drift on the infinite ocean of talk and discussion. To insist upon the failures of religion and to ignore its successes is to be unfair. Montesquieu, whose

testimony on this subject cannot be suspected of partiality, declares that this is a poor way to argue against religion. "If I were to recount," he says, "all the evils which have been done by civil laws, by monarchy and by republican government, I should tell the most frightful things." Are the crimes and misdeeds, the murders and lynchings, the adulteries and prostitutions, the abortions and infanticides, the dishonesties and official venalities, the drunkenness and rowdyism, which are so common in our country, an argument against popular government? Tyrants think so, but those who love liberty, forget the evil in contemplating the good, wrought by free institutions; and so sophists may hold that the Inquisition and the burning of Servetus and Bruno are proofs of the harmfulness of religion, but the wise and the judicious know that accidental wrongs leave the infinite good of faith in a divine order of things untouched.

> If hope were the sole boon religion brings,
> Hope that the end of all is life and light,
> That dawn will break through universal night;
> Hope that the fount of being upward springs,
> Through graves and ruins and the wreck of things,
> Borne ever Godward with increasing might,
> Till all we yearn for lies within full sight,
> And the glad soul its song of triumph sings,—
>
> If naught but hope like this religion gave,
> Of all we know or dream of, it were best,
> Though all our life be swallowed in the grave
> Like a brief day that sinks in the dark west,
> Dying forever in the gloomy wave
> And of mere nothingness eternal guest.

The seventy or eighty thousand Christian ministers in the United States to-day, Protestant and Catholic, are free from all theocratic pretensions; they would repel, if it could be made, any offer of union of Church and State; they are lovers of liberty, civil and religious; they accept science as the natural revelation of God and the friend of man; they with their brethren are busy with every kind of work, which can comfort, console, strengthen, uplift, enlighten, and purify the children of men. That here and there some should fail is insignificant. The great army still moves forward bearing

the banner of faith towards God and towards immortal life. We are a Christian people — why should we be ashamed to confess our faith? What true American would not resent as an insult the imputation that ours is a godless nation? Both Houses of Congress open their proceedings each day with prayer, the President appoints each year a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and, when occasion requires, a day of fasting and humiliation. Christianity, in fact, though not legally established, is understood to be the national religion. No political party is hostile to it, or to any particular body of Christians. The churches are as popular as any of our other institutions. Though the Puritan Sabbath is gone, the observance of Sunday is general. The interest in theological questions, however controversial methods may have changed, is still keen, and if now the wave of agnosticism seems to be rising, it will break and subside, like many another wave of unbelief in the past. Nearly all the works of active beneficence, in which no country surpasses the United States, are carried on by religious men and women. Our moral standard is Christian and religious faith is the chief impulse to good. No people has ever become civilized without the guidance of religion; and if a race of men could be found who should think there is no God and that they are the highest beings in the universe, it is impossible to imagine that they should not sink to lower and lower planes of life. For such men the world could be but a machine, and the enthusiasm which springs from faith in divine ideals, would die within their hearts. Their whole of life would be but this: —

> Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,
> Cries, laughs, and yawns; then sleeps within the tomb.

Who would exchange the passionate soul of youth for knowledge? Who would barter the ecstacies of faith, hope, and love for the truths of science? Who would not prefer the longing for eternal life to a whole lubberland of sensual delights? Nay: is not the dream of heaven better than the things we see and touch? Hitherto, at all events, civilized society has rested on religion and free government has prospered only in religious nations; and if we are wise we shall not imagine that we are exempt from this law. A true statesman will look to other things than questions of finance and the machinery of government. He will seek to keep the inner

source of life strong and pure, and will know that nothing has such power to do this as true religion. What good reason, then, is there why we should not write God's holy name upon the title page of our organic law? The doing this would add to patriotic zeal something of the glow and fervor of religious faith. It would be a recognition of the fact that man's soul craves for infinitely more than any government can give; it would awaken in us a deeper consciousness of the providential mission, which, as a nation, we are called to fulfil; and it would infringe upon the rights of no human being.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED LAW IN PHYSICS.

BY STEPHEN M. ALLEN, A. M., LL. B., F. R. H. S.

MYSTICISM AND ERROR.

CYCLE upon cycle of recurring ages must have passed, after the creation of man upon the earth, before he could have had any real consciousness of the magnitude or governing laws of the Universe. The sun by day, and moon and stars by night, with all their varying phases of beauty and sublimity, must have filled his mind with wonder, as well as awe, and turned it with reverence to a higher power as the Creator and Author of his existence. The unwritten and pre-historic record of the conflict, of the human mind, in searching for the truth of what was daily seen and felt, must have been severe beyond description, and would, in some measure, apologize for the great mistakes made by Scientists, in their expressed opinions of creation, since history commenced the record which reaches down to our day.

From the simple astronomers of Chaldea, down to the present time, these differences of opinion have puzzled, and sometimes confounded, the common mind to a degree almost producing infidelity; and one of the most sublime and convincing principles of science, proving an all-wise, creative hand in the construction of the universe, was long buried in the dust of fanatic dogmatism.

Pythagoras and Aristarchus, 280 years before Christ, taught as we teach, that the earth and other planets revolve round the sun. They were probably prevented by the priesthood through the superstitions of the day, from so far verifying their opinions as to secure a general belief in their system. Ptolemy in the second century flatly contradicted them, and the truth was hidden for 1,500 years. Copernicus came to the rescue with the correct theory 350 years ago; but was bitterly denounced as visionary, impious, and

ungodly. The Copernican system became established, however, though some of its votaries did not escape burning at the stake.

It having been settled that our sun is the centre of the solar system, and that it controls all its planets within their orbits with an iron grasp, it becomes us to study well, as best we may, the laws which have created and now govern them, with such hypothetic explanations as shall not contradict each other, as old theories often do.

ACTIEN AND ETHER.

*"Actien" is supposed to be a surplus energy or fluid thrown off from central suns, towards their planets, having a direct and positive agency in the original creation of the universe. The new law presupposes two primary and creative principles in nature, "Actien" and "Ether," and assumes that our sun through its axial revolution, is constantly throwing off from its surface, through dark and cold etheric space, toward the earth, a surplus, imponderable, subtle energy or fluid, which, *neither heated nor luminous on leaving the sun*, passes through intervening space, and enters the atmosphere of the earth; in which, through combustion, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and the gases are produced, and that the earth does not receive its light as light, or heat as heat, from the sun. All obtainable evidence proves that the higher the ascent from the earth towards the sun, the darker and colder it is found to be. If cold increases at the ratio of one degree per every 300 feet of ascension, animal life would become extinct at less than eight miles from the surface of the earth. At seven miles, the highest known point reached by man, the sky is found to be so dark and sombre, and the rays of the sun so dim, that it resembles a copper-colored moon, when rising on an unclouded evening, through a deep blue sky.

Astronomers, by simple calculation, have attempted to show us how inconceivably cold it must be, only up 1,000 miles from the earth. The same form of reasoning would produce like changes in the color and darkness of the sky.

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*Pronounced Acteene, the parent or root of the Greek word Actin which means rays only.

MAGNITUDE OF THE STELLAR CREATION.

The starry heavens present a field to our vision of such beauty, grandeur, and immensity, that the human mind is lost in wonder at beholding them, and asks in vain, under old theories, for a consistent explanation of their physical structure.

It is constantly reiterated by astronomers that stars are composed of heated, luminous matter; consequently, uninhabitable. That the fixed stars, with our sun the nearest, are fire balls, or melting furnaces, ever ready to devour nebulæ, and everything else around them that is tangible, in order to supply light and heat for the cold and dark universe of space. This old theory cannot longer be rationally sustained, and must give place to the newly discovered law of Actien, *i. e.*, combustion.

More than six thousand stars meet the gaze of the naked eye in its survey of one night. Astronomers say that the fabulous number of 20,000,000 all aglow, can be seen with a powerful telescope. When we consider that the nearest of these is 200,000 times as far from us as the sun, and that it would take from three and a half to twenty-one years for the light which reaches us to cease, if they were extinguished, we cannot grasp and hold the vast conception in our minds. Yet it is supposed that each of these is a central sun with its own colony of planets circling round it, which in size are vastly superior to those of our own solar system, and are travelling through space with such speed that it is impossible for us to comprehend it. The star Sirius is said to be moving fifty-four miles a second, or 194,400 miles per hour; a flaming mass, leading its brood of planets through illimitable space.

The measure of Actienic force of light and heat from fixed stars, beyond our own sun, cannot be estimated. It is said their distance only prevents these superior orbs from falling down upon us with accelerated force. Herschel's observations prove that their brightness, or apparent magnitude, bears no definite relation to their distance.

The rays from stars so cross each other, as to impede their course toward us. The possible Actienic ray from them, reaching our atmosphere, may, through combustion alone, give us what we see and feel of their light and heat. That

any considerable amount of developed light or heat could be precipitated from them direct upon their planets through such a medium as must exist in space, is very improbable, if not absolutely impossible. Sechi estimates that the cold of space reaches 18,000,000 degrees. It is absurd to suppose heat could pass through such a medium.

THE SUN.

Philosophy and mathematics have not always been happily blended in the teaching of astronomy. The popular mind, often less skilled in figures than in mechanical principles and their relations to practical life, cannot always see in extended problems a full illustration of the subject it tries to compass. Of the real body of the sun, its chemistry and mechanical construction, but little can be exactly known, for the highest telescope can bring it no nearer than 180,000 miles from the standpoint of our vision. At such distance the objects are so vaguely defined that much of conclusion has to be arrived at through philosophical analogy. There is often mixed with the truth so much of speculation and marvellous exaggeration that the sublime is rendered ridiculous.

Astronomers now fix the distance of the earth from the sun about 91,000,000 of miles, its diameter being 852,584 miles, its volume 1,200,000 times greater than that of the earth. The matter of which the sun is composed is said to weigh only one-quarter as much, bulk for bulk, as that of the earth; therefore only 300,000 earths would be required in one scale of the balance to weigh down the sun in the other. In other words, the mass or weight of the sun is 300,000 times greater than that of the earth. Its attractive force, however, is 770 times greater than all the combined planets. "The brilliancy of the sun, compared with that of the other stars, is so great that it is difficult at first to look upon it as in any way related to those feeble twinklers." Its distance from us is less than 1-200,000 of that of the nearest star, Alpha Centauri. Removed as far as the latter is from us, our sun would be a star of the second magnitude; while removed to the mean distance of the first magnitude stars, it would be just visible to an unaided eye as a star of the sixth magnitude. Sirius is supposed to be equal in bulk to more than 3,000 suns. The photosphere or disc of the sun

seems to be a perfect luminous circle. It is supposed to have a defined atmosphere of 80,000 miles above the visible surface, with a possible one of much greater extent beyond. One of the greatest mysteries about the sun is its specific gravity, or density, compared to that of the earth. Its first inner planet, Mercury, is still more dense than the earth; yet it describes a very eccentric circle in its orbit round the sun, and is very sensitive to attractive influences.

Of what the sun is composed, the wisest philosophers have had conflicting opinions. Both the old and new theories agree that our sun is but a planet of another sun, around which it revolves through an immense orbit, which it is travelling at an inconceivable speed, set by astronomers at 240 miles per minute. The Actienic law also admits of an axial revolution of the sun, though possibly not in the same period of time. It would be very difficult to determine the time which would not essentially prove or disprove either the old or new theories. The old theories, however, make no adequate provision for light and heat as such, from the parent sun for our solar orb, neither for the necessary changes that would occur on its surface between the long nights and days inevitable from its slow axial revolution. The new law, beside providing for the Actienic force, from the principal, to our sun, which gives its own light and heat, also shows why we should not observe any difference on the face of its photosphere between the changes of its night and day. This could be accounted for by the fact that the principal light of the sun as we view it, is an imaginary one. The appearance of the face of the sun if seen outside of our atmosphere would appear so dull that even the change between its days and nights, though perceptible, would not be enough to be discerned through the glare created by the combustion of its rays in our atmosphere. The new law provides that the surplus Actienic force coming from the sun to us, may flow as freely from that part of the sun shaded by its night, as from its day phase. Possibly their difference may yet be discovered. The new law calls for but one atmosphere for the sun, but varying in density and tenuity from the inner to its outer limit, through which, however, the Actienic force from the sun's principal is admitted. This Actienic force is changed by combustion (the same as that of our atmosphere) into the necessary amount of light and heat rays, to supply

the body of the sun with all it needs of each to make it habitable, and in addition create a surplus of Actienic energy that, when thrown off, is precipitated in straight lines to our own planets, with no loss of force or heat thrown into the immeasurable space beyond. The assumption that the sun has little light as light, and heat as heat, to spare, and throws off its surplus energies in Actienic rays which carry neither light nor heat with them, establishes a reasonable hypothesis to illustrate the truth of the theory.

The sun spots are uncontradicted facts, as they are said by numerous scientists to exist. The cause and use of them has raised all kinds of speculation as to what they are. The old theories of all time have satisfied no one. Even those who have with so much labor worked up the belief of a molten heated surface for the uninhabitable sun, are not convinced that their Plutonic conditions are true, and strive to find place for inhabitants, that their efforts and conclusions do not guarantee a possible claim for. The Actienic law provides an atmosphere from the surface of the real globe of the sun, to a great and necessary distance beyond, but does not fix the depth of it. It is no more necessary to do so than to fix that around the earth. But it does acknowledge that the outer edge of the photosphere, upon which the sun spots appear and revolve, may be that equilibrium, or established point in the sun's atmosphere, where the physical results of the Actienic force from the parent sun may begin visibly to work out their necessary conditions to supply our sun with what it needs. The apparent gauze network that forms the outer cover, is undoubtedly of clouds poised in the sun's heavens, providentially, to intercept a possibly too great influx of Actien, and modify it for inner circulation and use upon the body of the sun. The sun spots seem like immense irregular openings in the clouds, which are constantly changing in form, size, and place, showing large dark caverns below. In their inner space may be the volume of yet unconsumed Actienic force, forming the next stratum from which rays are precipitated upon the real face of the sun; thus giving it light and heat, without itself being so luminous externally as to show any light to us. The magnetic conditions of the sun spots are said to be stronger in their effect upon the earth than the apparent luminous netted surface of the rest of the photosphere. The

old theory admits two atmospheres for the sun, neither of which is like our own. The inner one combined with metalic infusoria or heated metalic gases, which is seen as the photosphere or visible face of the sun, so hot on the surface as to be compared to the heat generated by the combustion of six tons of coal per hour, on each square yard of the sun's whole surface, and from and through which, emanates radiated heat so vast that only a two hundred and twenty-seven millionth part reaches the planets; all the rest being wasted in space. The spots near the equator travel faster than those away from it; and the rapidity of all varies regularly, with their distance from the solar equator, which for some distance is free from spots. The Actienic theory contradicts that the sun is an intensely heated body, and makes it a habitable globe.

SEISMIC FORCES OF THE EARTH.

The Actienic process of forming a world may be illustrated with sufficient clearness to show the investigator the principle of the whole Actienic theory.

This surplus force thrown off from the sun at once aggressively enters etheric space with a positiveness that overcomes all resistance. A *conflict* ensues between *Actien*, the *positive*, and *Ether*, the *negative* principle, resulting in the birth and construction of atomic and molecular substances, both ponderable and imponderable, which fly off into space, but which are used in the construction of a globe. Electricity, magnetism, and the gases are thus produced, followed by the more ponderable substance of cinderous, nebulous matter, which, under restrictive influence, is sent floating into space, like the misty globules that form a cloud in our sky. This substance, driven into space by repulsion, is aggregated and held by attraction, and consolidated into a ball of matter which finds its natural orbit within which to move around the sun, and is given a revolving motion upon its own axis towards the sun. The growth or consolidation of this nucleus cinder may be very gradual from fine accretions of other nebulous matter, or it may receive great additions of the same substance which may be floating in space.

This nucleus, still under the influence of original Actienic and Etheric decompositions, in time forms a globe which becomes endowed with gravity through known and generally-

received principles of attraction and repulsion, as well as other forces coincident with the motions and actions of the more physical and volatile bodies of cosmical matter moving in space.

The principle of combustion, to a certain extent, seems to be natural to all bodies, both solid and fluid, though the process of change in solid matter, owing to the small amount of combustible molecular substance within the same, is much slower than that of fluid substances. Through Actienic rays and their decomposition, electricity, magnetism, atmosphere, aqueous vapor, and their workings, solid matter is produced, manipulated, transformed, and condensed, and our earth, a proof of its power, is one of the smaller evidences of the same processes which are going on throughout the universe.

The formation of the crystal on the top of high mountains, where there can be no influences other than magnetism below and electricity in the atmosphere above, with its constituencies, proves to us that a solid may be formed from fluids. Metals are also dissolved and again precipitated with ease under favoring circumstances.

The larger portion of our earth may have thus been formed, and under great pressure concentrated, before an atmosphere was given it.

Concussion, which precipitates the molecules or particles of matter towards each other, creates a forced combustion of Actienic and magnetic properties lying between or pervading the same, and thus combustion creates heat which radiates or forces itself through the body which incloses it, or, at least so far as its own power will carry it inward and outward from the point of the greatest focal pressure. All atmospheric conditions, as well as all bodies of matter, contain Actienic properties, or their secondary creations, which, under extraordinary pressure or force will always generate heat. Without heat, the whole process of animal life and physical matter could not exist in any stage of development. Where it begins or where it shall end, none can tell us.

The Actienic theory presupposes heat to be a result, instead of a self-existent principle; a consequence of combustion, instead of a real, perpetual, prevailing element in physics — never remaining for a moment the same in temperature, force, or occupancy of space, it being generated and dispelled at

uncertain points with the fleeting cause of its creation or dissolution.

In time it will be fully demonstrated that the natural sphere of active electricity is in the air and upon the surface of physical matter, while that of magnetism is more within the confines of dense material substance. The principle is not contradicted by absolute experiment upon solid, fluid, or gaseous molecular properties of whatever nature or condition. With heat follows an atmosphere, vapor, and water producing all the changes which we find in the secondary formation of the crust of the earth.

At present, the moon is a child in the nursery of the earth, and is under its care and influence. The new law supposes it aggregated matter, collected the same as was the nucleus of the earth, and now undergoing the process of development even up to the point that the earth has reached. It was given place under the control of our earth's attraction and gravitation, and as yet probably has little of atmosphere or vapor; and, consequently but little generated light from combustion of the earth's Actienic rays. The old theories suppose it a worn-out body, while the new makes it a baby earth now growing up to maturity.

The process of atmospheric creation and the consequent vaporous condition once begun, the obvious consequences—geological strata and subsequent contractions and upheavals—result as we see them still upon the earth's surface.

We suppose that Actienic combustion in the atmosphere will, to a great extent, be governed by the variety and density of the same, and the greater power of consumption is very near the surface of the earth; and that electricity which is supposed to be the first product and the most volatile principle, remains and works in the atmosphere, while magnetism, the second product, is attracted at once to material matter, and falls to and penetrates the earth, working therein and producing commotions below the surface, as electricity does in the clouds above and around us.

The creation of an atmosphere must be an important work of Actienic and Etheric forces, and aqueous vapor a necessary result. When this part of integration is visibly accomplished, we have the key of creation in our hands.

The illustration of the formation of one globe, earth, or sun, will serve for all such of every sphere, from our own

solar system back through the celestial and astral systems. There might be modifications in the secondary constituencies and Actienic emissions of each, producing effects slightly differing, but all within the general law of molecular construction.

Hence system upon system may be assumed to exist in the realms of space, created and guided by the same hand; governed and controlled by the same laws; expanding and generating through the same influences, primal, specific, harmonious, carrying the mind of man from the confines of his own small globe to an infinity of worlds, which could only exist through infinity of mind.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

BY W. E. MANLEY, D. D.

"There shall not be left *here* one stone upon another."

THE doctrine of future eternal punishment has existed in the Christian Church for about fifteen hundred years, and the influence of the doctrine, on the hearts and lives of men, has not been such as to commend it to the sober judgment of thoughtful and intelligent people. And though it is claimed that it has a powerful influence in restraining the evil passions of mankind, it has failed to improve the moral condition of society; neither the church nor the world was ever so corrupt and depraved as when the doctrine was preached from every pulpit in Christendom, and torture and death would have been the penalty of preaching any other doctrine.

The tendency of the doctrine to produce insanity and suicide is a fearful argument against it, for the cases of this kind, in modern times, are reckoned by thousands. Indeed, all other causes combined do not produce so great a number as this cause alone.

The reader may be surprised that I have mentioned the period of fifteen hundred years as the time of the existence and prevalence of this doctrine; and he may feel like chiding me for omitting the first centuries of Christianity, as if the doctrine was not known in those primitive times, and not generally believed and preached. I will give my authority for this procedure, which can be easily consulted. Dr. Edward Beecher, a man of great learning, and one reputed truthful, says, that the doctrine of eternal punishment was very little known for several centuries, and that Universalism was the prevailing doctrine, for the first five hundred years. Out of six Theological Seminaries that flourished in the early centuries, one only was Orthodox, in respect to the doctrine now under discussion; one taught the destruction of the

wicked; and the other four inculcated the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all men.

Mr. Beecher states another thing, which he presumes will surprise some people, that, during no other five hundred years in the history of the church, have virtue and good order so generally prevailed. In all good, ministerial qualities, the clergy, he adds, were not behind those in any denomination at the present time. From all this the inference is, that the ministers of the primitive church did not find eternal misery in their Bible, or in its place, any unusual incentives to disorderly conduct. [See History of Retribution, E. Beecher.]

I will now proceed to discuss the most prominent passages in the New Testament that are thought to sanction the doctrine of eternal punishment and its adjuncts. My design is to show what these passages do *not* mean, rather than what they *do* mean, — that they do not favor the doctrine of eternal suffering, whatever their positive teaching may be. This is a matter of necessity; for not one of them could be fully explained in much less space than what will be required for the whole discussion. I intend, however, that each passage in its main features shall be understood.

Here let it be observed, that my appeal is to Scripture alone, which I deem the most effective method with those who hold the doctrine which I wish them to repudiate. For, reason with them as earnestly and profoundly as I may or can, I will effect them but little. But if I can show them that the Bible does not favor their cause, the more infallible they hold that Book to be, the more complete will be my success. They cannot fall back on reason, and the only course left them, is to surrender. No soul ever experienced greater joy than to be conquered in this way.

There are four ways by which the Scriptures have been perverted, and made to favor false opinions. These I will name and discuss in regular order.

1. Passages are perverted by adding what is not in the original. There are not many of these that belong to this discussion. One of the adjuncts, as I have called them, of the doctrine of eternal misery, is "the day of judgment." The expression is found nine times in the New Testament; but in only one of these is the article used in the Greek. Hence the rendering should be, *a* day of judgment. In such

cases, the indefinite, and not the definite article, is required in the version. In the mind of the writer, there was no particular day in view; but in the mind of the translator, "the great day, for which all other days were made," was uppermost. True, there was no article in the Greek; but he knew there ought to be. "Probably, some careless transcriber had left it out." The passages having this expression are Matt. x. 15; xi. 22, 24; xii. 36. Mark vi. 11. 2 Pet. ii. 9, iii. 7. 1 John iv. 17. The last has the article, probably, because the day of divine judgment on Jerusalem was near at hand, and was a frequent topic of conversation among Christians. The other passages refer to the judgment of Sodom, Tyre and Sidon, Capernaum, Jerusalem, etc.

Again, there are a few passages in which the resurrection of the dead is used figuratively to denote a moral change, like the new birth or conversion. In such cases, the change is called a resurrection, to distinguish it from the resurrection, that is, the resurrection to immortality. There is a noted passage of this kind in John v. 28, 29. "Marvel not at this; for the hour cometh in which all that are in the tombs shall hear his voice and come forth; they that have done good, unto a resurrection of life; and they that have done ill, unto a resurrection of judgment." (It is *the* resurrection in the old version and the revision.)

A brief passage or two, from the preceding context, will show that this resurrection is a moral change, then in progress: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." Ver. 24, the same phraseology as in the first passage — "The hour cometh," "hearing the voice of the Son of God"; "life" or "eternal life"; "passing out of death into life"; and finally, "coming into judgment." One word only is not the same, — *tombs* for *death*. Plainly, the same change is denoted in both passages. The next verse to the one just quoted will settle the question. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is; when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

The words, "The hour is coming and now is," connect the two passages together, and make them refer to the same change. The change was then in progress, and was to con-

tinue till all that were in that state of moral death should come out of it into life. The words denote conversion. "They that hear shall live," "they shall pass out of death into life." But there will be a difference between those who had before done good and those who had done ill. To the latter, the voice he hears brings temporary condemnation; the former has no painful retrospect to lessen his happiness. Some of the best scholars, in ancient and modern times, have taken essentially the same view of this passage.

To show the importance of the article in Biblical exegesis, I will introduce some examples, not directly connected with the present discussion. In the "Temptation," the words of the tempter, addressed to Jesus, were, "If thou art the Son of God," etc. They should be, "If thou a Son of God." For some reason, "best known to himself," Satan did not mean his words should imply the exclusive sonship of Jesus. On the sea of Galilee, after the stilling of the storm, some of those in the endangered boat, probably heathens, said to Jesus, "Truly, thou art a son of a god." The translators availed themselves of the opportunity, and made them Christians. Matt. xiv. 33. They did the same with the Roman centurion. When he saw Jesus die on the cross, he said to his associates, "Truly, this was a son of a god." Matt. xxvii. 54. When John the evangelist (John i. 1) personifies the Logos or Word, and says, "The Word was a god," the translators prefer a different reading, and alter it to suit their notions. There is no more important word in the Greek language than the article.

2. The Scriptures are perverted by leaving out some part of the original. There is one very important word of this kind, which is left out, for no other reason, apparently, but to serve a sectarian purpose.

This is so glaring an act of fraud, that I fear my veracity will be seriously called in question. But I speak truly. The word is the Greek *mellō* (μελλω). It modifies the meaning of a passage, in a manner that will be best understood by the examples which I shall introduce. In Matt. iii. 7, and Luke iii. 7, John the Baptist says to the Pharisees and Sadducees, that came to his baptism, "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" With the word *mellō* translated, the closing words would read, "the wrath *about* to come." Thus the passage denotes a punishment near at hand,

and now long since past. Therefore to admonish sinners to flee from the wrath to come, on the strength of this passage, shows a want of calculation. It is generally conceded that the wrath to come was the punishment about to fall on the Jews.

Matt. xii. 32. "Whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is (about) to come." The use of the word *mellō*, shows beyond a doubt that *world* is a wrong translation. We cannot speak with propriety of the immortal world, as about to come, either then or now. If we substitute *age*, the true rendering, and suppose a reference to the Jewish age, about to pass away, and to the Christian age, about to come, the impropriety will disappear, and the sin referred to will take on a different appearance. The age about to come is the same as the kingdom of God, which was at hand. The world (age) about to come, Heb. ii. 5, is said not to be subject to angels, but by implication to Christ, which proves that it was the Christian economy, not the immortal world.

Matt. xvi. 27. "For the Son of man shall (is about to) come, in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall render unto every man according to his deeds." If this coming of Christ, then about to take place, be properly understood, and the time of that occurrence be placed where it belongs, in the life-time of some then living (see next verse, 28), a large number of passages will be rescued from a long continued misapplication. There was surely nothing gained by leaving out *mellō* in the above passage; for Jesus goes on to say, in the next verse, that some, who then heard him, would in no wise taste of death, till they saw him coming in his kingdom.

Acts xvii. 31. "He hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge (is about to judge) the world in righteousness, by the man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Here is "a day of judgment," with Jesus Christ as judge — not at the end of the world, but one about to begin, when Paul was preaching at Athens. There can be no doubt, that this day of judgment is the same as what is called the kingdom of God, and the world or age to come. Let it be particularly noticed that all these were near at hand. John the Baptist, then Jesus, and afterwards the

apostles proclaimed the kingdom of God *at hand*. The Christian age was about to come, and Jesus was about to come, by appointment of God, to judge the world in righteousness.

Acts xxiv. 25. "And as he (Paul) reasoned of righteousness, and temperance (chastity), and the judgment (about) to come, Felix was terrified." Felix was not terrified at a judgment that might occur thousands of years in the future, and in an unseen world; but at a judgment near at hand, which he would soon meet, under the burden of a guilty conscience.

2 Tim. iv. 1. "I charge thee, in the sight of God, and of Jesus Christ, who shall (is about to) judge the quick and the dead; and by his appearing and his kingdom." Here is another reference to the day in which God was about to judge the world in righteousness, by the man whom he had ordained. Jesus said to his disciples, that they should live to see him come in his kingdom; and in the passage just quoted, we read of his appearing and kingdom. The appearing here alluded to, refers to his coming, which we have seen was about to take place. His subjects are those mentioned in John v. 29, the living (quick), and the dead in sin. Everyone who has read the New Testament, even superficially, must know that the mission of Christ is often set before us, under the figure of a government or kingdom. Jesus is the king, who rules in subordination to his Father. This kingdom began when the old kingdom of the Jews passed away. When its great purpose is accomplished, it will be delivered up by the Son to the Father, who will then be "all in all." 1 Cor. xv. 22–28.

Heb. x. 26, 27. "For if we sin wilfully, after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and a fierceness of fire, which shall devour (is about to devour) the adversaries. This is indeed a fearful passage, and appears to have been written on the eve of that terrific siege of Jerusalem, in A. D. 70, when there was such a time of trouble as had never been before, *nor would be again*. This last clause may be seriously commended to believers in eternal punishment. Let them write it on paper, or parchment, and pin it to their garments, as the Pharisees did their phylacteries.

It should be added, that *mellō* is often recognized and translated, but never when punishment is threatened, nor always when it is not, as that would have a suspicious look.

It is painful to one, who loves the Christian religion, to expose what looks like a wilful perversion of the record, by men of eminence in the church; but the truth must be told, irrespective of consequences.

3. The Scriptures are perverted by a wrong translation. I have space for but few of the passages, that belong under this head. There is no word, in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures, which has the meaning of our English term *hell*. Hence all the passages which have this word, are wrongly translated.

In the New Testament, the revisers have put *hades*, the original Greek word, in every place where *hell* occurred before; while the one instance of a correct translation, they have rejected as spurious. See 1 Cor. xv. 55. Gehenna should have been treated in the same way as hades, that is, left in the places where it is found, instead of the old version hell. But I cannot devote any more attention to this word now.

One of the most mischievous renderings in the New Testament is that of the Greek word *aiōn* (*aiὼν*), which has the meaning of *age*, and not *world*. Thus, the end of the Jewish age becomes the end of the world; and so the fearful judgment that came on the Jews at the close of their dispensation, is transferred to the end of this mundane system. And the Oriental imagery that was employed by the old prophets to describe national calamities, and imitated by Jesus in describing the Jewish catastrophe, is made descriptive of the dissolution of the physical universe. One would think that when Jesus, after using this kind of language, adds, "this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished," he must mean something else beside the destruction of the world; and especially since that generation passed away long ago, and the world stands as firm as ever. See Matt. xxiv. 29–31, comp. verse 34. See also, Mark xiii. 24–27, 30, and Luke xxi. 25–28, 32; consult also, Isaiah xiii. 10; xxxiv. 4, 9, 10; Jer. iv. 23, 24; Joel ii. 30, 31; comp. Acts ii. 19, 20.

There are a few passages in which this word *aiōn* occurs, that belong to our present theme, and therefore should be carefully examined.

Matt. xiii. 36–43. It is the explanation which Jesus gives to his disciples, in a private circle, of the parable of the wheat and the tares. A few expressions are all I need

notice, as they contain the gist of the whole parable. "The field is the world." . . . "The harvest is the end of the world." The first word for *world*, which denotes the field, in which the seed, good and bad, was sown, is, as we would expect, the material world. But the next word for *world*, denoting, as it does, the harvest season, would naturally mean some period of time, and this we find to be true. The first word is *kosmos* (κόσμος), the other, *aiōn*. It would have been very improper to have used *kosmos* to denote the harvest. It would have been presuming that the field would end when the harvest was gathered in.

Our translators and revisers have both committed this blunder by rendering the two different words by the same English term. This is not all. They make a transaction that belongs to the end of the Jewish age, to be yet future, and to be enacted at the end of time. Thus this field has but one harvest, and when that is gathered the field itself is destroyed. To show us that they knew what was right, the revisers have put the correct word in the margin. The honor of putting it where it belongs they have left to someone else.

Matt. xxiv. 3. "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world" (*aiōn age*)? This question was asked by a few of the disciples, under the following circumstances. Jesus was near the end of his earthly ministry. It was the last week of his life. In the preceding chapter is recorded the severest speech he had ever addressed to his enemies and persecutors, containing some allusions to their approaching doom. Near night, as usual, he starts for his customary lodgings at Bethany. Four of his disciples only are with him. As they pass near the temple, one of them calls his attention to the large stones in its foundation walls. Jesus replies, that not one stone should be left upon another that should not be thrown down. They are on their way to Bethany, ascending the western declivity of Olivet, when Jesus sits down to rest a little, and look once more on the temple and the city. There was the spot, and these the circumstances that suggested the question: "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and the end of the age?"

There was absolutely nothing in the circumstances to suggest any question about the end of the world; but there was much to prompt the question concerning the end of the age; for that would be when the nation would be overthrown

and destroyed. The minds of these apostles were full of his recent discourse, and excited especially with the remark that not one stone should remain upon another that should not be thrown down. And had they inquired about the end of the world, they would not have connected that question with the coming of Christ; for they had been told explicitly that his coming was about to take place and that some then living would not die till that great event should occur. See Matt. xvi. 28. "There be some of them that stand here, which shall in no wise taste of death till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom."

Now if we notice some of the language of our Lord in answering their double question, it will be certain that no part of it is applicable to the end of the world, but all of it to his coming and the end of the age. He mentions some of the things they might expect to witness, and then adds: "The end is not yet." Can any man in his senses suppose that the end of the world is intended, as not yet? At length he mentions a certain sign, and then adds: "Then shall the end come." What does he tell them to do, when the end comes? Does he tell them to put on their Ascension Robes? No; these would be an incumbrance. "Let them that be in Judea, flee to the mountains." But why confine the flight to them that are in Judea; and what good will it do to flee to the mountains when the whole world is in flames?

I will be told that no one denies that Jesus foretells the destruction of Jerusalem. But with the common views, what I am now noticing can have no reference to Jerusalem, for it concerns the end; and the only end in the question is the end of the world. The sense is, when the end of the world comes, the people of Judea must flee to the mountains! It is sufficiently obvious that the end of the world is not intended. So also, when Jesus says, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter; neither on the Sabbath day." But there are a few passages that may suggest difficulties.

That all the tribes of the earth should mourn, is one of these. The original for *earth* is the same as for *land*, and is used in all those passages that refer to the land of Judea or the land of Canaan. Again, the Gospel was to be preached in all the world, before the end should come. And so it was, as this language was understood at that time. Cæsar

Augustus issued an edict, that all the world should be enrolled; and to the same extent the Gospel was preached before Jerusalem was destroyed. The darkening of the sun and moon, and falling of the stars, etc., is the Oriental style that runs all through the Old Testament, and is copied in the New to some extent. Besides, Jesus includes this with the rest, when he says: "This generation shall not pass away till *all these things* be accomplished." It is not likely that he had forgotten any part of the things which he had mentioned.

4. The Scriptures have been perverted by a wrong interpretation. This interpretation has often been assumed without any investigation. Converts from Paganism have brought along with them the doctrines which they held before, and made the Scriptures conform to them. The doctrine of eternal punishment was kept out of the church for the first two hundred years, and made but little progress after it was introduced. It was first propounded by Tertullian in the beginning of the third century, and he was followed by Cyprian and Augustine, all belonging in North Africa. Tertullian was a man of violent impulses, and it chills the blood in our veins when he tells us how he will rejoice and exult over the miseries of his enemies, tortured in the midst of the flames. But as the same century was favored by the labors of the renowned Origen, "the greatest luminary of the church," as the learned church historian, Mosheim, calls him, and Clemens of the same city, Alexandria, and the Gregorys not far from the same period, all teaching a different doctrine from that of Tertullian, the latter doctrine could not make great progress. At length, favored by the dark ages, and the crowds of benighted converts who brought the doctrine with them, it established itself in the church, and has held its position till the present time.

It has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and will soon be numbered among the marvels of the past. One after another of its Scripture defences are being relinquished. Of the eighty-nine instances, in the Bible, of the original for *hell*, all but twelve are given up by the revisers, though in some of them, they absurdly retain the old rendering. It is confessed that Gehenna, the only remaining word for *hell*, is only a figure, to represent the place. The friends of the doctrine, though they have made the above concessions and many more, have one stronghold left, namely, Matt. xxv.

46, which they think entirely secure. This therefore will now be examined.

The passage reads as follows: "These shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." (Revision.) This is the only place where the words, eternal punishment, are found in the Bible. The first thing deserving notice is, that we are always referred to this one verse, the last of a long parable, and never to the rest of the passage. What prospect is there of arriving at the truth, when the Scriptures are read in this way? The beginning of this parable refutes the ending, with the common views of the latter. To use a figure which I have employed once or twice before, here is the neglected and unguarded point, through which the enemy will enter this stronghold, and proceed to demolish it.

This parable is a part of the discourse, which answers the question,— "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and the end of the age?" The direct answer to this question ends strictly with verse 34, of the same chapter. "This generation shall not pass away, till all these things shall be accomplished." Among the things to be accomplished, were his coming, and the end of the age. But Jesus illustrates what he had said by several parables, till he comes to that under consideration, which begins thus: "But when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all the nations." The application of the parable depends chiefly on the few words at the beginning, "When the son of man shall come," etc. When was he to come? It was to be at the end of the age, it was about to be, it was to be in the lifetime of some who heard him, it was to be in that generation. One would think that these repeated declarations ought to satisfy the most sceptical, that the second coming of Christ is a past event — that it took place at the overthrow of the Jews. This is what the parable says. And here we have the fulfilment of Paul's prediction of the day of judgment which God had appointed. Here, too, is the judgment seat of Christ before which all must be made manifest. Gathering all nations before him is the same idea. This is to be done in the body at least by those who are themselves in the body.

It has been so long the custom to regard the coming of Christ as being future and at the end of the world, and this

fixes so many other passages relating to punishment to the same period, that the point will not be yielded without a violent mental struggle. But the result is not doubtful, and the sooner it is reached the better. Nothing valuable is relinquished, but much that is of immense value is acquired — a more reasonable, harmonious, comforting, and defensible position.

The conclusion is, that the parable began to be fulfilled directly at the end of the Jewish economy, and has been progressing from that time to the present, and will continue till its purpose is accomplished, and Jesus has delivered up the kingdom to the Father. The eternal punishment and the eternal life with which the parable ends, are the two conditions that attend on the progress of this kingdom. But *eternal* is not a correct rendering of the original word *aiōnios* (*αἰώνιος*). It comes from *aiōn*, which we have already noticed. It is used with reference, as we have seen, to the Jewish age, and also the Christian. So is the adjective, *aiōnios*, used of things belonging to both, and takes its meaning from either, according as it may relate to the one or the other. It means *Jewish* in the one, and *Christian* in the other, more than it does *eternal* in either.

If this term denote duration at all, the duration is limited to the age, or dispensation, to which there is reference. In the passage before us, the reference is to the Christian economy which Paul says has an end. "Then cometh the end, when he shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, when he shall have abolished all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet. The last enemy Death shall be abolished." With any view, *aiōnios* cannot go beyond this.

That the original of *eternal* does not denote eternal duration, is proved by the following facts. First, the noun *aiōn*, from which *aiōnios* is derived, is often found in classic authors, in the sense of human life, or the age of man. The adjective is seldom used by these authors, and *never in the sense of eternal*. Second, *aiōn* is used in the Bible, as we have seen, in the sense of age, and is spoken of as having an end. *Aiōnios* can express no more duration than *aiōn*, as a stream can rise no higher than its fountain-head. Third, *aiōnios* is often found in Josephus, but *never in the sense of eternal*. When he would express that idea, he employs some other word, generally *aidios*. Finally, Origen, Clemens, and

other fathers of the church, often apply *aiōnios* to punishment; though they believed it disciplinary and limited.

I will here mention one momentous fact. It is this:— the following words (and some others imply the same) have the undoubted meaning of eternal, in the New Testament; and yet, *they are never used to denote the duration of punishment.* The words are *aidios* (ἀίδιος), Rom. i. 20; Jude i. 6; *akatalutos* (ἀκατάλυτος), Heb. vii. 16; *aperantos* (ἀπέραντος), 1 Tim. i. 4. Surely, the writers of the Book must have regarded eternal punishment as of little importance, when with the means of placing the doctrine beyond all doubt, they neglected to do so. The fair inference is, that they knew of no such doctrine as constituting any part of their theology.

There are a few passages, not yet noticed, whose application is determined by those that have been examined, and therefore belong to the subject under discussion. The "unquenchable fire," which is frightful to some people, is in the same connection with "the wrath about to come," and must have the same application. Matt. iii. 12; Luke iii. 17. Besides, a fire kept alive by chaff cannot represent a long continued punishment. "Unquenchable" does not mean "endless," but "cannot be extinguished."

The coming of Christ determines the application of some passages, besides those already considered. Such is the passage in 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9, which refers to "the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven, with the angels of his power, in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God, and to them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction from the face of the Lord, and from the glory of his might, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints." All that is terrific here is the style; save that it denotes a very severe temporal calamity, and privation of religious worship. The terrible judgments of the Apocalypse are expressly limited, by the author, to a near period. This is done in the beginning and at the end. The first words are: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave him, to show unto his servants, even the things *which must shortly come to pass.*" . . "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecy, and keep the things which are written therein; for *the time is at hand.*" i. 1–3. "Behold he cometh, with the clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they that pierced

him; and all the tribes of the earth (land) shall mourn over him. Even so, Amen." verse 7. This was at hand. This was shortly to come to pass. Not with literal exactness; but in such a manner that this might be its image. The Apocalypse is a book of symbols.

In the last chapter, Jesus is represented as saying to John: "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book; for *the time is at hand.*" . . "Behold, *I come quickly;* and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is." xxii. 10-12. Take notice; he came to his laborers. He had his rewards with him to pay them on the spot where the labor was performed.

The Apocalypse has for its subject three cities that stand for Jerusalem, representing Judaism; Rome, representing heathenism, and the new Jerusalem representing Christianity that "came down from God out of heaven," to fill the place of old Jerusalem, and ultimately of Rome also. It is on the earth and destined to remain here, with open gates, till all outside shall come in. The holy city, and the lake of fire, are symbols of the two conditions denoted by eternal life and eternal punishment. The original of punishment, *kolasis* (*κόλασις*) denotes discipline; and fire, as an emblem of punishment, denotes, not torment, nor destruction, but purification. Both the city and the lake are on earth, and everywhere accompany the spread of the gospel, the one constantly enlarging and improving; the other contracting and continually growing "beautifully less." Being the second death (or moral death under the second dispensation), it must necessarily cease when there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; nor any more pain; for the former things will have passed away. xxi. 4.

Reader, the discussion is before you. I trust I have made myself understood. I have aimed at no fine style of writing, and should not have succeeded if I had made the attempt. As a man of 78 years, I must be content with my accustomed method, so long as I am able to make myself understood, and have valuable truth to communicate. Surely nothing can be more absorbing to most intelligent people, than the subject that has been discussed. It is a subject I have thoroughly studied, and I feel quite sure that no position I have taken can be successfully controverted.

THE MASK OF TYRANNY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE Nationalist movement with its rapid increase of numbers and extending literature is one that, whether deserving it or not, commands public attention. Its leaders and disciples are drawn not from the victims of social wrongs, but from the cultivated and well-to-do people who are largely swayed by philanthropic motives. A tinge of romance gilds the new wave of socialism which comes to us with another name. It is the sequence of a novel. When Edward Bellamy wrote his work of fiction he little dreamed that it was to be taken seriously as the gospel of a new dispensation. "Looking Backward," though happily conceived, was chiefly felicitous for its timely birth. It saw the light at a period of great social discontent and found an audience ready to be charmed with its ingenious fancy and its exalted spirit. The gentle blast of the author's bugle startled him with a thousand unexpected reverberations, and the novelist, in spite of himself, was forced to assume the rôle of a reformer.

The tendency of the times is unmistakably towards industrial concentration. One after another of the great staple commodities of the country, subject heretofore to competitive production and distribution, falls into the control of a trust. The avowed purpose of trusts is to destroy competition, and their justification is that by the lessening of cost possible under such organization, the consumers are better and more cheaply served. Even David A. Wells, whose leaning is entirely away from state socialism, declares that "Society has practically abandoned — and from the very necessity of the case has got to abandon, unless it proposes to war against progress and civilization — the prohibition of industrial concentrations and combinations. . . . To the producer the question of importance is: 'How can competition be restricted to an extent sufficient to prevent injurious successes?

To the consumer, how can combination be restricted so as to secure its advantages and at the same time curb its abuses?'"

And here the Nationalist steps up confidently with the answer: "Nationalize all industry." In other words, in place of many trusts substitute one which shall be the government. Then production will be multiplied, labor never idle, and every citizen be assured a living, with a minimum of work and a maximum of leisure. The travail of the ages will then find its accomplishment and "the good time coming" will be here.

Is it to be wondered at that a multitude, finding their aspirations pictured in this promise, follow the socialistic flag with enthusiasm? Or, on the other hand, that others who are not less idealists but more closely held by logic and reason, are slower of conversion, and while looking at the stars want always to make sure that their feet press the earth? As one of the latter class let me give utterance to my doubts of the new social panacea. In so doing I desire to avoid the contemptuous spirit with which certain authorities on political economy treat the question. My wish is to approach it with a sympathy that recognizes the humanitarian impulse manifesting itself in the Nationalist movement.

There is no disagreement regarding the symptoms of social discontent. In an era of marvellous production and discovery, when the power to supply the necessities of life is far in excess of the capacity of the world's markets to absorb them — when, instead of the Malthusian fear of population pressing upon the means of subsistence, the problem is now to dispose of the surplus products — we have the strange phenomenon of discontented labor, and widespread enforced idleness. With an unexampled increase in the world's aggregate wealth we note increasing poverty, and through unequal distribution a few hands are able to grasp the lion's share. Were this the natural result of the competitive system the Nationalists would have a granite premise. But is it? Beneath the symptoms the causes lurk, and the skilful physician seeks them before presenting his remedy. Let us see if competition be the real cause of our industrial woe.

Competition at least deserves to be heard in its own defence. It can truthfully aver that by and through its instrumentality the enterprises, inventions, and material discoveries of civilization have steadily advanced. It is justified in asking why the

confusion of to-day should be laid to its door and government be invoked to crush it out when mainly through the blundering interference of government the trouble has manifestly come? Competition shackled and denied its natural freedom is made the scapegoat of the oppressor.

The earth groans with plenty. The fields yield abundant harvests of grain, and cunning machinery multiplies the product of the loom. Yet men and women starve and freeze because the natural right of exchange under free competition is denied by law. They huddle together in cities, and barely exist because the ranks of the wage-earners are crowded, while all around are bountiful and unused acres, the original source of wealth, and rendered almost as inaccessible to them by monopoly as the planet Mars is by nature. Before you sentence competition first try it under the conditions of freedom.

And what records do human governments present to sustain their right to the assumption of further responsibilities? In all history, wherever they have undertaken to meddle with industrial functions, disaster has followed. The clumsy feet of legislation mark a pathway of woe. In despotic governments the people have been impoverished and fertile fields forced into sterility. In partial republics,— for no real republic has ever yet existed,— the governing power has acted on crude and havoc-making theories of commerce and finance.

Think of the irony of the proposition that a government which has strangled its foreign shipping by suicidal tariffs, and now gravely proposes that the people shall be robbed to pay subsidies to a few owners of unprofitable vessels, should be allowed to direct all commerce! Consider for a moment the placing of all natural industry in the hands of a government which heaps up millions of depreciated silver dollars just to benefit a few millionaires! With the same reason it might buy coal or cotton to hoard. It should be voted leave to withdraw from powers usurped and duties incompetently performed.

It is complacently assumed by Nationalism that all will be well when government is the one grand monopolist. It is of course to be an ideal government possessing wisdom, benevolence, and the highest economic sense. But is it not patent that in a democracy the representatives of the people must reflect the intelligence of the average voter? The fountain cannot rise higher than its source. If men left

unhampered to their own devices of trades are failures, how can similar men chosen to govern for all be successes?

It does not follow that because great trusts have flourished, equal management can be secured for a government trust. Ability is costly. "Wealth beyond the dream of avarice" tempts the Rockefellers to assume the cares of the Standard Oil Co., and if the managers were chosen by popular vote, how long would the trust live? The great captains of industry are not to be had for the asking. They are as rare as great authors, generals, or men of science. The genius to grasp opportunities and to co-ordinate masses of material and armies of men in harmonious production cannot be commanded by popular vote. Tested by our present representatives what industrial success could be predicated with a president who characterizes economic thinkers and observers as "students of maxims and not of markets"; and of a secretary of State chosen to match Mr. Gladstone in discussion, who supposes that foreign imports are paid with gold coin, and not with exported products of domestic industry?

Nationalism says, "competent or incompetent, all should share alike." Then the idler, unless idleness is eliminated from the race, must eat the bread the worker creates. But nature, which is wiser, refuses the food until it is earned. In Emerson's words, "She gives him no rest until this is done; she starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his way to his own loaf." Necessity is the stimulus of energy and the guarantee of accomplishment.

But it is profitless to criticise possible results which are of necessity a matter of surmise. The advocate of the scheme sees many reasons for its success not discernible to the critic's eye. If you affirm that self-interest is the spur of endeavor, you will be informed by the Nationalist that it will give way to unselfish devotion to the public interest. If you suggest that by making no discrimination in the reward, ability and self-denial will be discouraged in a greater ratio than the reverse qualities will be encouraged, you are assured that the true society is founded on the Christian basis of human brotherhood, and the strong should deem it a duty to share equally with the weak, as if all were of the same family. In short, when the necessary conditions of success

are fulfilled, our race must have attained the perfection which we paint as Heaven.

The effort of Nationalism aims at an equality of human condition through law. Were such equality attainable, who can compute its cost? What must be bartered for it? How much individual character, what incentives to exertion, what suppression of personal force? "If men should take these moralists at their word," says Emerson, "and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle at all hazards this love of power in the people, lest civilization should be undone."

Is it not better to attempt the equality of opportunity, which is practical, leaving resulting conditions to the law of nature which is manifestly beyond our control? The bane of all political efforts is the contemplation of results rather than the principles by which alone they can be reached. Statesmen wreck themselves on expedients, while true reformers are successful by adhering to principle, unconcerned for the outcome, which to their faith has no uncertainty. Is not Nationalism in "the intoxication of a mighty hope," to borrow Mr. Bellamy's phrase, more occupied with a study of the year 2000 than with a scientific investigation of the violated laws which cause our present social misery? A movement which affirms for its postulate that competition is the primal social evil ought first to justify its dogma.

Too much has to be taken for granted in the Bellamy scheme. While it is obvious that trusts and combinations both of capital and labor mark the social tendency of to-day, they are but the expression of underlying causes. Without the shield of protective tariffs how many American trusts would long survive? Sugar would melt, lead sink of its own weight, and rubber be forced to sustain a tension not yet applied. The Standard oil trust is the only one not fostered by protection, and as yet the exceptional success. If great combinations like the copper trust, opulent in brains and capital, come to grief, no more, or rather far less, could a nation organize all industries, regulate supply and demand, and create steady and remunerative occupation. Nor can the degeneracy of character bred by dependence be estimated. And, in spite of the Nationalist's protest, his plan must include a power from which there is no appeal, and which is despotism, call it by what soft name you may.

We have good reason to question the diagnosis. Instead of competition suppose we seek for the seeds of industrial derangement in hindered opportunity and the arbitrary restriction of man's power. Is not there too much paternalism already and too little individual freedom? Labor makes of government the same request that Diogenes made of Alexander, "Stand out of my light." It asks justice, not charity, for with justice, alms-giving ceases. How does government limit the rights of the worker? By the socialistic assumption that he needs to be protected. Truly he does, but from governmental interference. Socialism tells him there is only so much work to be done and so much capital out of which his wages must be paid. Common sense tells him that human needs are insatiable. Land and labor supply all needs and produce all capital. Allow labor unhindered access to the land with the right to exchange freely its product with any people of any country, and there can be no excess of workmen. The more workers the more wealth. Government can then attend to its proper business of guaranteeing fair play, and the toiler will take care of his own interests and get his just reward. To quote Mr. Emerson again, "Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue, and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands. In a free and just commonwealth property rushes from the idle and imbecile, to the industrious, brave, and persevering."

What is there more indefinite than that which we term Government? Like the perception of the Deity, it varies according to the mental and moral peculiarities of men. There is no hard and fast definition of it. State socialism pictures it as something omnipotent and all-wise, which, without levying upon the people, has yet an inexhaustible reservoir of wealth to dispense. In this view, Bastiat defines it as "the great fiction through which everybody endeavors to live at the expense of everybody else," and adds: "I contend that this *personification* of Government has been, in past times, and will be hereafter, a fertile source of calamities and revolutions." The individualists, on the other hand, believe that it is the organized power of the people for the purpose of guaranteeing justice and securing to every one his own.

Under freedom no reasonable objection could be made to individual combination and association for facility and economy of production. When, however, such organizations use

their privilege injuriously for the public good, then the Government, in the interest of individual rights, exercises a proper function in interfering. There are many enterprises, of themselves monopolies, which properly come under governmental control, to the end that the people may be protected from the cunning machinations of the few. The difficulty is to draw the line accurately and justly. It may be the duty of a city government to preserve the franchise of its streets for its citizens, instead of giving it away to corporations like the railway, the gas or telegraph companies, even if obliged, in consequence, to carry on these occupations. All benefit thereby. But this affords no reason why the business of private individuals or corporations, not antagonistic to the general welfare, should be disturbed by the government. In ordinary trade natural supply and demand are better guides to prosperity than congresses or boards of aldermen, however wise. Hands off except to arrest the individuals or companies who are laying hands on! Guided by this rule the steps towards State control of any industry, even within its rightful scope, would be slow and tentative, and evolved by careful and scientific experiment.

The one distinctive merit of the Nationalist agitation is that it creates discussion on matters of vital, social interest. Its injurious effect is to draw off earnest people from direct practical endeavor. While scheming in the name of liberty to place new bonds upon the people, whose chief sufferings come from restrictions, they do not help to loosen chains which now offend. Its leaders are indifferent to the evils of tariffs, because tariffs are directly and logically socialistic. Although in professed sympathy with the single tax reform, which seeks to lift the burden from industry and place it upon land values, which are created and belong of right to the people, Nationalism deceives itself in supposing the movement to be in the direction of government monopoly. Its purpose is far otherwise, and all it requests of government is to see to it, that what is by nature intended for the use of all shall not be seized and held for speculation in the interest of the few. It is an anti-socialistic movement.

It is vain to look to dynasties or popular governments for initiative progress of reforms which they only reflect and register. Individual freedom will alone bring the ideal government.

> "For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
> Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
> And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

DIVORCE VERSUS DOMESTIC WARFARE.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE fetich of our time is the legislative enactment. It is considered that men should be more moral, more temperate, immediately a party arises in the State, clamoring for a law to legalize its theories.

But unfortunately, progress cannot be obtained by an Act of Parliament. Development is a plant of slow growth, and the only soil in which it will flourish is that of broad human culture. Harmonious progress is not to be secured for the individual or society by hasty methods. You can make men hypocrites by prohibitory laws; you cannot make them moral.

There is a demand just now for an amendment to the United States Constitution that shall make the laws of Marriage and Divorce the same in all the States of the Union. As this suggestion comes uniformly from those who consider the present divorce laws too liberal, we may infer that the proposed National Law is to place the whole question on a narrower basis, rendering null and void the laws that have been passed in a broader spirit, according to the needs and experiences in certain sections, of the sovereign people. And here let us bear in mind, that the widest possible law would not make divorce obligatory on anyone, while a restricted law, on the contrary, would compel many living perhaps at one time under more liberal laws, to remain in uncongenial relations.

Moreover, as we are still in the experimental stage on this question, we are not qualified to make a perfect law, that would work satisfactorily, over so vast an area as our boundaries now embrace. I see no evidence in what has been published on this question of late by statesmen, ecclesiastics, lawyers, and judges, that any of them have thought suffi-

ciently on the subject, to prepare a well-digested code, or a comprehensive amendment to the National Constitution.

Some view it as a civil contract, though not governed by the laws of other contracts; some view it as a religious ordinance, a sacrament; some think it a relation to be regulated by the State, others by the Church, and still others think it should be left wholly to the individual. With this wide divergence of opinion among our leading minds, it is quite evident that we are not prepared for a national law.

Moreover, as woman is the most important factor in the marriage relation, her enfranchisement is the primal step in the sentiment of the basis of family life. Before public opinion on this question crystalizes into an amendment to the national constitution, the wife and mother must have a voice in the governing power, and must be heard on this great social problem, in the halls of legislation.

There are many advantages in leaving all these questions, as now, to the States. Local self-government more readily permits of experiments on mooted questions, which are the outcome of the needs and convictions of the community. The smaller the area over which legislation extends, the more pliable are the laws. By leaving the States free to experiment in their local affairs, we can judge of the working of different laws under varying circumstances, and thus learn their comparative merits. The progress education has achieved in America is due to just this fact — that we have left our system of public instruction in the hands of local authorities. How different would be the solution of the great educational question of manual labor in the schools, if the matter had to be settled at Washington! The whole nation might find itself pledged to a scheme that a few years would prove wholly impracticable. Not only is the town-meeting, as Emerson says, "the cradle of American liberties," but it is the nursery of Yankee experiment and wisdom. England, with its clumsy national code of education, making one inflexible standard of scholarship for the bright children of manufacturing districts and the dull bairns of the agriculturing counties, should teach us a lesson as to the wisdom of keeping apart State and national government.

Again, before we can decide the just grounds of divorce, we must get a clear idea of what constitutes marriage. In a true relation, the chief object is the loving companionship

of man and woman, their capacity for mutual help and happiness, and for the development of all that is noblest in each other. The second object is the building up a home and family, a place of rest, peace, security, in which child-life can bud and blossom like flowers in the sunshine.

The first step towards making the ideal the real, is to educate our sons and daughters into the most exalted ideas of the sacredness of married life, and the responsibilities of parenthood. I would have them give at least as much thought to the creation of an immortal being as the artist gives to his landscape or statue. Watch him in his hours of solitude, communing with great nature, for days and weeks in all her changing moods, and when at last his dream of beauty is realized, and takes a clearly defined form, behold how patiently he works through long months and years, on sky and lake, on tree and flower, and when complete, it represents to him more love and life, more hope and ambition, than the living child at his side, to whose conception and antenatal development not one soulful thought was ever given. To this impressible period of human life, few parents give any thought, yet here, we must begin to cultivate the virtues that can alone redeem the world.

How oblivious even our greatest philosophers seem to the well-known laws of physiology. Think of a man like Darwin, so close an observer of every form of life, so firm a believer in the laws of heredity, venturing on marriage and fatherhood, while he was the victim of an incurable hereditary disease. That he thought of this while raising a large family is plain from his published letters, in which he deplores his condition, and groans lest his physical afflictions be visited on his children! Alas! who can measure the miseries of the race resulting from the impure and unholy marriages into which even intelligent men and women so recklessly enter.

The tone of society is indeed low in regard to all these matters. We get a much fairer idea of the settled opinions of men on any given subject from their civil and canon laws, their popular literature, their customs in every-day life, the judgments rendered in their courts, the precepts read in their pulpits, than from their occasional guarded utterances, when called on for their well-digested theories.

Judging their estimate of woman and the marriage institution by the civil code and the common law of England, by

the opinions of the fathers of the church and the apostles, there is very little purity, dignity, or sacredness pertaining thereto.

The contract is wholly an unjust, unequal one; woman is left at a disadvantage at every point. The best writers on law claim that there should even be a different code of morals for husband and wife, that the violation of the marriage vow is worse on her part than on that of the man.

"Many jurists," says Kent, vol. 2, p. 88, "are of opinion that the adultery of the husband ought not to be noticed or made subject to the same animadversions as that of the wife, because it is not evidence of such entire depravity, nor equally injurious in its effects upon the morals, good order, and happiness of domestic life." Montesquieu, Pothier, and Dr. Taylor all insist that the cases of husband and wife ought to be distinguished, and that the violation of the marriage vow, on the part of the wife, is the most mischievous, and the prosecution ought to be confined to the offence on her part,—and remember the administration of justice depends far more on the opinions of eminent jurists, than on law alone, for law is powerless when at variance with public sentiment.

Do not the above citations* clearly prove inequality? Are not the very letter and spirit of the marriage contract based on the idea of the supremacy of man as the keeper of woman's virtue — her sole protector and support? Out of marriage, woman asks nothing at this hour but the elective franchise. It is only in marriage that she must demand her rights to person, children, property, wages, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. How can we discuss all the laws and conditions of marriage, without perceiving its essential essence, end, and aim? Now, whether the institution of marriage be human or divine, whether regarded as indissoluble by ecclesiastical courts, or dissoluble by civil courts, woman, finding herself equally degraded in each and every phase of it, always the victim of the institution, it is her right and her duty to sift the relation and the compact through and through, until she finds out the true cause of her false position. How can we go before the legislatures of our respective

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* Esprit des Loix tom 9. 186. Fraité du Contral de Mariage No. 516. Elements of Civil Law, p. 254.

States, and demand new laws, or no laws, on divorce, until we have some idea of what the true relation is?

We decide the whole question of slavery by settling the sacred rights of the individual. We assert that man cannot hold property in man, and reject the whole code of laws that conflicts with the self-evident truth of that assertion.

So I assert that man cannot hold property in woman, that a husband cannot own and hold a wife, except by the power of mutual love and attraction. In this relation they must stand as equals, and all laws that do not recognize this fact should be null and void.

The Christian doctrine of marriage, as propounded by Paul in the seventh chapter of Corinthians, degrades alike the woman and the relation. He teaches that the sole reason for marriage is that a man may gratify instinct without sin. But for this object, he says, it were better not to marry. On this idea, the doctrine of celibacy was made obligatory in the priesthood in the Catholic Church. In fact, Paul's teachings fairly represent the spirit of the Church for centuries. This influence still pervades our laws, corrupts our thoughts, and demoralizes our customs. The marriage service of the Church of England, which incorporates the Pauline doctrine, is felt by English brides and bridegrooms to contain what is so offensive to decency, that many clergymen mercifully make lawful omissions.

The contradictory views in which woman is represented, are as varied as pitiful. While the Magnificat to the Virgin is chanted in all our cathedrals round the globe, on each returning Sabbath day, or her motherhood extolled by her worshippers, maternity for the rest of womankind is referred to as a weakness, a disability, a curse, an evidence of woman's divinely ordained subjection.

Yet surely the real woman should have some points of resemblance in character and position, with the ideal one, whom poets, novelists, and artists portray.

It is folly to talk of the sacredness of marriage, and maternity, while the wife is practically regarded as an inferior, a subject, a slave.

Having decided then that companionship and conscientious parenthood are the only true grounds for marriage, if the relation brings out the worst characteristics of each party, or if the home atmosphere is unwholesome for children, is not

the very *reason d'etre* of the union wanting and the marriage practically annulled? It cannot be called a holy relation,—no, not even a desirable one,—when love and mutual respect are wanting. And let us bear in mind one other important fact: that lack of sympathy and content in the parents indicates radical physical unsuitability, which results in badly organized offspring. As Milton says:—

Children born in these unhappy and unhallowed connections are, in the most solemn sense, of unlawful birth — the fruit of lust, but not of love — and so not of God, divinely descended, but from beneath, whence proceed all manner of evil and uncleanliness. Next to the calamity of such a birth to the child, is the misfortune of being trained in the atmosphere of a household where love is not the law, but where discord and bitterness abound; stamping their demoniac features on the moral nature, with all their odious peculiarities — thus continuing the race in a weakness and depravity that must be a sure precursor of its ruin, as a just penalty of long-violated law.

If then the real object of marriage is defeated, it is for the interest of the State, as well as the individual concerned, to see that all such pernicious unions be legally dissolved.

Inasmuch, then, as incompatibility of temper defeats the two great objects of marriage, it should be the primal cause for divorce. To quote Milton again, who speaks boldly on this point: —

"Of all insulting mockeries of heavenly truth and holy law, none can be greater than that physical impotency is cause sufficient for divorce, while no amount of mental or moral or spiritual imbecility is ever to be pleaded in support of such a demand. Such a law was worthy those dark periods when marriage was held by the greatest doctors and priests of the Church to be a work of the flesh only, and almost, if not altogether, a defilement — denied wholly to the clergy, and a second time forbidden to all."

We hear from all sides that the indissolubility of marriage is absolutely necessary to the happiness of the family, the purity of society, and the good of the State. But to my mind, so important is *unity in marriage*, so dependent upon this the usefulness of the home, the good of society, the solidarity of the State; so lamentable the consequences

invariably resulting from *disunity in marriage*, that every encouragement to divorce ought to be given.

Transient lapses from some of the cardinal virtues, might not be as disastrous to the peace of home life as a perpetual domestic warfare, with no truce ever granted and no quarter given.

The true standpoint from which to view this question is individual sovereignty; individual happiness. It is often said that the interests of society are paramount and first to be considered. This was the old Roman idea, the Pagan idea, that the individual was made for the State.

The central idea of barbarism has ever been the family, the tribe, the nation, never the individual. But the great doctrine of Christianity is the right of individual conscience and judgment. The reason it took such a hold on the hearts of the people, was because it taught that the individual was primary, the State, the Church, society, the family secondary. However, a comprehensive view of any question of human interest shows that the highest good and happiness of the individual and society, lie in the same direction.

The question of Divorce, like Marriage, should be settled as to its most sacred relations, by the parties themselves, neither the State nor the Church having any right to intermeddle therein. As to property and children, it must be viewed and regulated as a civil contract. Then the union should be dissolved with at least as much deliberation and publicity as it was formed.

There might be some ceremony and witnesses to add to the dignity and solemnity of the occasion. Like the Quaker marriage which the parties conduct themselves, so in this case, without any statement of their disagreements, the parties might simply declare, that after living together for several years, they found themselves still unsuited to each other and incapable of making a happy home.

If divorce were made respectable, and recognized by society as a duty as well as a right, reasonable men and women could arrange all the preliminaries, often even the division of property and guardianship of children, quite as satisfactorily as it could be done in the courts. Where the mother is capable of training the children, a sensible father would leave them to her care, rather than place them in the hands of a stranger. But where divorce is not respectable,

men who have no paternal feeling will often hold the child, not so much for its good, or his own affection, as to punish the wife for disgracing him. The love of children is not strong in most men, and they feel but little responsibility in regard to them. See how readily they turn off young sons to shift for themselves, and unless the law compelled them to support their illegitimate children, they would never give them a second thought. But on the mother-soul rests forever the care and responsibility of human life. Her love for the child born out of wedlock is often intensified by the infinite pity she feels for its disgrace. Even among the lower animals, we find the female ever brooding over the young and helpless.

Limiting the causes of divorce to physical defects or delinquencies; making the proceedings public, prying into all the intimate personal affairs of unhappy men and women; regarding the step as *quasi criminal;* punishing the guilty party in the suit, — all this will not strengthen frail human nature; will not ensure happy homes; will not banish scandals and purge society of prostitution.

No, no; the enemy of marriage, of the State, of society, is not liberal divorce laws, but the unhealthy atmosphere that exists in the home itself. A legislative act cannot make a unit of a divided family.

Many writers on divorce dwell on the general corruption and demoralization that has grown out of the liberal laws on that subject.

Mr. Gladstone thinks he can see a change for the worse since the English Divorce Act was passed in 1857, and yet it is said that Queen Victoria has kept the purest court known in English history. I think if Mr. Gladstone had taken time he could have recalled other periods when there was far more social corruption than in his day.

A writer in the *Forum* mourns over the facts brought out in a Report for which Congress made an appropriation in 1887, showing that 25,000 divorces had been granted in a single year in the United States. He says: "This is a disgrace to our country." Our rulers on all sides are sounding the alarm loud and clear. "Our homes, our firesides, our sacred family altars, are all about to be swept away." 25,000 divorces in one year, and the majority demanded by women.

There seems to be almost a panic just now lest the foundations of our social life be swamped in the quicksands of liberal divorce laws. Seeing how difficult a matter it is to trace all the pitfalls in society to their true causes, it is an unwarrantable and wholesale assumption to attribute all our social upheavals to the liberal divorce laws that have been passed within the last fifty years. Whence came all the adverse winds that produced the terrible corruptions and endless changes in the marriage relation, through polyandry, polygamy, *the mutterrecht*, concubinage, and the morganatic relations so frequent in the royal families in the Old World? Marriage has been a bone of contention in Church and State for centuries, that made the canon and civil law a kind of football for popes and kings, ecclesiastics and statesmen, and now, forsooth, because under free republican institutions, a new type of womanhood has been developed, demanding larger freedom in the marriage relation, justice, liberty, and equality under the law, our conservatives think the whole institution is about to topple on their heads.

I would recommend every rational man and woman thinking and writing on this subject, to run through their life-experience, summon up all the divorced people they know, gauge their moral status, and, if possible, the influence of their lives as writers, speakers, artists, and philanthropists, and see if they do not compare favorably with the best men and women of their acquaintance. In my own circle of friends, I can recall at most about two dozen — all as gifted, moral, and refined men and women as I ever knew. But few of the women married again, and those who did, have been exceptionally happy in their new relations.

The rapidly increasing number of divorces, so far from showing a lower state of morals, proves exactly the reverse. Woman is in a transition period from slavery to freedom and she will not accept the conditions in married life that she has heretofore meekly endured.

When the mother, with all her steadfast love of home and children, her natural aversion to change, demands release, we may rest assured her reasons for sundering the tie are all sufficient to herself and should be to society at large.

The frequent demands for divorce simply mean, that we have not yet reached the ideal marriage state. Divorce is a challenge to our present system. Evolution has been the

law of life. The relation of the sexes has passed through many phases, and is likely to pass through many more.

So long as it is the testimony of missionaries among the abandoned classes, that prostitution is largely supported by married men, and so long as it is the verdict of one of the keenest observers of human nature* that, after eighteen hundred years, the man is still imperfectly monogamous ;— so long as these facts remain, no one need hope for permanent social relations. To quote Milton again : —

Observation and experience daily show how incompetent are men, as individuals, or as governments, to select partners in business, teachers for their children, ministers of their religion, or makers, adjudicators, or administrators of their laws ; and as the same weakness and blindness must attend in the selection of matrimonial partners, the dictates of humanity and common sense alike show that the latter and most important contract should no more be perpetual than either or all of the former.

Though marriage be in itself divinely founded, and is fortified as an institution by innumerable analogies in the whole kingdom of universal nature, still, a true marriage is only known by its results and, like the fountain, if pure, will reveal only pure manifestations. Nor need it ever be said, " What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," for man could not put it asunder ; nor can he any more unite what God and nature have not joined together.

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*W. D. Howells. Indian Summer.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER TWO.

THERE is an old and significant exclamation heard in New England: it is "I want to know!" It is merely a vocal gesture of surprise, equivalent to "You don't tell me that!" or "Is it possible?" It may be considered significant, for the prominent feature in the character of the New Englander, is our appetite for information of all kinds. Our humor is peculiarly our own, it never deserts us during the indulgence in our indomitable curiosity. There is nothing prying in it, we are not curious about persons, but inquisitive about things.

Let us recall a story: An old Vermonter was on a brief visit to Boston some years ago, when he heard of a wonderful instrument recently invented called the Telephone, through which a man could hold a conversation with a friend a hundred miles away. This taxed the old man's credulity too heavily; he must see that to believe it, and tell his neighbors, when he returned home, what the world was coming to in Boston! So he visited the telephone office and witnessed the operation of sending and receiving a message. Still he would not be satisfied. He asked if he could send a message to his wife at home. It was found that in the town, not far from his farm, there was a telephone station, through which a message was sent, requesting that the lady should be brought down to that end of the wire. Our Vermonter patiently waited until a signal came that she was there.

"Come sir! speak to her yourself," said the operator, "you will recognize her voice, although the answers may come disturbed, for there is a thunder-storm going on somewhere along the line."

"Oh, hold on now," said the suspicious old fellow, "that can't change my wife's voice, she's got a thunder of her own; you can't fool me."

"Go on, sir, they are waiting a call!"

"Say," shouted the farmer into the instrument, "is that you, old gal?"

"Who are you?" came a female voice in reply.

"I'm Josh! right here in Boston, and sha'n't come home this week!"

At this moment an electric shock was imparted to the wire by the storm, and somehow its effect on Josh was a blow on the side of his head that knocked him flat.

"That's Sairey, every time!" quietly acknowledged the farmer as he picked himself up. The blow carried conviction to his mind. Well, Mr. Arena, I am one of the Josh kind, and as I go along through this wonderful piece of machinery which things generally have got to be, I see many things that I can no more account for than Josh could account for the telephone. I don't want to go far to find myself asking, Why is this so?

Here in this room "I want to know" why the floor below my feet is built hollow? It is laid with joists from wall to wall, floored with boards on top, and sheathed with lath and plaster underneath to make a ceiling. Now, doesn't it strike anybody that this is providing so many channels for fire to run along under the floor where it cannot be seen nor got at? Then that wall there is a hollow partition of lath and plaster, so the fire can run up inside, along, and between the studs that invite it to rise up to the floor above. Why is there not some filling put in to make the floor solid? and the same in the partition wall? It seems to me such filling would resist the progress of fire, and be an objection to rats, mice, and other vermin, breeding and living in these convenient ready-made nests. A solid floor filled in this manner, will not burn. "I want to know!"

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Then again: Why is that breastwork built yonder to contain the flues? This same flue is a brick smoke-way, intended to carry off what scientists call the product of combustion. It is roughly finished on the inside, and so gathers all the soot that can lodge there. We find it necessary to contract it at the top with a chimney-pot, and at the bottom with a contrivance to reduce its size, intended, I believe, to increase the draught; but why was it ever bigger than

the chimney-pot? Why was there not a glazed earthenware pipe embedded in the wall? Stove-pipes as a rule draw better than chimneys. Then understand that the joists of the floor are stuffed into this chimney breastwork, and careless builders let some few inches of the end project into the chimney itself. Soot gathers upon those butt ends, and so, when a roaring fire is made below, the end of the joist catches fire, for it is baked dry as a tinder. The fire eats its way in between the floors, the house is burned, perhaps lives are lost, and all from "an overheated flue!" No sir; it was in my opinion, caused by defective building. Wonderful improvements have been made in the manufacture of tiles. A tiled floor and a tiled skirting would be cleaner and healthier than wood. There may be a prejudice that it is cold in winter months. I have not found it so; it retains heat longer than wood, is more easily kept clean, and harbors no infection nor vermin.

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I look out of my window. Gangs of men are employed pulling up the pavement of the street. This is the fifth time our street has been up within three years. Poor street! when will these cease pulling you to pieces? Why are we so far advanced in useful sciences, and are in our swaddling clothes in all matters that concern plain, ordinary, useful arts? Let us suppose a new street is to be laid out; this is the business of the municipal authorities, who depute their engineer to superintend the work. This officer may be, and in New York is likely to be, Mr. Patrick O'Shaughnessey McGrath, S. I. (civil engineer), whose experience extends to the shovel and the hod. The street is opened, and typhoid made popular for a few months in that region. Sewers are built anyhow, with very little respect to the levels required for arterial drainage. Why is not the roadway of every street built over a tunnel occupying its whole width from curb to curb, built in three arched galleries, the centre gallery containing the gas and water supplies, and underneath it the drainage; the side galleries to accommodate the electric wires, telegraph wires, pneumatic tubes, and all the gearing of these contrivances for public convenience that exist, and may hereafter be invented? These galleries should afford height, and room for attend-

ants to pass freely along them. They may be lighted and ventilated by gratings from the street. I am not an engineer; I am only a Yankee; and no doubt, there were many difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan. But I see a considerable revenue could accrue to the city, by making gas, water, and telegraph and other companies pay mileage for the convenience of locating their pipes, and as there is "money," in it that way, some philanthropists may take it up, and make it, what I can't, practical. It is needless to point out that the surface roadway itself, over such a tunnel, need never be moved or broken up, and here alone would be as a mighty saving to the municipality, but of course a loss to the jobbers.

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Last summer I thought I might as well take a look at Europe and see if it had changed any since I was over there thirty years ago. I thought as a good many of their people had travelled over here, they might have carried along some American ideas, so England might have picked up some improvements, and bettered itself. Of course I knew they beat us on streets, and roads, and public tidiness generally. They have settled down, and we have not; England is finished, — that means she is done growing — has left school — has got no more to learn; we are unfinished, we are not half grown, and have got a deal to learn — not from Europe but from the Future, which we are going to make, because Europe is done with: its only use was to serve as the cradle of the United States.

But where am I getting to? Oh, I remember! The first thing that struck me on board the Cunard steamship, as I went across, was the splendid discomfort that was organized in all the regulations of the vessel! What? No improvement since thirty years ago when I sailed with old Judkins on the Persia? I want to know!

At eight o'clock in the morning, a fellow comes along the corridor, passing every stateroom, banging on a gong. The seasick passenger had scarcely composed herself to sleep, when the red tape fiend stirs her up to a due sense of her misery. What for? Why! Not content with waking her — she smells an insult to her stomach, — breakfast prevails in the close air of the ship. Had she been left by sleep

to recover some little strength! but no sir, there are two hundred and fifty passengers; of these, two hundred and forty-three are sick; seven appear at table! the gong is for those seven! Two hundred and fifty breakfasts have been prepared — two hundred and fifty dinners will follow — for it is not possible to reckon on the weather — and at the first smooth day all or nearly all the sick will suddenly put in an appearance. But this day is rough, and five hundred meals are, more or less, wasted! Doesn't this come of the boarding-house system? and that system the worst that can be applied to passengers at sea? The best part of the ship is sacrificed to accommodate three hundred persons at table. At the best they appear there for an hour in the morning and an hour at dinner-time. The saloon is deserted during the rest of the day; for if the weather is fine the folks are on deck, and if it is stormy they are in their staterooms. Aint it reasonable that people at sea should have their food when their stomachs require it? and that they should choose what they do require? Is it reasonable they should be served with greasy, ill-cooked, tepid food, at hours when they don't want it? If the restaurant system were established, there would be fewer people in the saloon at a time, a smaller saloon would be sufficient, and better service ensured. If some thousands of restaurants can be successfully served in Paris, and certainly more than three hundred dinners are provided, admirably cooked, cannot the same system be pursued on board ship, I want to know! Even in Paris, and in Switzerland, where hotel keeping is carried to as near perfection as I can imagine, the *table d'hôte* system is a failure. In London the public dinners have long been a standing joke, I mean the great civic banquets and those given at Freemason's Tavern. Split those endless tables — divide the whole business into parties of eight — separate the service — let each order from the bill of fare as they do at the restaurant, and there will be a different result. What's the matter with that suggestion, I want to know!

* * * * * *

There is not, under the sun, and there never has been, a system more ingeniously calculated to ensure the discomfort of a guest, than the hotel "on the American plan," invented by Mr. Paran Stevens. A magnificent building is erected on the most valuable and central piece of land in the city; it

is furnished regardless of expense—and comfort. The interest payable on this outlay is a fixture. The extravagance of the show was necessary to entice the traveller. This tariff may be three or four dollars a day. It is pretty clear that the only chance the hotel-keeper has of profit on this payment is to give his guests cheap food and dear wines. The traveller arrives, registers his name; he is put into the hopper, the machinery is set to work, and he is turned out roomed, dined, washed and shaved, on the Paran Stevens' pattern. But if he falls ill, or does not conform to the regulations of the machine, the Lord help him! He arrives cold and hungry at eleven o'clock, train late. Do you think he can get a mouthful of food? No, sir; breakfast is over at ten, and dinner is not on till two.

"Well, sir," suggests the gentlemanly clerk, "you can go into the bar-room and get a cracker and a bit of cheese."

"But, sir;" replies the mournful guest, "I can't take my wife into the bar-room. Now she is waiting, cold and hungry, in a back room on the seventh floor." There is no help for it, so the M. G. takes his starving wife under his arm, goes out in search of a restaurant to get a meal he has already paid for in the hotel. And we endure this meekly. I want to know! Sir, I can get a better dinner at a French railway station, where we stop "twenty minutes for refreshments," either at Boulogne or at Dijon, than I can get at any first-class Boston or New York Hotel "on the American plan." If the French can do it why can't we?

* * * * * *

Now here is another question I should like to put to someone with a longer head than mine, and, as I confess to a first-class, double-breasted ignorance on the matter, I am most afraid to put this why on the list. Time was we had copper money, and the one-cent piece, not to speak of the two-cent, was an inconvenient load; so we invented the nickel, which is a mixture of a more precious metal with the copper, and the coin was reduced to a portable and convenient size; the five-cent silver piece was inconveniently small, but the five-cent nickel just fitted. Why might we not apply the same contrivance to the dollar? The silver dollar is too large. The gold dollar was too small. Is there any reason we should not have a coin of mixed gold and silver, something

smaller in size than the twenty-five-cent piece? It would be a value; the dollar-bill only represents a greasy rag. The lowest form of bill might be the five-dollar note. This is found to work well in Europe, and even in poor Ireland there is no bank-bill lower than a one-pound note. It may be said that a currency of mixed metals would not be serviceable for exchange with foreign countries. Perhaps that might be so much the better as it would remain a fixed native circulation. This objection, however, applies even more reasonably to bills, which are of themselves of no value, but the mixed metal coin would be still bullion, containing the weight of gold and silver that, taken together, constitutes the value of the dollar.

It seems to me that this would use up our surplus silver. Does it ever occur to anyone that contagious diseases may be circulated by these bills? Surely if the grippe was conveyed from Russia to the English foreign office in Westminster, the cholera could be conveyed in a wad of bills, worn on the person of a cholera patient, yet who thinks of fumigating money? No, sir; we are too glad to get hold of it, to make any trouble.

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I don't doubt that many of your readers could supply a because to every one of these whys. They have got intellect into them! while I am only a common-sensical kind of old *c*——I mean fuss-maker. The present generation is great on controversy, and schemes, and inventions, I allow, but it seems to me that it is like a river that runs too quick to irrigate much all round; it is so engaged in looking ahead, it has no time to look around.

I wonder if I am not an old fool?

"I want to know!"

OF DAVID'S HOUSE.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

THERE is an April day whose annual recurrence in England is marked with a strange increase in reverence and affection; a day on which one may see in the large cities, or in country places, dames of fashion and club-idlers, shop-girls and artisans, or even laborers of lower degree, wearing, in union of sentiment, a pale yellow flower on their bosoms, the favorite adornment of the great man whom they honor themselves by celebrating.

That flower is the primrose, associated of yore with "paths of dalliance" but now indissolubly connected with the name and fame of a most active statesman whose hands, indeed, are folded but whose works yet blossom and bear fruit.

That statesman is Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, never so much appreciated by his countrymen as to-day, when gentle, yet firm guidance is so deeply needed to steer the ship of Old England safe through the breakers of the Irish Channel.

It would be, of course, impossible within the limits of a magazine paper—or even of a magazine—to review in detail and do justice to the political, literary, and social aspects of a life so large. One must be content, therefore, with pointing out a few of the most interesting lines for deeper study which his history presents. And, even so, the richness of the material at hand makes it equally embarrassing to begin as to end.

Years ago when Charles Dickens was wending home from one of Earl Stanhope's brilliant dinners where the rising politician, Disraeli, had been the soul of the company, the great caricaturist remarked regretfully to a friend: "What a pity Politics should have robbed Literature of such a man as that!"

But men of letters, as Editor Howells wisely preaches, are too apt to overrate the importance of their calling, of which

fact this dictum of Dickens offers an instance most curiously extreme. For, though Disraeli only cultivated letters for political purposes, he seems to many men "the most considerable Englishman of his time," perhaps of all times — and why? Because, while we may safely admit that there are certain single great books which outweigh in their results certain single great deeds, yet, as a rule, to the mind and heart of humanity actions speak louder than words: Thermopylæ means more than a play by Sophocles; Byron's death for Greece more than his Childe Harold; Bunker Hill outshines a history by Prescott; Appomattox the novels of Howells.

And so, to some who regard literature as a means and not an end, the man, Disraeli, stands on high, because he raised thought to its loftiest utility and power of action in the improvement of the masses and because he conquered by the divine right of brains the slow and obstinate race that he ruled.

Nay, he subjugated more than a mere nation. He plucked up the deep-rooted prejudices of eighteen Christian centuries against his "chosen people." Again and again by new and novel triumphs he emphasized his own epigram that "one-half the civilized world worships a Jew and the other half a Jewess." And he made the ethnic fact, which once was weighing against him, a glittering point in his favor, a powerful weapon in the battle of his life.

In studying a public character one is apt to ask first what is his peculiarity, his originality, his specialty? What has he done alone among men? The answer — or answers — difficult in most cases, may be said to come easy in this. Disraeli was the first to use the novel as a political educator. He made his books the stepping-stones not merely of himself and his party, but of the people at large, to a higher life and a wider freedom.

Literarily considered, Vivian Grey, his first book, is crude, ill-balanced, top-heavy one might say: brilliant in parts and magnificent in moral, but tedious and overworded toward the close. But politically judged, it is a marvel, not so much, as some have said, for the prophecy of his own life which it audaciously proclaims, as for its profound insight into European affairs and its foresight into the future of the German Empire under Bismarck.

And here let us pause to postulate that foresight must ever be the prime necessary quality of a great statesman. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And what were this man's—what apples of knowledge did he give to his country—what instances of foresight did he show? Suffice it to name a few whose value is most apparent.

He foresaw the necessary downfall of Peel and worked to hasten the event. He foresaw the necessity, as well as felt the right of the people, for an extension of suffrage; and the Household Suffrage Reform Bill, which Mr. Gladstone with his party could not pass, Disraeli, by a miracle of intellectual force, compelled the reluctant Tories to adopt and raise to full growth. Grey and Russell, to be sure, in 1832, admitted a large commercial and middle class to the franchise, and annihilated a few rotten boroughs; but this was a half measure—more an experimental trade than a bold step ahead—and the full credit of the present English electoral system (which without shame we may admit superior in some points to our own) belongs to Benjamin Disraeli, who, by the reform of 1867, settled the suffrage on its true foundation, on the broadest and highest of human interests and values, namely, the household. Most of his friends deemed it and called it "a leap in the dark" and some of his detractors might depreciatingly claim that after all he only made it a local benefit. But what better pavement, we ask, could there be to the better governing of Ireland than this uplifting of the English masses? And where shall we find in the annals of England so brave, so brilliant, so far-reaching a success of statesmanship as this? That it should eventually have forced Mr. Gladstone into a position he never dreamed of occupying as the champion of Irish rights, is one of those queer sarcasms of circumstance that seem for a moment to transmute the old Greek phantom, Fate, into a modern, scientific fact.

Yet perhaps the most immediately valuable display of foresight and wisdom was the position taken by Disraeli during our American Civil War, when he preserved England from immense complications and upheld the struggling cause of common humanity. Mr. Gladstone and others were vociferous in their praises of Jefferson Davis and "the new nation he had made." Many a Liberal and many a Tory hailed the conspiring oligarchy and wished to stretch hands of help, and if the wishes and opinions of the English upper

class had prevailed, a war of universal magnitude would probably have resulted.

But Disraeli, though his social instincts would seem likely to have inclined him South rather than North, previsedthe inevitable, legitimate end. Seeing where the fundamental right subsisted and where the wealth, too, a majority element of modern war, was situate, he knew what the final outcome must be, however brave and obstinate the rebels, or whatever temporary success they might achieve through a successful intervention of England. "Southerners may possibly whip three Yankees apiece, but they cannot fight Progress, when backed by Yankee dollars," was his practical, incisive opinion. Besides, while he gauged rightly the inexhaustible resources of our Middle and Western States, he well knew that England, if she warred with us, would have Russia on her eastern flank.

Therefore Disraeli saved England from Mr. Gladstone and an unsuccessful, as well as disgraceful war. These are plain facts, yet even the Northern press in this country have shown a disposition to undervalue Disraeli's lifework and impugn his motives, perhaps from a sensitive national vanity which resented one of his remarks that America was provincial,—a remark, however, very true at the time. Then, too, Disraeli, the author, made some sarcastic allusion to one of our large literary firms, as wholesale appropriators of English books, from the shock of which imputation their tender editorial consciences appear never to have fully recovered.

But Disraeli's finest act of foresight, foreshadowed in his attitude during our upheaval, and outlined in his later foreign policy, is waiting to be developed into fact and approved by the slow wisdom of Time. He alone among statesmen seems to have felt that the Crimea was but prelusive to a final, supreme death-struggle between the Russian and English autonomies, a struggle most likely to happen chiefly in that corner of the globe where the sagacity of Beaconsfield sought to establish "a scientific frontier." Indeed, it is probably safe to predict that the world's great war will be in Northern India — and the friends of Progress ought to entertain no fears about the outcome.

The fate of Poland awaits Russia. Civilization calls for it. Liberty demands it. That our civilization, too, will in time succumb and be succeeded by another, we may be ready to admit, remembering how many civilizations have vanished

from the face of day; and knowing how all things grow, ripen, rot, and how unto all things is appointed a change — to systems of government as well as to forms of material nature, but is not the student of history safe in believing that the invention of printing and the discovery of America will prolong the power of the English autonomy for another thousand years, and that Europe, though it may take more time than Napoleon allowed to his double-edged prediction, will become all republican before it turns all Cossack?

Now, a man of less experience having such foresight as Disraeli in regard to Russia might have hastened to precipitate the conflict and forepluck the ripeness of time, but he decided that the hour for Russia's funeral had not quite come. The grave, 't is true, had been well dug by the pen of Tourgenieff; and the Nihilists, like a secret disease, had sapped and undermined the Russian body politic; yet Disraeli was content to wait. Enough for his present to block and thwart any designs upon the Orient. But Russia was at the door of India, struggling for the key. Now for the most brilliant move an English statesman ever dreamed of: "Sepoys to Malta!"

Call it a *coup de theatre*, if you will, but remember how many things depend upon the point of view and how many hasty judgments of the past have yielded and must yield to the revision of the future. Wild wolves and even intelligent dogs, no doubt, think a full moon absurd, unusual, and unnatural, for they try to howl it down; but they get tired of howling, and the calm, beneficent, beautiful moon shines on. Envy and cant must always bark at greatness; it is the compensating privilege of little natures.

> "Envy and cant most wisely would surmise
> That in street fights great Homer lost his eyes;
> That Milton's daughters lived in constant fear,
> And Shakespeare spent his youth in stealing deer."

And Disraeli's detractors, after accusing him of belligerent intentions, or at least of risking a rupture with Russia, then turned right round to sneer at the "Peace with Honor" which he brought from Berlin; but how soon they became confounded by the recoil of their detraction. If the foreign policy of Beaconsfield ever needed a defender, it found one as much in the Liberal party finally as in his own. The Berlin

compact, according to Sir William Vernon Harcourt, couldn't stand for forty days, and that grand orator, Gladstone, made it the chief count in the eloquent indictment which he thundered against the Tories in his great Mid-Lothian campaign. But hardly were Gladstone and the Liberals warm in office before they gravely declared that it should be one of their most sleepless cares to maintain in its integrity the treaty they had decried and to continue the enforcement of the policy they had denounced.

Let us look at Disraeli's foreign policy still more narrowly. The buying of the Suez Canal, indeed, if no other point were in sight, was a master-stroke of mere business for a country with so much ocean traffic and shipping as England; but, in its relation to England's other Mediterranean possessions, it was a checkmate of political science. And the acquisition of Cyprus changed the Mediterranean into an English lake, attached, as it were, to Beaconsfield's private park. For with Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Cyprus for links in the chain, Southern Europe lies bound, hand and foot, practically speaking, under the guns of the first naval power in the world, and Russia can get no southern marine outlet.

It is not intended to depreciate Gladstone, especially in an hour like this when he is devoting—in however mistaken and hasty a manner, without having educated the people up to it—the last moments of a noble, generous life to the extinction of oppression and the extension of freedom. But it is difficult, it is well-nigh impossible, to avoid contrasting his works with those of Beaconsfield. Granting the colossal erudition that Gladstone can bring to almost any subject and admiring heartily the vast pavement of good intentions which he has laid, what acts of practical statesmanship on his part can be instanced to compare with Disraeli's conduct in our war, his treatment of Russia, his Household Suffrage Bill, or even with the Factory Act, by which the hours of labor for women and children were lessened and the legal age for child-labor increased, a statute which has, perhaps, done more good and given more chance for the physical and moral improvement of the industrial classes than all Gladstone's achievements put together? May we not say that Gladstone has been a commentator, where Disraeli was a creator, and that the acquisitions of the former, immense and various though they be, are chiefly in his head, while the acquisitions

of the latter can be found on the map of the English Empire as well as in the increased properties and pleasures of the masses?

There has been a superstition in the world by which rogues have often profited, but which is now happily fading away, a fancy that a man of genius must always be a Delphic creature and, if not obscure in words, must, at least, never lower his dignity by participating in anything ungrand. But the homely practicality of true genius never avoids the little, if a little can be gained. This was well illustrated by an incident during the session of the Berlin Congress where, by-the-by, Disraeli insisted at the start, though he could speak French readily, that the business should be carried on in English, thereby implying to the assembly of Europe that English was the master tongue of the world and he the master of the situation. The little incident was this. At the first diplomatic dinner the Marquis of Salisbury, a rather sharp observer, suggested to Prince Bismarck that it was unwholesome to swallow cherrystones. The Prince took umbrage and denied the charge, whereupon the Marquis insisted with so much warmth that Beaconsfield was forced to propose himself as umpire. Bismarck accepted the offer and Beaconsfield quietly demanded his plate. Very slowly and carefully, though doubtless with an inward smile, Beaconsfield arranged the stones and stems in military order and lo! there were two stones missing. Here was a demonstration into which personality could not enter. The German Prince extended a hand of apology to the Marquis and said: "You were right." Then turning to Beaconsfield, he exclaimed: "My lord, you are indeed a great man."

Now some great men in such a case would probably have rebuked the disputants for so petty an altercation and thus have increased the ill-feeling or exasperation. This is a trifle, true; but in life — contrary to algebra — infinitesimalities cannot be neglected with impunity where large calculations are at stake.

Yet some reader may ask: "How happened it, if Disraeli did so much for England at Berlin, that he lost the ensuing election?" Nothing more reasonable to ask: nothing more easy to answer.

A man of genius is not infallible and this was Disraeli's error. He believed in the common sense, gratitude, and honor

of the English masses for whom he had done so much. He audaciously allowed his partisans to stand for election on the platform of his merits, not their money. The Liberals as usual out-liberaled each other in the bribery and corruption of their canvass. Disraeli trusted to the gratitude of the people. He forgot, in the long-continued glow of his Berlin triumph and London ovation, that the difficult journey to the average Englishman's heart begins at his pocket — and generally ends there. 'T is the present, tangible penny, not the future, probable pound that catches the eye, tickles the ear, and wins the voice of the multitude.

Shortly after this popular dethronement of Disraeli, however, a Russian journal contained a paragraph to this effect: "Beaconsfield has been ignominiously and overwhelmingly defeated at the popular elections. The man who has so systematically opposed the progress, thwarted the designs, and dwarfed the acquisitions of our Empire is politically dead. The man who stole from us at Berlin what we had gained in the field, and who dictated to the Congress of Nations as if he were greater than our Emperor, is politically dead. The man who stopped us at the door of the East is politically dead."

Could any statesman have a rarer epitaph than such exultation from the lips of a national foe?

It used to be said of Disraeli that he didn't inspire confidence; not that he was suspected of playing false, but that he was felt to be playing. Truly an epigram neat enough to be one of his own make, yet hardly apt in its application. As long as the world continues to be divided into different nations with interests frequently clashing, politics, the science of government, must partake somewhat of the nature of a game, and national politicians must be players; and, until a public man realizes this, he is often more dangerous to the interests of a civilized nation than any external enemy.

In consonance, too, with the empty tinkling of the epigram just quoted, was the pleasant English habit of stigmatizing Disraeli as theatrical, and lauding Mr. Gladstone as an earnest, sturdy, genuine Englishman—"The People's William," etc., etc. But whatever may be said of Disraeli's occasional pyrotechnics, he never attitudinized with an axe and an oak-tree for the behoof of British "hearts of oak." He never dealt out postal cards by hundreds to obtrusive admirers. He dis-

dained to court popularity in cheap ways. Fond of display, perhaps, at one time as ever any Oriental, he desired, however, that the display should be magnificent—or not at all. And there is fair evidence that he outgrew his racial foible for magnificence, since he directed that his funeral should be simple and that his bodily fragment should be laid, not in the Valhalla of statesmen, warriors, thinkers, poets, and kings—not in the famous gloom of Westminster Abbey—but by the side of his wife in the obscure little village of Hughenden.

We are too apt, at this day, now that the early struggles of this man have become an old story to our minds, merely to consider Mr. Gladstone and his incoherent party as the opposing force over which Disraeli triumphed. The whole fact is, however, that his adversary was the whole English nation. His party disliked him at first and regarded him as an interloping adventurer. The queen, at last his friend, was for long prejudiced against him; and his fight, though he ranks as a Tory, was in reality against the illiberalism of his age.

For such a duel as this a man must be many-sided; he must possess manifold attributes, intellectual and moral, and all in a high degree. Readiness, patience, confidence, courage, audacity, eloquence, — which power of these shall we say, then, predominated in Disraeli?

As an orator, generically speaking, he could hardly be compared with Mr. Gladstone, certainly not with John Bright or our own Phillips, perhaps not even with Beecher at Beecher's best. To be sure, we have the testimony of his early friends that in youth he was very impassioned in his eloquence, but he learned to repress or prune his early style and became calm, almost cold, in "the lonesome, latter days." Except on extraordinary occasions, then, he should be deemed a great debater rather than a great orator. Yet there is nothing ever uttered by any speaker, ancient or modern, that fills one with such a sense of perfect power as Disraeli's response in the House of Commons to the nobleman who taunted him with his Hebrew origin. The taunt was mean; the reply royal. Springing to his feet, his dark eyes flashing like swords, he exclaimed: "Yes, I am a Jew. When the ancestors of the honorable gentleman who has flung this fact in my face as a taunt and an imputation — when the ancestors of that honorable gentleman, I repeat, were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests

in the Temple. I feel every fibre of my being thrill with the traditions of my people."

For pathos, his speech on the martydom of Lincoln needs only to be mentioned—a speech which brought that awful scene home to the hearts of the House of Commons and made them realize what manner of man was our steadfast and kindly Lincoln.

Of Beaconsfield's wise wit and easy humor how many anecdotes gather in the memory! He once remarked of Gladstone—"A man without one redeeming vice, sir." And again, when asked to define the difference between "a mishap and a misfortune" he replied with that suavity which subtilizes sarcasm, — "Oh! there's nothing more simple; for instance, if Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames, that would be a mishap; but, if anybody should fish him out, that would be a misfortune." (This shaft, by-the-by, has been lately stolen by Max O'Rell and applied to the much-abused "mother-in-law.")

But it was evident, even to Disraeli's opponents, that there was no malice in his nature, and when it devolved upon Gladstone to move a national monument to his dead rival, even Gladstone avowed a belief that Disraeli had never nourished any personal animosity against him; and in a speech, which Sir Stafford Northcote declared to be a nobler monument than brass or marble, Gladstone did manly homage to Disraeli's marvellous powers, his faithful championship of the Jewish race, his boundless courage, and his absolute freedom from personal or political rancor.

Among other curious things, Disraeli has been accused of not understanding the English character; yet he certainly showed in his management of the House of Commons that he knew its fundamental weakness, and through that weakness learned to gain his points. That House, like Falstaff, loves a mighty laugh, and the bitterest detractors of Disraeli have frankly admitted his powers of wit and humor, smooth irony, and cutting sarcasm, quick ridicule, and careless by-play. The happy hit, the felicitous phrase that sticks to its object and cannot be torn off, the dire dissection of continual attack — these are the things Disraelian which vivify the dry pages of debate yawning before a student of Parliamentary annals. The wit of Disraeli in his younger days was sometimes terrible. Though doubtless it may help to immortalize Gladstone, it is very much to be feared that it killed Peel, physically as well as politically. Who can forget

how earnestly he advised that hapless minister to "stick to his quotations, because he never quoted anything which had not previously received the full sanction of the House"?

To compliment a man for being "the Rupert of debate" and then explain in a stage whisper that Rupert was in the habit of charging through the line of his foes and leaving his camp in their hands; to congratulate a turbulent fellow on the possession of a "luminous intellect"; to rally another on his "jovial profligacy," or his remarkable intervals of "vinous veracity" — these are only a few of the minor passes of Disraeli's vocal sword. Besides, he had the high merit, rare in any man, marvellous in an orator, of brevity in his speeches which rarely lasted more than twenty minutes. Actually a kind man, despite his unique powers of sarcasm, young Ambition found in him a steadfast friend and a genial guide. He, doubtless, never forgot the day when he went to a certain Israelite — not then a Disraelite — and asked for a loan of several thousand pounds. "On what security, Mr. Disraeli?" queried the Hebrew doubtfully. "On the security of my ambition and my genius," said the young politician calmly. "Very extraordinary collateral, Mr. Disraeli," murmured the other, "but call on me to-morrow, if you please, and we will talk it over." The Jew was wise, and Disraeli got the money. Or, perhaps, when he saw a young man of merit struggling along, he recalled, as he stooped to help him, with a thrill of supreme satisfaction that bitter hour of failure when his first speech was drowned by the noise of the Opposition and he closed it abruptly with the passionate prophecy: "The day will come when you *shall* hear me."

It was always hard to think of this man as old; hard to think of the handsome author and "joyous dandy" of Lady Blessington's *salon* as old and haggard, worn with the strife of politics, weary of the war of words, and, perhaps, a little amorous of the perfect sleep.

It was hard to gaze at that parchment face with its sphinx-like inwardness, its deep lines on which nothing was written, its inscrutable calm and immutable pallor and then — realize that the owner of this vague visage used to drink deep with Tom Moore, Count D'Orsay, Luttrell, Rogers, and all that glorious generation of wits, poets, and dandies who adorned the beginning of this great and splendid century. They all

went before him. He, the greatest, alone remained — alone lingered, and his last work showed no signs of intellectual decay. He was old, 't is true, but round that wrinkled brow still clung the roses of romance. The novel of his life was nearly finished, but the last pages bloomed as fresh as the first.

And still, though he passed away without regaining that place of power which he could fitliest fill, his life stays with us yet, a triumph and an example.

For history affords no parallel to the ambition of this man. A Jew to rule England? Absurd, impossible! It was as if some Aztec peon of Mexico, some obscure descendant of Montezuma, should aim his hopes at the Presidency of this Republic. The idea of a Jew in the House of Commons seemed revolutionary enough, but a Hebrew among the lords, an Israelite at the head of the government — simply monstrous!

It remains to glance at Beaconsfield's private life and this, too, is exceptional, for the lives of English statesmen, as a rule, will not bear narrow scrutiny. Very pitiful it is to have to explain and palliate the follies and vices of the great! Very splendid to find a great man for whom we need make no apologies, invent no excuses, and extenuate nothing!

Possibly in his youth, for the age was loose, Disraeli indulged those excesses to which "April blood" allures, but vice took no root in his essentially fine nature. The story of his marriage, of his wedded life, and of the affections lavished upon him by many true feminine hearts—hearts never hurt or trifled with by him—has been told so often, and is known so well that even allusion appears superfluous.

Perfectly pure and calmly beautiful it shines forth as a cheering star for all who believe in the earthly extance of virtue and of honor, and who hope that love will be crowned with immortality.

Therefore I feel, as I look back on the rewards of his eventful career, that Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, must have been a very happy and serene old man. But truly the supreme success in the life of this noble Jew seems to me not so much his triumph over English dulness, prejudice, and obstinacy as the fact that he was deeply loved.

Therefore I feel sure, as I look back on the life of this man, that he died as he had lived; that, satisfied with the past, he went calmly and easily down the dark stairs, with the candle of Faith, into the cellar of Death.

WHITE CHILD SLAVERY.

A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

THERE are certain disadvantages connected with our firm belief that we have the best government known since time began, that we are a "peculiar people," the special objects of Providential care, and exist for the express purpose of indicating the manifest destiny of the human race. A further conviction has associated itself with these. We have been certain that if we mind our own business, matters in general would take care of themselves, as they have done with more or less success since the first foot touched Plymouth Rock.

Change has come, an insensible one, brought about by the magical development of the last century and the last fifty years in particular, and with it has come also a train of evils supposed to be the exclusive property of the Old World, and to which we are, most of us, still blind. Those who have had occasion to look up the course of factory legislation in England, beginning with the discovery early in 1800, that thousands of children had been done to death by the "farming out" system for those employed in factories, rejoiced that no such horror was possible under our own laws. When, even after the first English Factory Act against this system, other phases of abuse in mining labor, etc., came to the surface, and the Government Inquiry Commission made record of their discoveries, in a huge volume of two thousand pages, each one blood-stained as any from the Inquisition, we thanked God that we were not as these men and went our way serenely.

For England the worst is over, so far as children are concerned, persistent agitation by men and women, the cranks of one generation and the saints of the next, having effected,

in great degree, the needed reform. In the meantime, we have gone on, calmly certain that no reform could be required till brought face to face with the census for 1880 and the fact there set down that the actual number of children between ten and fifteen years of age employed in gainful occupations was 1,118,356, and that while the ratio of increase in the population of this age was less than twenty per cent., the increase of those employed in these occupations was over fifty per cent. Five years before the appearance of the census, it had been found that in Rhode Island, in various factories, there were at work, for wages, one hundred and forty-six children aged nine years; sixty-four aged eight; eight aged seven; five aged six, and three but five years old! More than ten years later, Mr. James Connelly, inspector for New York State, reported: "Year after year we have seen the demand increase for smaller and smaller children, until it became a veritable robbery of the cradle to supply them."

Beyond these few illustrative figures and the comments, we shall have no further dealing with the statistical side of the question, though a mass of facts is before me. These are accessible to all through our admirable Labor Bureau Reports, as well as those of special inspectors, private and public. Adding to this personal knowledge obtained in many months of close investigation and observation, with the testimony of dispensary and other physicians among the poor, and we find that one or two points demonstrate themselves with absolute clearness.

Chief of these is the inevitable physical degeneration of the child. Thoughtful owners and managers here and there realize this, and many have testified that a child put into a factory life at eight or nine years of age, becomes practically useless by the time twenty is reached. Partial or entire invalidism is one result. Education has been limited to the fourteen weeks required by present law, but often evaded. Physical, mental, and moral developments are not only wanting but rendered impossible. The "factory look" is recognized at once by observers of even slight experience. At the critical age in girlhood when womanhood begins, constant confinement, constrained position, excessive heat, all conspire to delay and weaken the work of special functions while at the same time stimulating nerve irritability and sensitiveness, and thus putting a premium upon the play of passion.

It is this phase that is even more fatal than the disintegration of the family which is the result of mother and children being absorbed by factory life. What type of citizen for the State can come from a parentage in which every fibre, mental, physical, and moral, is either inert or diseased? Our enormous insane, idiot, and other asylums are the answer, and as their numbers swell, the cry is still for more and more. It would seem as if society had organized deliberately to fill them to overflowing. Every factory in the land where child-labor is permitted, turns out two products, one for the consumer of goods, another for hospital, asylum or prison, and at last the grave, the best place of deposit if such a product is inevitable, but from which will spring growth even more poisonous than has filled it.

Is this the inevitable order of modern progression? Is our complex civilization to give more and more to the highest and take more and more from the lowest? Must practical barbarism be made compulsory for the child worker, and the shadow of death hang over every loom run by child-labor? Never! Such labor has no right or place in a State whose mission is to give the largest opportunity to the individual, and develop a citizen whose life shall be part of its own progress and value.

A world of thought and action is already given to the rescue of children from the slums. Let it reach one step farther and rescue them with no less eagerness and determination from the factory. If present methods of production cannot go on without them, alter the methods. The loss on one side will be more than balanced by a lessening rate in our asylums, and a gradual lowering of the tax for their support, paid now with a cheerfulness which may well be transferred to another form of loss, loss to-day, perhaps, but gain for all days to come. We expend money for foreign missions while the heathen are here at our own doors. Out from the child faces, preternaturally aged, brutalized, and defrauded of all that belongs to childhood, look eyes that hold unconscious appeal for that justice which is the birthright of every soul born to the Republic. Ignore it, deny it, and the time comes when the old words sound again, and we hear the judgment: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." HELEN CAMPBELL.

II.

Mr. Bellamy describes, metaphorically, society as a cone standing on its top and being held in that position by an uncountable number of ropes, the laws and regulations turned out every year by the legislative bodies of all countries. When these cords become slackened and the cone becomes top-heavy and threatens to fall over on the one side, immediately an appeal is made to legislature to add a few new legislative cords in order to prevent a catastrophe.

This lucky metaphor states the case as it is and as it can be ascertained every day.

When machinery supplanted hand-labor and it was observed that machines were not alone quicker but truer than the hand of a man, skilled labor was placed at a discount. The system of machine work subdivided all mechanical professions in such a way that a child could do what formerly a man did. From that time began, as a natural consequence, the era of what may be termed, "White Child Slavery."

The evils accompanying it becoming more and more obvious, appeals were made to the legislative bodies of all countries to correct this disturbance of the social equilibrium and efforts of philanthropic persons have not been wanting to save the years of innocent childhood from this degradation. All laws, however, have been futile, and in spite of all legislation, in spite of the most strict enforcement of these laws, the cry that such a slavery still does exist is heard again and again.

Mr. Bellamy, in his metaphor, suggests that the cone ought to be placed on its base and that then there would be no need of any legislative cordage to hold it in position. In a similar way should all those who raise the hue and cry of "Child Slavery," and who demand laws for its prevention, go to the bottom of the thing and change or eradicate the root from which the evil branches out. They simply ought to place the cone on its base and the whole work would be done.

It is an utter mistake to believe that the manufacturers as a class are demanding or desirous of upholding this child slavery and that, therefore, the point of the law should be directed against them. The manufacturer does not care a straw who works for him, whether it is the father, the mother, or the seven-years-old child. As long as he gets

his work done for the price he can pay, it is immaterial to him who handles this or that part of his machinery. He does not come and ask the parents to send their children to his factory; quite to the contrary, he is overrun by parents, who beg of him to give employment to their children. When he tells them that there are laws prohibiting such an employment they will either beg him not to mind these laws, or misrepresent the ages of their children. They will do anything to deliver their children into that slavery.

How does this happen? Does no spark of love dwell in the hearts of these parents? Is it the greed for money which stifles all parental affections in their hearts? Surely not. The fault lies with our social conditions. It is necessity, *it is hunger* that drives them to sell the labor of their children, and the law that deprives them of this last resort takes away the morsel of bread out of the mouths of their starving children. Machines have simplified all performances to such a degree that they can be carried out by children or by persons with very little strength and skill; the pay for such work has therefore been reduced accordingly. Now consider the following case:

A young man and a young woman are working in a factory. They receive for their work just enough money to grant them their scant support. They have learned this work only and cannot easily change their occupation; there is no hope for them that they ever will be able to earn more. Still nature works in them as in other human beings; they fall in love with each other and get married. Love deceives them by the hope that they will be able to support themselves better through their united efforts. During the days of their courtship they figure that it will cost them less to support themselves in union than it costs them separately. Before a year has passed they find that their calculations were wrong. The young woman approaching motherhood is thrown out of work, yet the husband's work does not become more remunerative. Being not familiar with the theories and suggestions of Fourier & Co., they do not understand how to check population, and one child follows the other. The mother is needed at home, the father earns just as much as he has earned before they were married, but there are a dozen little feet that want shoes, and six hungry mouths that want their meals, six naked bodies that want to be clothed. When

the oldest child gets just old enough to do a little work by which he can bring in fifty cents a week they are glad to avail themselves of such an opportunity, and they come and beg that employment be given to their child.

Consider the same case under the variation, that the father has died.

Legislate as much as you please but unless you stop up the source of the evil all laws will remain dead letters. Any legislation of this kind must be directed against the parents and not against manufacturers; but no matter how wise the law may be, it will fail to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. *Nothing short of a radical change of our social order will eradicate the evil.* A man ought not to be paid for the kind of labor he is able to bring into the market, but he ought to be paid so as to enable him to live a human life, and his family with him. Nothing short of the placing of the cone upon its base will prevent "Child Slavery."

SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

III.

By child slavery I mean the wage-earning employment of boys and girls who have not passed the seventeenth birthday. Such employment is universal and is growing even where the very tiny children are in some measure guarded.

It is one of the characteristic infamies of our present industrial system that child labor is indispensable to supply cheap hands to the manufacturer and to eke out wages at home. But it can be minimized, and Massachusetts has for half a century been taking successive steps to restrict it. There has never in any country been any attempt to abolish child labor, and the remaining States of the Union rank with Belgium, Holland, and Russia in the futile inefficiency of their palliative enactments.

All measures thus far taken for the protection of the American child slave have been wrung from reluctant legislatures by the labor organizations, aided somewhat by the sporadic and fragmentary investigations of bureaus of labor statistics. And to these sources we must look for farther action. Philanthrophy (so-called) has not exerted itself effectively in this direction.

Wherever the capitalistic method of production prevails there is child slavery; and wherever there is child slavery we find, since England set the example in 1802, some pretence of restrictive legislation embodying one or more of the conventional prohibitions of labor under ten years or twelve, thirteen or fourteen years; of night and underground work, with a restriction of hours to eleven in Switzerland, ten in Massachusetts and a few other States, and six in England.

The one effective measure for the abolition of child slavery is as simple as it is comprehensive. It is the prohibition of all wages earning employment for boys and girls under eighteen years of age with compulsory education throughout the school year. This involves abundant school accommodation; an adequate teaching corps; truant officers and factory inspectors, both men and women, with sufficient salaries and travelling expenses, and, finally food, clothing, and books for such children as need them.

Nothing less than this can be made effective, and half measures will slumber forgotten as do the restrictive enactments of a score of our States. Many legislatures are now in session and immediate persistent insistence upon the passage of the necessary laws would undoubtedly hasten the day of deliverance for the white child slaves of the Free Republic, though it is as vain to hope for complete freedom for the child while the father remains a wage-slave as it would have been to expect freedom for the negro child by enacting palliative measures and retaining chattel slavery. The capitalistic system and the wage slavery of children stand and fall together.

FLORENCE KELLEY WISCHNEWETZKY.

IV.

Wherever social wrongs exist they fall heaviest upon the most helpless portions of the community. This is an axiom and it is the problem of those who deal with these evils, how to meet them—how to remedy, without giving them strength and permanency. The protective agencies for women and children are among the most remarkable, as they are among the most beneficent of the philanthropies of our day.

Moral and legal obligations have no force with those who are destitute of moral principle, and it is usually against the

cruelty of those who are bound by natural ties to be their protectors that children have to be guarded.

The question of child-labor is not an easy one to dispose of. It is an easy thing to pass a law prohibiting the employment of children in any shop, factory, workroom or office, until they are of a proper age; but who is to take account of them until they reach that age? How are they to be provided with means of growth, of improvement, of preparation for the coming life of honest and useful work?

A second law may be passed it is true, requiring that parents send their children to school. This has been done. But this pre-supposes the possession of a home, of food, of means of cleanliness, and sufficient accommodation in our public school buildings for all who apply.

Just here is where the problem comes in. There are vast numbers of children who have no homes worth speaking of, who have not sufficient food or clothing, or means of cleanliness, whose only refuge is the street, and who pick up whatever they can find there, like dogs, to keep life in their bodies. What to do with these is the question. Labor has been in great measure eliminated from the code of possibilities. Boys and girls can no longer be apprenticed to trades; schools have been multiplied where they are educated without cost, and "funds" established by which they are sent in hundreds and thousands from city streets to country roads and farms for a two weeks' vacation, which costs them nothing, and their parents nothing in the summer.

Forty or fifty years ago there were working schools, "knitting" schools, "lace" schools, "sewing" schools, where the little girls and boys, children of the poor, sat on benches and between the reading lesson and pot-hook exercise upon the slate, did their "stent" of work, sewed their seams, "clacked" the needles through the given number of "rounds," or sat at wooden frames darning simple patterns upon net. The earnings (in England) were about a shilling (twenty-five cents) per week. Not much, but equal to a dollar here, and now,— and the children were not only exercising faculty, but they were taken care of by the "dame" who kept the school, and aided a little the mother who could wash, clean, or attend to a little candy, thread, and needle or provision shop, as so many did in those days, during their absence, without fears as to their safety.

The conditions have so changed now that such resources are no longer available, even if they continued to exist. Machinery has driven the small hand industries which so specially aided women and children, out of the market, and has supplied nothing to take their place. Doubtless it has raised the average, and the standard of comfort and of requirements for the poor as well as the rich, and fulfils the demands of increasing populations, but all the same in concentrating power, industry, and wealth, it has multiplied social and economic problems, which as yet have not been solved. If there is any one of these that is more pressing than another, it is the question of the children who are not cared for by parents.

The boy or girl is preparing not only his own future, but that of a family, a neighborhood, possibly a whole community, or even an entire nation may be affected by his deeds or misdeeds. There is no time to waste; every day is building up the future man or woman. What shall they be? and what responsibility have we, or those who exercise the governing power over them, in the matter? Of what use is it to say they shall not labor, if it is a question of work or street? Any kind of labor, under any conditions which are likely to exist, is better than the gutter. We may say they shall go to school, but can we save them from cold and hunger? Can we protect them from cruel treatment? Can we provide them with the requisites for a clean and orderly life?

Children, in the hands of cruel and irresponsible parents, are capital by which they satisfy their horrible cravings. By work, or other means, the little ones are forced to supply a certain amount of money. Work not being forthcoming for those who are ignorant and cannot be proved trustworthy, the children fall back upon other ways of procuring what is demanded of them, and what they need—begging and stealing. Thus the reservoirs for the supply of criminals are always kept full, and the general sum of misery is increased, not abated. When the apprenticeship system was abolished, great industrial schools should have been created. It is one of the anomalies of our system to-day, that our industrial schools are for the rich, not for the poor,—that it is our rich men, and sons of rich men, who are learning, or who understand the theory and practice of mechanics—not the poor, who are poor, and a terror, because there are no means pro-

vided by which they can become useful and provident. In every State there should be large manual schools, maintained by the State, for the provision, protection, and education of the uncared-for children of that State. Not reformatories, or penitentiaries, but schools, to which children could be sent who were neglected or unprovided for by their parents. These schools should lay the foundation of an education, and teach the children how to earn an honest livelihood.

The remnants of the primitive idea that men own women and children still linger in the minds of brutal and ignorant individuals, and summary methods are needed to dispel this idea. Parents who neglect their children to the point of non-support, who expose them to the chances of the street, who are willing to wreck them in order to indulge their own vices, should be deprived of them. It would be better for the children to be removed while young, and better for the State to support them in schools than afterwards in prisons.

Until this provision is made, care and discrimination need to be exercised in depriving children of the resources by which they may be helped to become useful members of society. It is a sad thing for the young child to be turned into the workshop instead of the school, but the workshop is better than the street. Employers are not as cruel as rum-drinking fathers, and it may be the child's one means of salvation. At any rate, in a crusade against the injustice of forcing a little child to work before he knows what work is, and before growth and strength have furnished him with the needed instrumentalities, let us be careful that we do not destroy an ideal,—prevent him from developing one, or possibly make work foreign and repulsive instead of the appointed means of human growth and redemption.

JENNIE JUNE.

V.

The subject of "White Child Slavery" touches very closely at the root of all human slavery—industrial, social, political, religious. It is, moreover, the most hopeful and pregnant spot upon which to commence operations, because the child at once appeals to the sympathies of even the most obdurate plutocrat, and "a little child shall lead him" into the kingdom of God which is justice and righteousness; while also

serving as the solution to a large degree of the whole industrial problem.

First, we must establish the fact that there is a "Child Slavery" in America, worthy of the dark ages. The United States census of 1880 shows that over one million children under fifteen years of age are regular laborers, while the average age of laboring women is twenty-two, which largely swells the working number still in the teens. Add to this, children out of school — whom United States and State census-takers declare it is impossible to register, for obvious reasons which the capitalists and politicians well understand, notwithstanding the people who have the remedy in their hands are so blind,—who are employed as cash girls and boys, rag-pickers, bootblacks, errand and office boys, etc., and we have a picture too horrible for our average optimistic clergymen who preach the Christ who "took the little children in his arms and blessed them" to handle, and consequently by their silence on this America's worst outrage — if Scripture be true — practically join in cursing and dooming the children to vice and ignorance, superstition or atheism. ("He that is not with Me, — Truth and Love,—is against Me.") The enormous extent to which child labor is utilized in our country, is the greatest reproach upon this Republic.

Child labor inflicts the greatest wrong upon adult labor, cheapening the latter far more than Chinese or any other immigrant labor could ever do. Abolish child labor, and you at once raise adult wages, with which cheap child labor no longer enters as an alarming competitor.

The only radical and permanent remedy for this state of things is UNIVERSAL LOVE IN HUMANITY, "*which is the fulfilling of the Law.*" Until LOVE is spontaneously generated as the active Principle of Life through man's complete redemption, it is necessary that "*the Law which is the Schoolmaster to lead us to Christ,*" should express Justice and Righteousness. Hence to my mind the remedy is CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM through the NATIONALISTIC methods which are FRATERNALISM (*not* PATERNALISM) whereby the true individuality which is the "life, (in the fullest sense, mental, moral and physical,) liberty, and pursuit of happiness" is secured by the Government, *i.e.*, the People; and where the perverted individuality which is selfishness, greed, and oppression, is no

longer permitted by Government, which will then cease to be a PLUTOCRATIC MONARCHY, and become a DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, giving equal rights and privileges to all its citizens.

The child under such a government would be recognized as the future citizen, and his first twenty-one years jealously guarded to secure the mental, moral, and physical development, through intellectual, industrial, and ethical training, which would best fit him for an adult life of happiness and usefulness.

But while we cannot immediately eradicate evils which only the fundamental principles herein indicated can eradicate by the process of gradual enlightenment and public demand, we can modify present evils of child slavery by a few immediate steps which at once appeal to reason and justice.

Among the most feasible practical means to be at once employed, in my opinion, to lessen this terrible condition of things is: First, to make education compulsory nine months in the year up to the age of seventeen. And, that the law may not be a dead letter in this regard (as it is in every State but Massachusetts), for a much lower age, there should be statutory provision: (*a*) that school accommodations be provided for all children of compulsory schoolable age, on heavy penalty for failure in such adequate provision; (*b*) that every local district be canvassed, and a rigid census of all the children of compulsory schoolable age be registered, and not as now, only the school attendance be registered, which is practically worthless.

Second: (*a*) That children whose labor is apparently required by poor parents shall be supported at the expense of the State, city or town to the extent their child-labor would otherwise bring. (*b*) That industrial or manual mechanical training, including trades, cooking, designing, engineering, dressmaking, and all practical forms of industrial and productive usefulness be embodied in the compulsory education of every child of the rich as well as the poor parent, who shall elect one or more branches to pursue and be perfected in, that all children may be fitted to become producers; that labor may no longer be degraded as under our present artificial standards; that children may be thus early taught the true democracy of our nation; that its fundamental principle is freedom and equality, and that the ignominy of one-tenth of

the community living off the hard labor of nine-tenths of their brothers and sisters (in the largest, truest sense) may soon be a thing of the past, never to be referred to but with shame and horror as unworthy both of civilization and Christianity.

Pending these measures, while any State is lagging in the onward march of civilization, and holds down the age of its compulsory education law, there should be a sufficient number of factory and mercantile inspectors, half of them being women, provided by statute in every State, to secure honest and efficient inspection, so that violations of law in employment of children at present illegal age, non-compliance with the hours of labor by statute permitted, the hygienic regulations regarding air space and safety, also moral safeguards and security in that which is of more value than physical life, may have a reasonable chance of detection, exposure, and punishment.

The first method is the ideal, viz.: universal love permeating humanity; the second method, Christian socialism, through nationalistic propaganda the attainable of that ideal by government. The methods of alleviation herein proposed can be and should be at once adopted by every State legislature, and the people should demand their adoption, thus cutting short the most horrible and barbarous slavery of helpless and innocent childhood.

A. A. CHEVAILLIER.

VI.

The weapons for supremacy in the savage past were swords and shield. The weapons for supremacy in the barbarous present are a business education, a seared conscience, and intellectual sharpness along the lines of trade.

The battle for life is as fierce as it ever was, but the vanquished are murdered more slowly. As man improves his methods of commanding the elements to do his work and machinery becomes more perfect, less skill and fewer hands are required to attend to it. Free competition (compelling the employment of the cheapest labor) discharges the father and hires the mother; as machinery improves, it discharges the mother and hires the child. The father once sold his own labor, but finding no market he is forced to become a white child slave trader, and he sells the labor of his helpless child.

That child is as much compelled to slavery as though some one had a bill of sale for her. Kind nature meant that the early life of every living thing from the kitten to the savage should be full of careless, frolicsome glee. But in our meek and benign Christian civilization (?) we are far behind the savage; we enslave the innocent children, and make their lives a joyless nightmare of misery, physically decrepid, mentally stunted and morally dwarfed. When out of prison for a day we send them to the Sabbath school, and repress any signs of joy with thoughts on eternal torture.

We forever paralyze their divine reasoning powers, by telling them that it is wicked to doubt the undemonstrable, and though a deformed mind is a greater calamity than a deformed body, our system of theological harmony does deform the mind on Sunday, while the incessant labor of weekdays prevents development. Our moral sense is getting more sensitive in some directions. There are not so many people who think black chattle slavery right as there used to be. But free competition (demanding cheaper goods) has made our moral sense perfectly callous where white child slavery is concerned. Thousands of children brought into this fierce contest for existence without being consulted, their homes squalid tenement surroundings, to which a hollow tree in a tropical forest would be a palace. Their parents—white child slave traders—slave traders of their own flesh, forcing them into prisons filled with machinery, where eternal toil is thrust upon them; where the radiant and health-giving sun shines not; where signs of happiness are crimes; where their muscles must compete with tireless arms of steel; where their little bodies are bent, stunted, and twisted, their minds are careworn and old, and the light of their young lives is completely eclipsed,—such is one side of our present civilization.

Can it be possible that this monstrous wickedness is the legitimate result of the inventive inspirations that have called to man's command the forces of nature, by whose power he can now produce twenty times as much wealth as he could fifty years ago. By no means. It is caused by a thoughtless, wilful, and criminal perversion of these great blessings. For we know that if production was organized, and men worked in harmony instead of conflict, and all were to assume their share of the burden of society, two hours per day would be

all that would be necessary to produce more wealth than we could possibly consume, and women and children might be left in their true sphere. The prime cause of this child slavery is private competitive production for *profit* instead of *use*. The reason we produce so little wealth now, is because of the deadlock of production. As machinery improves, fewer men are required to produce a given amount of goods; this lessens the wage bill. It is the amount of money paid as wages, that is the extent of the purchasing power of the masses.

Those who own the machinery will not produce any more than can be sold with a profit, and that is limited to the amount of money paid as wages, hence factories are shut down to keep them from producing the things the people need that there may be a profit in what they do sell.

Production for profit instead of use is responsible for the fact that in the midst of a possible deluge of abundance, millions of willing workers are starving and their children in slavery. This system expels the able-bodied man from the army of industry and forces the tramp's condition on him, while it heartlessly seizes the helpless children and not only makes them joyless slaves, but robs them of the opportunity to get the educational weapons with which to fight the battle of life.

C. ORCHARDSON.

UNGAVA.

A COMPANION IDYL OF MAMELONS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

CHAPTER III.

UNGAVA'S LOVE.

"HERE are we come at last. Here, safely guided, I have brought you through the under ways of earth:—the cracks and fissures in her solid crust, made in the ages of forgotten time, when out of distances beyond her orbit fell the bolt of ruin * that did rive apart the underlying granite. Past lakes of boiling water, hot with central† heat; on banks of river sulphur-edged and bottomed; past springs whose flames burn blue and white, yielding no smoke, and dreadful pits which vent the smothered fires where righteous ignorance believes are penned the damned; I, you have guided and brought safely on to sure retreat. Here, crystal, flow sweet waters. Here bread and meat await your hunger. On these piled skins and under eider blankets lighter than moonlit air you can find blessed sleep. Eat, drink, and sleep. Fear not. Trapper, this light is of the day. The air you breathe has

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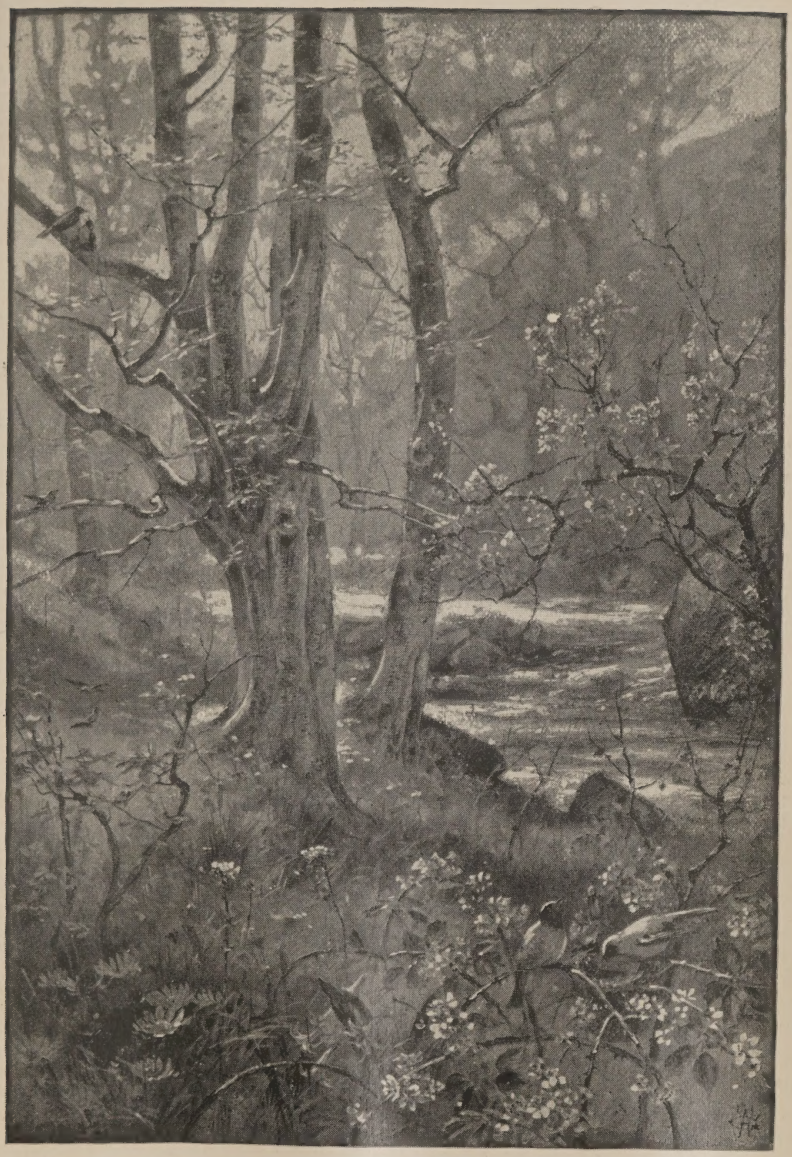
*It is a remarkable fact and extremely suggestive, that a belief existed among the Indian tribes of the American continent that the earth was once struck by a vast physical body coming suddenly and at tremendous speed out of space, which caused an enormous ruin. We find this legend or old-time faith among the Aztecs, the Pueblo Indians, the Manans, the Dacotahs or Siouxs, the Chicasaws or Creeks, and all the many branches of the Algonquin family. With more or less difference in descriptive details, as would naturally be expected, the great fact is the same in each tribe or race. With this legend are blended other ones of cave life, and the loss and renewal of the seasons, of day and night, and of vast climatic changes which came to portions of the earth inhabited by their ancestors, as the result of this monstrous visitation. Back of all these legends in time, there must have been some fact as the originating cause. At least, so it would seem.

†It is well known that in many of the deep, subterranean passages of the earth, especially in sections of the earth's surface subject to earthquake forces, the waters are hot, and some springs are, literally, of boiling water.



Drawn by HAMILTON GIBSON.

"HE IN SPRING–TIME FILLS THE WOODS AND FIELDS WITH FLOWERS."

(*See "Ungava."*)

poured in currents past the stars. When food and sleep have made you strong again, Ungava will return, and taking hand in hers, will lead you up where you shall see the orb that lights the world, and hear beneath the cliffs the tides come roaring in. Old Chief, sleep well and long. You shall find foe and chance, and out of glorious battle go like warrior to your sires. Eat, drink, and rest, while from my chamber nigh I sing the song that bringeth sleep and pleasant dreams."

UNGAVA'S SONG.

I.

When men do sleep, their angels keep
  Love's watch where'er they be.
They plant or till, they sow or reap
  On mountain, plain, or sea.
They lose or win, they laugh or weep,
  Who knows which it may be?
Sleep, Trapper, sleep. Dream, Trapper, dream.
  There comes no harm to thee.

II.

Fair, fair is she, whose deep dark eyes
  Gazed fondly down on thee.
Warm, warm her heart. Beyond the skies
  She longing waits for thee.
Her bosom white, her eyes of night,
  Are waiting there for thee.
Sleep, Trapper, sleep. Dream, Trapper, dream,
  Of Heaven, and her, and — me!

III.

Mine, mine to keep. Hers, hers to have.
  So are we blessèd three.
Soul of my soul. Heart of her heart.
  I keep. She has. Ah, me!
The lots are drawn. The wheel stands still.
  I keep. She has. Ah, me!
Sleep, Trapper, sleep. Dream, Trapper, dream,
  Of Heaven, and her, and — me!

IV.

Before our birth our fates are fixed.
How may they altered be?
Why murmur, then? Why hope or wish?
Who can the end foresee?
If I lose life, I yet may find
The life I lose for thee.
Sleep, Trapper, sleep. Dream, Trapper, dream,
Of Heaven, and her, and — me!

V.

Sweet, sweet to one is duty done
When heart is ruled by will.
Sweet, sweet to know, as days go on,
That you preserve from ill.
I may not have, but I can keep.
So let the wheel stand still.
Sleep, Trapper, sleep. Dream, Trapper, dream,
Of Heaven, and her, and — me!

So slept they through long hours. Then, by the longing of her heart impelled, Ungava came to where the Trapper slept, eager to look upon his face again. So softly to his chamber did she steal, and standing over him still slumbering on, she said:—

"He sleeps! O sleep, rest lightly on him as the fur upon the sleeping ermine, when under its warm whiteness his little life reposes undisturbed. Be to his wearied frame as the cool water to the runner's feet, when, hot and swollen, they have brought him safely to the end of perilous trail, foe-chased. Be to his soul as is that volatile oblivion with which the gods ease pain, to wounded warrior, that he may feel no more the wounds of grief, the pain of bruises got in fearful falls, or have his dreams disturbed by roar of dubious battle. O sleep! sweet jailer of the soul, lock up his senses tight within his mighty breast; stop ear so closely that no vagrant sound may steal into its vaulted vestibule and beat its vibrant drum. Seal down his heavy lids that no swift flash of light electric shall, with pointed lances, pry their edges open; that I may gaze upon him undisturbed and question his unconscious soul, that, as the ancient oracles

with lips of stone, not knowing what they said nor sensing joy or doom, so it may speak of fate and tell me if I live or die. Thrice round him will I walk that he in sacred circles three may be enfolded. Thrice over him, recumbent, the dust of dim forgetfulness I sift, that, through its drifts oblivious, he may not wish to rise. So sleeps he deep and well. Ah, me! if to my senses there could come such blest oblivion!"

Long stood she then and gazed upon him as he lay asleep. Then walked away, hands clasped in doubt; returned, and, standing over him, exclaimed: —

"Oh, heart within, be still! Rebellious bosom, cease, cease to lift and sink tumultuous! Be as the level sea when ebb is ended and the flood is stayed. And ye, pale sisters, gentle spirits of the skies, in whose sweet loving is no trace of mortal passion, help me who am earth-born, but doomed to be unto this man, or god, — I know not which, — a guard and guide forever; to chill this mortal warmth within me into ice, lest love shall bring me woe and anguish evermore. Ah, me! Ah, me! That I, a woman, should be doomed to look upon a man like this! To see his soul pure as a child's; the gentleness of his spirit when unvexed; the might of hand which, single and alone, shapes battles; the modesty of nature too humble to know its greatness; and that old sense of truth which sweareth to its hurt and changeth not, keeping word and bond to lowliest given unto edge of death, — and be forbid to love him! Did ever woman on the earth before have fate like this fall on her! Oh, thou who didst weave fate for me, appear, appear, and tell the child of ancient days, if I do right or wrong to question destiny!"

Then, in reply, from out the gloom of farther distance came a voice, saying: —

"Ungava, light of face but dark of soul,* fear not to question and to know. The Powers that work for thee are mighty. The threads that wove thy fate were mixed and tangled dubiously. Love cuts all knots, and love, perchance, may out of fate deliver. Child of the Past, the old gods love you, and behold. Call up his soul and question freely. It shall speak truth oracular, and to his breast return not knowing."

Then, rallying courage for the deed, Ungava said: —

* Referring to her foreboding of coming doom.

"So be it, then. I will call up his soul and know the truth. God! If from his soul, unconscious, I should learn that from his eyes one look of love would ever come to mine before I die! Such look would last me through eternity and make my heaven a memory!" Then, proudly posed, with hand extended, grasping wand of power, she sang: —

"From out his breast where thou art hid,
O soul, come forth when thou art bid.
Prepare to leave thy home of sense,
And love shall be thy recompense.
For one brief moment rise and tell
The fate that makes my heaven or hell.
I fain would know what will befall.
So come, and answer love's sweet call.

Now, by the mother that did bear,
By powers of earth and powers of air,
By that sweet thing you most do love,
On earth below or heaven above.
By babe in cradle, corpse in grave,
And by this wand I now do wave
Above his sleeping breast, arise,
And here take form before my eyes."

Then was such sight as mortal never saw. Around the Trapper, as he slumbered on, a smoke as that of incense did arise, in color rosy-red, until it hid his sleeping form from sight of gazer; and out of its enfolding came a voice, which said: —

"I heard a voice I may not disobey call me from out this sleeping body that I animate and which to me is as strong hand to the directing will. Why am I called before my time? Ungava, what would'st thou know of me, or him?"

Then said Ungava: —

"If ever I may have thee as mine own."

To which the voice replied: —

"Yea, I am thine already. We two belong to him."

Ungava: —

"But I am woman. And a woman's wants are mine. Unless he loves, I must bear doom and dole. Oh, tell me, will he love me?"

To this the voice: —

"When in the cave which, but for thee, had been his grave, he swore—'If thou would'st lead him forth where he might see the sun and breathe the air of heaven, thou should'st be Angel to him evermore.'"

Ungava: —

"I know. I know his angel will I be. But will he *love* me?"

Again the Voice: —

"The woman that he loves must be a queen."

Ungava: —

"Queen! Queen am I. My throne is ancient as the Stars of Morning. Earth and air, past world and future, rule I. Speak once again. Shall I be Queen to him?"

To this the voice made slow and solemn answer: —

"If thou would'st have him break his faith and be to word and bond untrue, living or dead, then may'st thou be his Queen."

Then slowly thin and thinner grew the smoke until it vanished, and in the chamber dim and dark Ungava stood above the Trapper, slumbering on.

"Break faith!" she slowly said. "To word and bond, be, living or dead, untrue! O soul, thou didst mistake if thou didst think a woman's love would tempt the man she loved to such a deed. This man is honest. Such other one there may not be to-day on earth. Within his breast honor is as the breath is to his nostrils. Who, by the gift of all her heart has paid the price and owns him, I know not. What woman of these later days when women have lost ancient beauty and are dwarfed from loyalty's high part to fickleness, might with her little self pay queenly price, is past all credence. Nay, it must be false. Such woman lives not. The time has been when women in their beauty wedded gods, and immortality paid the price of death to win them, and winning them, died happy in their arms. But that is past. From some old grave of porphyry or pearl, where she in sweet embalmment slept, had he the power to summon up the beauteous dead of olden time, some Queen, crowned and raimented in royalty, with all the fire and passion of her sex's perfection in her blood, might have arisen at his call, and seeing him in battle or on the edge of death stand fearless, flung herself into his arms and claimed him for herself and for her throne. But now! It cannot be. There is no woman living fit for him. My power shall seek and find her. He has been

cheated. My eyes shall see. If she be fit for him—alas! alas! I yield him to her arms, and yielding him I will lie down and die, and in the grave find—perhaps—forgetfulness! But hush! He moves! Ah, what a sigh was that! I thought I was the only one that sighed. I will away, and come again when he awake. But if she be not fit; if she stand dwarfed beside him; if he were cheated by some accident of fate that came with tardy foot or ran too swift; if she be not as crown to kingly head; then will I win him to myself, and so be perfect angel in being perfect woman."

Then vanished she. As light retreats into the west at day's decline, so glided she into the farther openings of the cave, still gazing backward as she faded into darker distance. The Trapper woke. His eyes moved in their sockets seekingly, as one who, sleeping, has lost sense of place and time and circumstance; then memory came, and sitting half recumbent murmured he: —

"Ungava! Atla! It was a dreadful dream! As wild as chief e'er dreamed sleeping overtired on some old battle plain. I will arise and wash my heated face with cooling water. I would I knew where water runs that might this dreadful dream wash from my memory!"

Then in the ice-cold tide that ran in pleasant murmurs down the cavern's side he bathed his heated face and cooled the fever in his eyes, and, thus refreshed, stood gazing downward musing — when suddenly he stooped, and with observant eye studied the cavern's floor, and said: —

"By sacred * sign on rifle stock I swear that little imprint there was outlined by Ungava's foot! See! Heel and forefoot have left mark, but the arched interval between, too high and firm for weight to flatten, has left the dust unstirred. The savior of my life did stand and watch me as I slept! Aye, she with face like purest snow, and gloomy soul as it were ever under shadow, and eyes that hold within their fringes, jet as night, the sorrow of a world long dead, who out of old-time grave and instant death did snatch me, did watch and ward keep over me in sleeping. What may I ever do to balance up the scales that now so heavily slope obliquely in her favor? She said great service must I do for

* Many of the rifles among the northern Indians and trappers, partly from priestly influence perhaps, and partly from religious or superstitious motives personal to the owner, have the cross carved or painted on them.

her. I, standing in that dreadful tomb, chilled and weakened nigh to death, did give her word and bond if she should lead me to the upper world where I might see the sun once more and feel the air blow strongly on my cheek, she should be angel to me evermore. That word and bond thus given will I keep if hand or heart of mine may keep it this side death, or beyond it. But, God of heaven, what is this? That impress in the Polar fur where lay my head! If death were settling darkly in my eyes, through dying film and glaze well should I know that little trail. There stood Ungava. Here above my head did Atla stand. My God, that they, my savior and my Love, should in this chamber stand together over me, and I sleep on! Am I on earth, or spirit land?— What may this visitation mean?"

Then as he musing stood Ungava came with noiseless step into the chamber, and gliding to his side she gently said:—

"Trapper, twice has the sun come to the earth and gone since thou didst sleep, and now the moon shines whitely on the world. If thou art rested, we will go and thou shalt look upon her beauty and shalt hear the music of the sea which rolls its rhythm under sounding cliffs. What troubles thee? Hath not thy sleep been sound and restful?"

"Sound, sound it was in truth, O thou whose face is as the moon, my savior and my angel: but, O Ungava, as I slept strange dreams did come!"

"Dreams?" said Ungava. "What dreams did vex thy sleep, may I not know?"

"Aye, aye," he cried, "thou shalt know all. For thou dost love me and art wise beyond the wisdom of dull, earthly man. Perchance thou canst the riddle read and tell me what the vision means."

Then calmly she: "Say on, and tell me all. No doubt I can the riddle read and give its meaning."

Then solemnly the Trapper said:—

"Ungava, listen. As I lay, my senses locked in slumber deep,—so deep I doubt if roar of coming battle would have stirred me,—forgetful of all earthly happenings as the dead: suddenly I seemed to hear the sound of music coming through the air in strangest song by dead or living heard,—a song sung for my soul! In answer to that song my soul did leave my bosom and slowly rising stand, as a thing unseen, above me. Then voices did I hear. Questions that my ears

could not retain were asked and answered. Some soul was seeking of my soul for knowledge which it would or could not give; and all the world around me was as are the heavens when the clouds above Ungava's torrent tides at sunrise roll upward rosy red. Then, suddenly, the voices ceased; my soul sank downward to its mortal home within my breast; the red clouds faded, and I knew no more until I woke. Spirit of knowledge, tell me what it was I heard or seemed to hear; what is the meaning of this dreadful dream?"

Then said she, lightly, "Dear friend, thou wast o'er-tired; thy body had been sorely taxed, and all thy senses tumbled into sleep as shot bear tumbles over edge of cliff and at the base dies struggling. It was a fever vision, an unreal distortion of the fancy; nothing more. Forget it."

Then did the Trapper, strongly moved, place hand upon her shoulder and exclaim:—

"Ungava, I can see some dread is on thee, and from fear of hurting me thou holdest back the truth. Thy soul is wiser than thy words. Look at that imprint in the film of dust upon the floor. There did my body lie. There at my feet thy foot did come and stand. Were I on dying bed, with dying gasp I'd swear that thy white moccasin didst make that imprint on the floor. That is not all. Angel of my life! Savior in hour of death! Look here, here in the snowy fur of this white polar's skin, see! see that footprint where a little foot did leave its tell-tale outline in the yielding hair! Whose foot made that? There at my feet, Ungava, as I slept, didst thou or thine own spirit stand. And here, by Him who made the world, were I at judgment bar, with hell before me, I would swear, upon this skin, seen or unseen by you, with arms outstretched above to shield or claim, did my sweet Atla stand! My God! what does it mean?"

Whiter than winding sheet her face beside his, gazing, grew. One hand clutched breast as if to tear it open. Back from her shoulder stretched her other arm, rigid and stiff. The hand was clinched in horror. Her widely opened eyes bulged wildly prominent — two orbs of black surprise. Then into air her white hands did she dash, and such a scream burst out of mouth as never shredded air before. And hurling wand from quivering hand, she dashed from out the chamber as if upon her had come down, like bolt from heaven, an overwhelming fear or shame.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.

In his vast chamber, vaulted high, whose ledge-like sides were knobbed with metals, precious stones, gold, silver pale, pyrites of iron, garnets, blocked crystals, diamonds barbaric, stones of blood, and countless gems, and from whose dome stalactites pendant hung, sat the Great Wizard of the North. This caverned hall was Nature's marvel. It was as if some god before first day and night had been, when chaos ruled, and all the globe was soft as heated mud, with hands whose palms were wide as landscapes, had in wildest freak or wanton merriment, with strength gigantic, flung all metals known to forming nature down in showers, and laughed to see them fall into the stiffening ooze, which, hardening, held fast the treasure trove of mighty mirth. Thus, when the cavern was by shock volcanic formed, its sides and vaulted roof wide-spanned and high were weighted with the wealth of empires. In this vast chamber thus adorned, rich in barbaric splendor, the Wizard of the North, her grandsire, Ancient of Days, whose stay on earth was thrice the length of mortal man's, sat in his awful chair — a seat of power which had come down from primal days, huge and high, carved with weird shapes, bristling with polished horns whose every point shone like a star — on jet-black pavement placed, upon whose lustrous gloom was traced in gold the sacred circle of the Zodiac. His hair was white as whitened wool. His face was pale with years and thought and study of deep things. His eyes were living blackness. Above them brows of snow projected. On one thin hand there shone such stone as never man beheld, which flashed and glowed, changed color fitfully, then veiled its splendor in dull red, and slept. Anon its mystic fires would blaze again, and hot and hotter burn until they flamed the hand with splendor. Within the other hand, laid listless on his lap, was rod of that old mystic metal which to our modern ignorance is but a name, but once, with its strange powers, was known to men and had high use. In it were noises constant, as of snapping fire, and ever now and then a spark shot forth. Nor lacked it power to move and lift the hand that held it.

It was strange rod. A living proof of ancient mystery which startled Egypt into justice, if sacred text be true.* Thus, in strange state and style, the mighty Wizard of the North, the weird embodiment of powers and arts and vital agencies beyond the ken of moderns, sat musing, lost within himself. Then opened he his mouth and, as one holding audience with himself, he said: —

"I know not what it means! Thrice has the Rod stood upward in my listless palm, unmoved by me! Not for a hundred years has this old symbol on my hand, instinct with primal sense, burned with such fierce and fitful fires. Twice past me since I sat within this chair my ears have caught the sound of flitting feet. They came in haste, and when they went, they flew. I felt, but could not see the presence pass. It must be so. One of that race which planted earth with power and beauty and high knowledge has drawn a line across the distances, so vast that light itself might never shaft the mighty intervals, and in this cave has come and gone! There is not other one unless of that one race, in living-land or dead-land, my eyes might not behold in passing. Nor of that race is one, unless she be of that old queenly line that lifted gods unto their throne, and by that graciousness did make them greater. But wherefore? What is there here for them or one of them, that she should leave her throne, which, were its glory tenfold brighter than the sun's, is yet so far removed from this small earth that not a point of light might tell its place or glory to a mortal's eye? What soul is here which through such space could send or call forth message? The Chief of Mistassinni, withered and old, sleeps out of weakness unto strength, waiting for foe and chance. The Trapper, a vital man and primal in the greatness of his nature, but humble, and content with chase and hound and honest fight and mortal circumstance, sleeps to the music of the falling rill, lulled into slumber by Ungava's song. She, under fate to serve him, as higher spirit lower, caught in the eddy of a mortal passion, spins struggling round, and wildly seeks to know the issue ere it comes. These three are here. No more. Why should a mighty throne in distant universe

*Exodus, vii. chap., 10, 11, 12.—"And Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then the magicians of Egypt cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."

be moved by what is here, to visit, invisible, this earthly cavern? There lifts the Rod again! The Ring burns hot as fire! What means it? Hist! I hear the stroke of flying feet and rush of garments. It is. It is. Ungava flying comes."

Thus from the chamber and his presence fled she terror-stricken, filled with shame that she had been observed by one unseen of her when she revealed her soul to his, seeking to know her destiny. Wild with fear she fled as flees the fawn, when by his yell the springing panther is revealed — a ball of tawny fury falling through the air, above it feeding. So she with flashing feet fled fast, her garments streaming as streams the plumage of a pheasant sailing on, until she came to that high hall where, in his chair of mystic state, there sat the Wizard of the North, her grandsire, pondering on ancient things and signs that stirred his soul. Into his awful presence wildly did she burst, and with white face and hand high lifted, before him stood and cried:—

"Sire of my sire, Ancient of Days, who hath the early and lost knowledge * of the world and all its power on dead and living, tell me, thou who taught me mystery and armed my hand with Rod of power and to my lips gave incantations that out of ashes of old urns and dust of ancient graves can call forth those who once with life did warm the mouldered clay and from the bosom of the living summon the soul articulate, and to my eyes didst give the sight which sees through space and graves; tell me, if in the universe there moves a body or a soul that, coming out of living-land or dead-land, can stand within arm's reach of me and not be seen?" so cried she standing in her fright before him.

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* It is by no means improbable that, as the great prophets, seers, sorcerers, or wizards — call them what you please — of all peoples and times have claimed, there was in the beginning of the world a far closer connection between this earth and the invisible worlds, than now is provable. In all sacred literatures, whether Christian, Jewish, or Pagan, — so called by us whose pride is equalled only by our ignorance of primal things, — this claim is boldly made, and miracle-working, or the doing of things outside the regular course or order of nature, is made, in them all, the very basis of the structure around which they, as the verbal expression, have grown. It is evident to all scholars that back of what is known as modern civilization were other and more perfect ones, whose very ruins are a marvel to us all. It would seem that as we are only mere copyists in architecture, so we are only borrowers from the past of all that is really valuable in our faiths and moral code. No one with a heart can but lament that there is to-day no connection, whatever, in the form of communication, between those who live on the earth and our loved ones who live beyond it. The great loss that has fallen on man is this entire loss of the old-time connection with the invisible world.

Then he in answer:—

"Ungava, daughter, last of my race, born unto dubious doom, to whom I have revealed the mysteries of life and death, and taught those ancient arts which give to lip and hand an awful power, and to thine eyes the sight that looketh, seeing, into graves and far beyond, — what has disturbed thy soul? What power has baffled? Tell me plainly all, that I may plainly answer."

Then she in haste, awe-stricken, made reply: —

"The Trapper slept. I am a woman and I love him. The threads of fate spun at my birth are tangled with his own. If he shall love me, happy will my life go on and happy will it end. I then shall be as mortal woman having lived and loved. My children will come after and our race be endless. If not, I do lose all that earth holds for a woman, and I die unmated, and in loneliness I shall live on forever. The rill with soothing murmurs fell. I sang him soothing song. He slept. Above him sifted I the dust which brings oblivion to mortal sense. Then from his breast I summoned forth his soul and questioned it if it might tell me, if my destiny were joy or woe. His soul obeyed me and made answer as I asked. I went. He woke. I came again. He was disturbed in soul. My spell was almost broken by some other spell. Some other power, most potent, had almost, by a dream, betrayed me. I was amazed, but passed it lightly off. In vain, for, in the dust where I had stood he pointed to my footprints, and did say, 'There didst thou or thy spirit stand as I lay slumbering.' Then to another footprint plainly pressed into the yielding fur of the white skin on which his head was laid, he pointed, and exclaimed, 'Here, with arms outstretched above my head to shield or save, did my own Atla stand.'

"Sire of my sire, great Seer and Prophet, who is this Atla? What spirit is there in the universe more strong than I, when standing, Rod in hand, in incantation? Tell me, by Ring and Rod, if one there is in living-land or dead-land that can stand within arm's reach of me at such a moment, seeing, and remain unseen by me?"

Long sat he without speech. The Rod moved in his hand and from the Ring there blazed a flash of conscious flame. His eyes were fixed upon her startled face. Slowly and soundless moved his lips. At last he murmured, as murmuring to his soul: —

"Atla? Atla? Atla-ntis!* Is, then, the old race gone from earth they loved and ruled, forever? Is that first tree of knowledge stripped to its last leaf? It must be so. How did it read? Alas! How many years and graves have sifted down their smothering dust upon that sentence since 'twas said. Can I recall it? Aye, now it comes. '*The last and best shall bear the name of Mother-land.*' Atla, the last of that great queenly line, is dead, and with her died her race. Ungava lives, and with her lives her race, — perhaps. Now see I all. Now read I well the riddle. '*Love cuts all knots, and love may out of fate deliver.*' If he may love her?"

Then to Ungava plainly did he say: —

"Ungava, daughter, listen. I now will tell you gravest things. We must take deepest council. In the beginning two races were on earth, the earth-born and the visitant. In union were they joined and from the union two other races sprang. Ours was not greatest. The other greater was. It held the cradle of the world, and hence, prolific, sent its children toward the setting sun and southward. Our race the other was, and we came northward, which then was Summer-Land. Thus separate, divided, each of the two held to its own development in power and rank. Ours was the lesser, always. They built on reason and present things. We on the future world, credulous and superstitious ever. This Atla is the last and greatest of that race and its old queenly line, as thou art last of that religious Caste with us, that holdeth Rod and Ring of power. By some strange chance she must have met this Trapper, and have loved. From distance greater than the farthest star from earth a thousand times, as you did summon forth his soul to claim it, she, hastening hither, flew. I heard her come and go, invisible to eyes to which all graves are only mirrors. This Rod did lift and bow obedient as she passed, and on my trembling hand the conscious Ring flashed startled recognition. She, she it was who stood above the Trapper's head, unseen of you. Greater than we she is. Her power is stronger. Ungava, Atla is your rival, and she knows all!"

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* This refers to the belief of many scholars and those who have thoughtfully, with learned minds, examined the subject first broached by Plato, that in the Atlantic Ocean, stretching westward from the coast of Africa, was a great continent-island called Atlantis, from which the Atlantic Ocean derived its name, and that in this island the human race began its career.

Then stood she white in dumb amaze at what her ears had heard. Atla her rival, and Atla had seen all! Who was this Atla? Where was she and where was she not? Perhaps e'en now her mighty orbs were on her! What might she do?

Then to her standing thus all white with fear, her grandsire came. He took her hand and gravely said: —

"My daughter, child of a race that dieth with you if thou die without issue, on yonder couch of skins I pray thee seek some needed rest. Thou art o'er-taxed. This matter leave to me. It needs grave thought and deepest wisdom, lest by blunder we lose all. Sleep thou in peace. I will the Trapper summon here and tell him much of ancient times and things. I will observe his soul, and at the last lead up to thee. Such man as he was never on this earth, if, seeing thee as he shall see, knowing thee as he shall know, his soul shall not in love or pity give itself to thee. So on this couch convenient let now thy frame repose. Close eyes; yield mind and thought to me; while with entreating and persuasive gesture I from thy soul draw trouble and call sweet slumber down. So gently does she pass from ills that are and thoughts of ills to be into that realm that lies beyond the line of mortal sense and pain. I would that when she wakes she might awake into a world of equal peace."

CHAPTER V.

THE CONJURER'S ACCOUNT OF THE GENESIS * OF THE WORLD.

"HERE have I brought you, Trapper, that, in answer to your questioning, I might narrate the Genesis of the world, and tell you of the races which earliest dwelt on earth; of that first innocence which represented God, and how it fell; of arts and powers once known, now lost to men, and of that primal truth which underlies religions, superstitions, creeds,

* Whatever the reader may think of this as an accurate history of the beginning of the world and the "Fall of Man," it can doubtless be regarded as accurate as, and certainly more philosophic than, the one to which Milton stands sponsor in his "Paradise Lost;" that magnificent fiction of imagination, which has imposed a theology upon the Christian world which for the most part is diametrically opposed to good sense and sound Scripture both.

and is to them what vital element is to human blood. Here sit thou down, and, while Ungava sleeps, I will rehearse the tale of olden times, and you shall know the lore of that old world which is forever gone and all the glory of that race which once shone on the heads of millions, but which, like candle burnt to socket, now flickers feebly in two feeble lives. Never before, beyond the limits of our Caste did this old lore go forth; but you shall know the truth as it has come from mouth to mouth in sacred speech and accurate, from those who saw and knew whereof they told. I tell you, hoping it may live when she and I are numbered with the stars.

"This, then, was in the beginning, and this the cause and order of that first development whose ruined glory is to-day a marvel.

"No art or science, Trapper, worth the name was ever born on earth. All have come down from races throned amid the spheres, who, through unnumbered ages, had clomb slowly up the slopes of fine intelligence, and terraced Heaven with knowledge. When these on wing inquisitive in downward flight came to the earth, with them they brought all knowledge and all grace, and planted here the germs of needed progress. By these the earth in infancy was taught. Knowledge was borrowed from the skies. The seeds of every precious growth were sown widecast from hands whose skill eternity had taught. Through these superior ones the earth did gain and lose all worth the having. From them it gained the skill to build, to fashion, and to mould; and traces of their mighty work are found to-day in ruins wide as acres, in forms that stand gigantic in the forests of the East, in jungles which once were gardens of the gods, in mountains disrupted by volcanic shocks, but which, smooth-sloped and joined by intervals of verdure, once gave summer residence to those who longed to breathe the cooler airs from snowy summits blown, that are a wonder. Men stand and gaze at them astounded, not knowing what hand or skill could shape and hew such mighty sculptures. From them, too, came the knowledge of the skies. They were the Stars of Morning who sang the heavens into place and named to human ears the constellations. They fixed the orbit of the earth; called time from out eternity by measurement of day and night, of months and years; and zoned the earth by temperatures. They did unfold the mystery of the

magnet circle around which sweeps the restless steel, and so gave courage unto men to push their ships beyond the sight of land, sail far and wide through pathless oceans, bravely trusting life and gold to a sliver of thin metal, thus giving birth to commerce which stands parent to the brotherhood of man. From them, too, came the arts of healing; the use of poisons, which, left untouched till time of need, are antidotes to death; the knowledge of all herbs medicinal, which give to every pain and ache its healing leaf; of oils, which, penetrating joint and bone, drive out the lurking pain, or, spread as ointment on the skin, pink it with health and smooth all wrinkles out,— those scars of smiting fortune; of perfumes, how distilled, how mingled, how preserved, that out of many sweets perfected sweets may come, that mortals might be charmed from joys of grosser to those of finer senses. From them, moreover, knowledge came of metals, where found, how worked and manufactured into forms of use and ornament according to the laws of high utility and taste. They taught the laws of architecture unto men; the principle of the arch,— that key of utmost strength; the column, plain or fluted,— that symbol of high stateliness; the crowning capital which flowers the stony stalk with airy beauty; and how tall tower and minaret and steeple and the rounded dome should shape the massive structure underneath into proportions rhythmic. The cereals that give food to man were from the wild abundance of material chosen and by careful culture propagated unto perfection. Last of all, they taught them written language, symbolic and phonetic both. First in pictures,* that their childish eyes might be enticed to learn and easily catch sense from shade of color and from shape. Then in arbitrary forms which were for scholars, ranges of high thought and universal traffic in ideas answering universal needs; that all the race, in all its tribes and families, in every zone remote and clime distinct, might by one universal avenue come at last, as after triumph, marching into apprehended brotherhood. In all these ages of celestial teaching, Trapper, the future was not hidden from the present nor dead from living. They did come at call and ghostly

*Probably the oldest language or method of communicating thought was that of signs, or pantomimic, next to which, beyond doubt, stands the "Picture Language," which we find carried to perfection in the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

terrors were not known. The earth-born died; but not as those whose lives have ended, but have just begun. The heavenly ones died not until within immortal veins death entered, as I will tell, by wrong, unfit admixtures of the lower with higher blood. Of this I will now speak.

"Trapper, religions change. They flood and ebb like tides. The old die out and new ones come. They are deciduous. A thousand years, — which in the cycle of existent things are only as are years to centuries,— their leaves, nutritious, medical, fall for the healing of the nations, then they leafless, sapless stand, and are from habit worshipped for other thousand years, though out of them all power for good is gone, and the once vital growth for human need stands, cold and bare, a rigid system of devout formality. The Deity changes also with the changes of the human mind, growing and shrinking as it grows and shrinks in knowledge. Men of different climes and ages give Him different names and nature. Now He is this, now that. According as they know or dream or feel, so is He. Man makes his Deity, and worships the pictured idol of his mind whether false or true, and, worshipping, grows into likeness of his idol whether good or bad.

"But, Trapper, listen and remember what I say; for it is true. Back of all these changes and these picturings of men, good, bad, or both, or neither, there stands forever the Eternal Power who made and makes all things by spoken word immediate or slow, evolving law, as seemeth to Him good and answereth His own purpose best. The *I Am* of the Jew, the Zeus of Greece, the Jove of Rome, the Sacred Fire of Persia, the Odin of the North, the Manitou of Red Man, the God of Christian is evermore the same; the One Great Deity, the Cause, Creator, Ruler, Preserver of universal man, animals, and things. We know He is our Father. That is all we know. The propagating principal strikes its deep root into His own white vitalness, and from it draws unintermittent sap and is forever active. Beyond this simple fact, self-evident, we nothing know. All else is born of fancy, wish or ignorance, or that infernal pride and cruelty of scheming, grasping priestcraft, which manufactures attributes of terror, digging hells and walling heavens in, that it may hold the keys of them and dominate, through fear, the lives of women and the souls of men.

"This world was made by Him, not as a special act, to loom forever, vast and high, in the blue sky of universal sight; nor as a theatre on whose eye-compelling stage great tragedy is played that He might make exhibit of His love and power: for He is always making worlds innumerable and filling them with races, as He, in spring-time, fills the wood and field with flowers. For when He made, He made it as a residence and home for earth-born and for spirits both, who, for ages numberless, uncalendared, had grown in grace and knowledge of finest arts and holy things; and these to earth came down to give the new earth knowledge and to teach the lowly ones of clay the science of pure life and lay in law and helpful order broad and deep the strong foundations of development, that they in time might grow to their estate and so have freedom of the Universe. Thus was it, Trapper, and no other way, as I and other like me have had from record, memory kept, handed down to us from that first day when they, the Stars of Morning, sang welcome to the new-made world and songs of praise to Him, the Maker.

"So was it at the first. The earth was free to all, and heavenly ones came down as knowledge comes to ignorance, to teach it and assist. These were the White Ones of the world, the mighty sons of God, and were, by right of knowledge and of power, the rulers of the earth. They taught it science, gave it laws, transmitted hither arts of building and of healing, tested the qualities of earthly things,— its minerals, ores, and precious gems, — divided base from pure, measured the orbit of the earth, its axis calculated and fixed its place among the constellations which rule its motion, and gave them names familiar to the ears of lower earth-born men.* These mighty ones, these teachers from the skies, these wise and holy beings were the gods of earth, and so they stand to-day in all the ancient literatures,— grotesque, weird,

* It is plain that in early ages mankind were divided into Totemic sects or families bearing animal names. From this arose the fables of animals having human speech. When we read in some old author that the Fox talked with the Crow or the Wolf to the Sheep, it simply means that a man of the Fox Totem or Tribe talked with a man of the Crow Tribe, or one of the Wolf family with one who bore the Sheep as his Totem or family name. It would be natural, as astronomical knowledge grew and stellar discoveries were made, that the forming constellations should receive these Totemic names, in compliment, perhaps, to the Tribes or Nations that bore them. It is as if astronomy were now forming the constellations and grouping the starry systems and should call one the Constellation of England, and another of Russia, instead of Saturn or Orion.

meaningless, because their cause, their order, and their old significance are lost and scattered, crudely woven into later superstitions,— mere shreds and patches of a glorious fabric that once was perfect whole.*

"Now hearken. When first the Sons of God, the gifted ones of Heaven, came visitant to earth,— which was not till the slow evolving movement of creation had through ages long, circled its full sphere, and earth and all its creatures perfect stood, — they found on earth a race of beings strangely born. They had come upward by evolving† growth and were of many orders. Each bore in mind or mood, in body sturdy or light, a dim resemblance to his or her original. In each, by motion, look, by style of voice or eye, by color, management of form or characteristic passion, was hint of prototypes in distance hidden.

"Some were as tigers, fiercely strong and beautiful with wild and savage beauty, softening into purring moods at times, and sweet maternal tendernesses. Some were lithe and subtle as the snake when, sinuous and glossy with new skin, he charms the innocent bird to his keen fangs. Some had the haughty loneliness of the snow-headed eagle, and his eye to gaze undazzled at the sun, when soaring high o'er cloud and shade through crystal air with steady wing in level flight, he grazes its hot rim and glances, with shrill scream of challenge, onward; — that scream which hunters trailing on in silence hear come hissing, tearing downward like a burning arrow, and wonder what the awful sound may be and whence it came. Swift and strong to swoop and strike were they, and death flew with their shadow. Nor lack these earth-born races skill to make and build, for they were cunning with the cunning of the bee and ant and those winged architects which weave their homes from textile hair, from gossamer floss or floating

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* The Mythologies of Greece and Rome are unquestionably based on great facts of personal existences and actual history that belong to remotely early ages. Neptune, Jove, Hercules, Mars, Vulcan, these were all once men, kings, rulers, noted benefactors of the human race and not mere creations of the fancy of Grecian and Roman poets. They are the shades or ghosts of once living, substantial persons, whose natural forms are lost to the historic eye in the dim distances of unrecorded times and so are therefore seen in grotesque misshapenness.

† This old Nasquapee Conjurer or Prophet had evidently a pretty correct conception of Darwin's system or idea of evolution. It might be interesting to inquire whence he derived his knowledge so closely in accordance with advanced modern thought on the development of the human species.

fibres, and hang them pendent by shrewd fastening from the swaying bough. But they were fickle, fierce, or ignorantly weak, and had no common language and lacked the mind to organize and push on and up to final finish what they set hand to. So nothing of their doing was carried to perfection, or broadly based to stand the wear of time and shocks of change. Hence all they did fell down in ruin ere 'twas done, and all their progress was in circles moving round and round in endless imperfection.

"But of their women, there were some whose loveliness was hued and odored like the earth, their mother, when amorous warmth sweetens her swelling breasts with bloom and spice; and pungent odors fill the nose with pleasure and with longing for more and deeper inhalations. Dark were these women, but glorious as the night when through its spaces of warm dusk the stars are powdered thick and all its swarth is flushed with latent light and heat. Some were superbly calm,—their movements as the swan's, slow, stately, proud, reposeful as still pools vine-bordered, starred with lilies,—on whose bosoms, warm and sweet, a man might sleep forever nor wish to wake. Blooded were some like fire, veined with passions swarth as hot as torrid heat in jungles, electric as the night when all the gloom sweats odors which o'ercome the senses, and in it, latent, lurks the unkindled lightning. In some were strange magnetic powers, known or unknown to them, and he on whom, when place and time and mood were apt, they slowly fixed their orbed eyes, half-closed, voluptuous, lost higher wit and virtue and every sense save sweet receptiveness, and yielding, overcome, did gently sink into their gracefully lifted arms as into sweetest heaven. Some won by gentleness and goodness, being of mild natures, dispositions sweet, modest, and shy as antelopes or the gazelle, and lovely as untutored grace might be and that sweet modesty which, startled at first thoughts of love, shrinks timid from the sight of its own loveliness. These women of the Earth, novel to Heaven's sight, lifted eyes of homage to the Sons of God, wise, strong, and holding kingly rank, and in the splendor of their beauty lay at their feet in humble worship, graceful, solicitous, enticing. Nor did they fail in their wild, natural wooing. For they were honest in it, being all enthralled with glorious face and form and spectacle of rank, and, more

than all, their loveliness was great. So were the White Ones of the world, pure-blooded, deathless Sons of God, drawn downward to the lower type in amorous admiration, and took of them wives as many as they chose.*

"So ruin came to the first world and order. The pure crossed with the impure lost their purity for aye. The mountain streams flowing crystal from the fount of God, fell into valley pools and were forever roiled. The temper of the skies, serene and sweet, was roughened and made sour. The bright intelligence of Heaven, quick to invent, to see, to analyze, fashion and construct, was clouded; the even disposition thrown from its poise, the just judgment warped, the holy, vital force to will and do, running clear from the Font of Life grew thick with earthly mixtures. All certainty of holy birth was lost. The propagating instinct, drawn from God, was turned against Him, for mongrelism,† — that worst and deadliest sin corrupting all, — was lifted on to thrones that ruled the world, and, with power perverted ever after, helped to mar it.

"So fell the race of God. So virtue went forever from the earth, and sin came in. The leaders of the blind were blinded, and both fell down together into deepest ditch. As entered mortal mixtures into deathless veins, death entered, not as new birth from lower unto higher at full-time pregnancy, but as doom, and with each added birth there came new risk and ruin to mankind. Like poisonous vapor out of noxious pools, rising cold and dank, death slowly up the shining slopes of tainted generations rose, until in darkness it enveloped all from basest hut to noblest throne. And thus with sin against pure blood came death into the world.

"Thus the first glory of the world went down in ruin. The tree of knowledge, whose fruit your Scriptures say the woman ate, — a fable growing out of fact, a withered leaf of old-time knowledge, fragrant still, garnered by poet out of

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*Genesis vi. 2. — The Sons of God saw the daughters of men, earth-born, that they were fair. And they took them wives of all which they chose.

† The practice of "out crossing" as it is called by breeders was, evidently, not favored by the Divine Parent of the human race as He everywhere set law and custom against it. There is not a race that has ever gained, symmetrically, by marrying beyond its own blood. The pure-blooded, inbred races are those who reached and maintained a high level of excellence. The Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Irish, might all be quoted in support of this position. The idea that a great, symmetrically formed race can ever be built up in this Continent on the basis of nationalized mongrelism is scouted by all history. God and history are alike against it.

Jewish lore, garnered by Jew in turn from literatures that had it full in prose and verse a thousand and ten thousand years before the day that Abraham or even Job drew breath, — was marriage with the gods, from which,— as was in nature sure to be,— came power to hand and knowledge into heart and head, which they, earth-born, untaught, undisciplined, weak or wicked, knew not how to use aright, or, knowing, because of evil in them, perverted it to evil use. The sin was not on woman, but on him, who, for his wanton pleasure, lifted her to marriage bed beyond her dignity, and to familiar sight of powers and forces, agencies and agents, that were beyond her ken or skill to understand or use aright. She was forbid to taste the fruit of that forbidden tree as childish ignorance, inquisitive, is commanded not to touch the fire that burns. But more was he a hundred times forbid who lifted her unto its branches sweet with flower and odorous leaf, and put the luscious fruit into her longing mouth. The woman erred unconscious, striving to reach and have what to her senses was sweeter than the breath of life to nostril, according to the longing of her ambitious, ardent nature. But the man she tempted, or was tempted by, who did lift her up, from love or lust, unto the level of forbidden bed and all the life and knowledge which, through wifehood, motherhood, and daily intercourse, it gave, did sin against the dignity of his high nature and a law which in his clear intelligence blazed warningly as blazes beacon fixed above the rocks of wreck and death.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A BROADER EDUCATION REQUIRED.

The moral torpidity of our educational system in the past is being felt in numerous ways. The embezzling bank cashier, the dishonest alderman, the corrupt official, are by no means the most impressive illustrations of the failure of a purely literary education. In the selfishness of capital, which is indifferent to the fact that every year twenty thousand working-girls in New York City alone are driven to lives of shame, we see one startling phase of this training of intellect at the expense of ethical education. In the formation of vast trusts, syndicates and monopolies for the confessed purpose of controlling and increasing the prices of life's necessities, or as in other cases for reducing vast armies of laborers dependent on the few for a livelihood, to practical slavery; and in the increase of insanity, which our present selfish and morbid condition of society is fostering, we see a few of the deplorable results which spring largely from our defective system of intellectual training and which so imperatively demand a broader and truer conception of education, one which will include ethical and industrial training, whereby each and every child will be taught, by precept and example, those great fundamental principles of right and wrong about which there is no controversy; where justice, fraternity, self-respect, sincerity, spirituality, and heroism will be so impressed on the plastic mind of childhood, that it will at once perceive the beauty of the good, and there is no reason why this cannot be brought about.

To the ancient Spartan nothing was so admirable as physical courage. To have a cowardly child was disreputable, hence he early taught his offspring courage by precept, by stories of valiant and daring deeds which fired the mind with that wealth of enthusiasm, which, when once aroused in childhood, seems to burn into the brain the thought that has stimulated it. It was by this systematic education that their people came to fear nothing, until the name Spartan was the synonym of courage. The hate that burned so fiercely in the Carthaginian and Roman heart was an educated hate. If the brain of the child can be fired with hate, can it not be illumined with love, a broad spirit of fraternity, benevolence, and unselfishness?

All intelligent people concede that the dime novel has been a most fruitful source of crime. Yet, strange to say, few educators have taken a cue from this or comprehended the equally apparent fact, that were children, from the kindergarten to the university,

taught first by recitals and narrations of noble deeds and heroic lives, later by the great principles of ethics broadly stated and emphasized, by the writings of our noblest and purest thinkers, they would, during those years when the mind is plastic as clay in the hands of the sculptor, have grown upward rather than downward; and the moral energy thus awakened would have created loftier ideals than even now float before the vision of reformers, while it would infuse new life into our literature and a new order of things in our lives. Nor would this teaching call for any theological instruction in the schools. The place for religion to be taught is in the church and at the fireside. Its emphasis should be seen in the lives of its professed followers. With the Church the State has nothing to do; her function is to make good citizens of her children.

In the next place our schools should combine industrial education with the intellectual and ethical training. Every child should master some trade agreeable to his taste and for which he displays some talent. This would be valuable in many respects. It would provide each child with a means of livelihood by manual labor, and thus in the event of failure in other lines of endeavor, he would have resource to his trade mastered while at school. It would also bring the children of the wealthier classes in more intimate relationship with manual labor and thus do much toward bridging the chasm now broadening so rapidly between the wealthy classes and the bread-winners. It would dignify labor in the minds of those who by a false education look down on the craftsmen, for in this training all children would be master of some trade. These thoughts are already challenging the attention of some educators who are thinking ahead of the multitude, and to me the fact is clear that if properly agitated the highest truth will ere long impress itself on the brain of the people.

In these days of disturbed thought, when the past is struggling to retain opinions, habits, and customs which are no more in harmony with the aspirations of the present than the dull chrysalis is a fit tomb for the butterfly who is ready to float in the sunshine; in these days when men are everywhere thinking, thinking deeply and broadly; when the possibilities of the future assume grander proportions than the prophets of other days had even dreamed, it is the duty of everyone to think, agitate, and act, but in our every thought, word, and deed, let us keep in view only the noblest ideals and loftiest visions that visit our souls.

THE HIGHEST FUNCTION OF THE NOVEL.

WHAT is the highest function of the novel? To amuse, to entertain, to enable one to pleasantly while away otherwise

tedious hours. Such is the popular conception of the real value of fiction—a conception entertained by most critics, as is illustrated by the fact that few literary magazines deviate from the rule of rejecting any novel which emphasizes a needed lesson or carries with it a moral truth. All fiction which makes people think and think earnestly; which touches the conscience and feeds the well-springs of the soul-principle in man, is tabooed. To me this standard seems unworthy of our age and generation—wholly inadequate to meet the requirements of a time which calls so loudly for the best endeavor of heart, brain, and hand, to bring manhood and womanhood abreast with the high and glorious ideals so plainly visible to the earnest and loving student of social and ethical problems, and to relieve the strained and unhealthy conditions of society as we find them on every side at the present time. Victor Hugo in his magnificent work entitled William Shakespeare, which was largely a reply to his classical critics who insisted that art should exist for art's sake alone, touched the key-note of a loftier conception of the most vital function of art than his effeminate and *dilettante* critics were willing to admit, when he declared that henceforth the "beautiful must be the slave of the good," and defined the true mission of art in the following eloquent appeal to the poet of the future:—

"Sacrifice to 'the mob,' O poet! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to it, touching its faults, and touching the faults of others; hear its conversion and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it, excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth; show it the alphabet of reason; teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be there attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness, and thyself give the example. For it is beautiful on this sombre earth, during this dark life's brief passage to something beyond, it is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a

Despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be the light."

Those who believe that art should only exist for art's sake do not appreciate life in its deepest significance and a popular critical taste that descants against the novel that impresses a vital truth or emphasizes and calls public attention to great social wrongs indicates a morally weak, effeminate condition of society that suggests most startlingly the Court of Louis the XV., or the days of Rome under the Cæsars when the glory of true manhood was lost in selfish luxury and vice. In a Utopian State it might be admissible to argue that, "The true function of the novel is merely to entertain"; but to-day, confronted as we are by giant wrongs and evils that even threaten the perpetuity of the State, it seems to me that such a position is not only untenable, *it is criminal.* It is not enough that the philosopher and the essayist exclaim against the wrongs and evils that are even now crying so loudly for redress, the novelist, the poet, and the dramatist must come to the rescue. These great leaders plead with the people far more effectively than do the orator, the essayist, and the philosopher who address themselves mainly to the brain, while the former touches the heart, awakens the emotional nature, and changes the masses from the mournful multitude oblivious to impending evil — lost in a self-evolved lethargy, to an aroused army of earnest thinkers, ready to do and die for their convictions. Witness Mrs. Stowe's novel which electrified the North and educated the masses in a few months more than did the agitation that had been in progress for years. The present is not a time for amusement; there has never been a day when earnest, honest, and brave thinkers were more needed than to-day.

The exigencies of the hour demand the employment of every available agency for breaking the shackles of unjust laws, for emancipating the brain of the people, for granting absolute equality and justice to woman, for the abolition of child slavery, and establishment of a system of universal education for the young; for supplanting our present barbarous treatment of criminals by one founded on justice, love, and good sense, one that is in accord with a civilized age, by raising the public standard of right and justice so that a crime committed by a man will be as heinous in the eyes of the people as the same offence committed by a woman. To accomplish these and kindred reforms, to quicken the public conscience, to awaken the multitude, to make the people think, act, and grow morally great—all this, it seems to me, should engross the heart, brain, and soul of the true novelist, making him the herald of a better state, the champion of the world's helpless and oppressed millions.

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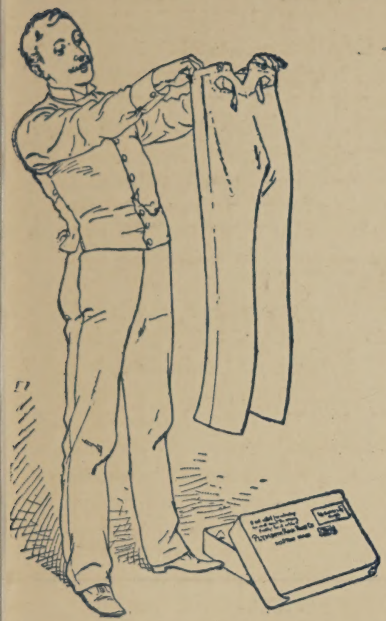

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*"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."* — HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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THE ARENA.

No. VI.

MAY, 1890.

ROCK GASES.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

THE greater part of our earth industries grew up before the advent of modern natural science. The arts of mining the metals, the methods of exploding quarries were far advanced before geological learning existed, and from these workers the geologist learned some of his most important lessons. He has been able to help the craftsmen of these occupations in many ways, and thus has more than repaid his debt to them, but their craft owes its creation to laborers who were taught by action alone. The only branches of the earth arts which have grown up in this century are those which pertain to the winning of two materials which are essentially modern elements in our industries, viz: petroleum and natural gas. It is within the lifetime of this generation that these substances have been really won to the use of man. The rapid way in which their uses have been extended, the exceeding skill with which the fields which produce them have been discovered, and the products applied in an economic manner, clearly show how great is the practical value of abstract science when it is called in to help the needs of commerce. Only three decades have elapsed since petroleum began to have any importance as a commercial product, and the burnable gases from the earth have been of value for but a decade; yet with the aid of engineering and geologic science these substances have been already as well adapted to the uses of

society as the other earth products which have served the needs of man for thousands of years. The economic uses of rock gas have so suddenly come about, that the quick-witted engineers alone have been able to keep pace with the development of the industry, the geologists whose ways are slower, are not yet in perfect accord in their part of the theory and practice which is to be applied to the problem. The large amount of knowledge already gained concerning this substance has not yet taken shape even in the literature of the science; it is thus almost impossible for those who have not been personally concerned in the investigations in this field to gain any clear notion concerning the scientific aspect of the matter; it therefore seems worth while to set forth in a brief way the present state of this learning.

The most important conclusion concerning the history of the rock gases is that they are generally, if not always, the product of organic forms, which have been in existence in former times, and at death have given their bodies as contributions to strata. Almost all sedimentary deposits contain, in greater or less proportion, the remains of animals or plants which lived upon the surface of the earth when the beds were accumulated. If we examine the sea floor at low tide, or better still, if we look through the clear water onto the surface which is never bared, we perceive that it is ordinarily covered by an almost continuous sheet of organisms,—sea weeds, shell-fish, the cases of worms, and a host of other forms. Even when the eye does not recognize life, when sand or mud alone are evident, a closer search shows us that there are living things or the remains of structures which were once living. These marine creatures are all short-lived. They are constantly being resolved into the substances of which they are composed; a portion of their frames is appropriated by other animals and plants, a part is redissolved in the water of the sea, but a part goes into the growing stratum. At the same time that this debris of an organic nature is accumulating on the sea floor by the growth and death of animals and plants which exist upon the bottom, the creatures which dwell in the waters above are sending down in a slow shower the waste of their bodies or their frames when they die, which is added to the stratum of slow-forming rock.

However abundant the contribution of debris from the dead frames of animals and plants may be, the deposits form-

ing on the floor of any water-basin are rarely if ever composed of such materials alone; there is a more or less considerable contribution of inorganic or mineral matter to the accumulation derived from the ground-up rocks of the seashore, from the rivers which pour their tide of sediments into the ocean, and in a large measure from the dust and pumice which the volcanoes contribute to the deep. These materials falling upon the bottom serve to inhume the organic waste in such a manner that the rocks formed on the submarine floors are generally composed in part of the waste of decayed organisms and in part of matter which has not been contributed by organic forms. As all the known rocks of the earth's surface, except some of volcanic origin, have been formed on the ancient sea floors, it is easy to believe that they have generally received a considerable contribution of organic matter. The geologists now recognize the fact that except in the case of certain strata formed during glacial periods, in places very near the ice front, all marine deposits originally contained notable proportions of debris derived from animals and plants. In some cases, as in our purer limestones, as much as ninety-five per cent of the rock has come to its positions through the skeletons of mollusks, corals, and other creatures which secrete lime in their solid parts. In certain black shales, which, like the Ohio shale of Devonian age, were formed on the floors of the deeper seas, the beds are also in great part composed of organic waste. So, too, the accumulations formed in old swamps which have been lowered beneath the sea, and deeply buried in the earth by strata laid down upon them, the amount of matter which passed through living beings is very great.

It is a well-known fact that the chemical compounds which are formed in the bodies of living beings are less stable than those which occur in the mineral world. The consequence is that no sooner are these organic materials buried in the sediments which form strata, than the decompositions to which they give rise begin to change the chemical conditions of the beds. If the strata are deeply buried beneath subsequent deposits, the heat which exists in the depths of the earth serves to raise the temperature of the mass, the chemical changes become more active, and a large part of the carbon enters into combinations which may afford burnable gases as well as

those of a non-inflammable nature. We may, indeed, regard strata, such as we are considering, as laboratories in which exceedingly complicated and varied chemical changes are ever recurring; each new product is likely to lead to new reactions; and for geologic ages the process of recombining the elements may be maintained. The reader is perhaps familiar with the fact that beneath the stagnant pools of swamps the mud is constantly engendering what is commonly known as *marsh gas*, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, where there are four atoms of the latter element to one of the former, as chemists write it, CH^4, a compound one of the many formed by these materials, in which there is the largest proportion of hydrogen. It is easy to collect a quantity of this gas by inverting a broad-mouthed vessel filled with water over the bottom and then stirring the mud with a stick until the bubbles of gas have displaced the water in the jar. It is constantly poured forth from swampy ground, but when it enters the air it becomes decomposed and so does not remain as a traceable substance in the atmosphere even of the most marshy regions.

The simplest case in which gas of this nature may be produced, or rather retained in considerable quantity, is when by any geological accident a mass of decayed vegetation, such as afforded by a swamp containing a thick layer of peaty mud, has been covered by a coating of impervious clay. When these conditions occur, the gas may be retained in a somewhat compressed form in the marsh to be given forth when an opening is made through the overlying stratum. An instance of this nature came to my attention a few years ago at a point on the shore of Boston Bay known as Crescent Beach near the village of Winthrop. The facts as related to me are as follows, viz.: Boring for water through a stratum of a clayey nature, the well at a short distance below the surface yielded a supply of "natural gas" so large that the product was estimated at some hundred thousand feet per diem. The gas burned readily and when fired remained as a jet of flame until it was with some difficulty extinguished and the opening closed. The occurrence of this gas is doubtless to be explained by the fact that there is a thick layer of swampy matter in this district which has been depressed beneath the sea by recent changes in the level of the land, and then sealed in by an impervious layer of mud worked

over it by the waves and currents which operate on the shore.

Even in the superficial layers of the rocks which contain organic substances, there is a considerable variety of gases produced by decomposition; as is well-known quantities of that combination of carbon and oxygen termed carbonic dyoxide, are evolved from the decay of organic matter which is the suffocating and flame extinguishing gas which so commonly gathers in wells. As we extend our inquiries to deeper lying strata where the pressure is greater and the temperature higher, we find that the chemical reactions give rise to yet other gases of varied composition as well as the kindred fluid and solid materials belonging to the vast petroleum series, oils, paraffine, earth waxes, etc. At these great depths the gases and the other related products of chemical change are not provided with the means of escape which give ready exit to the volatile materials, which are formed beneath the swamps and other superficial deposits. The rocks are apt to have occasional layers of a very dense nature, which confine the lower lying gases as a stopper holds the contents of a bottle. Below these impervious layers the gases and fluids of the hydrocarbon series accumulate under pressure packed away in the interstices of the grains, or dissolved as the gas in soda water or champagne. In this storage the pressure of the gases may rise to near a thousand pounds to the square inch or to several times that attained in a steam boiler. When the boring tools penetrate through the layers which confine the gases they rush forth with great energy, often driving before them the rods and other appliances by which the opening is made, as if they had been shot from a cannon.

There is a common impression that the gas and oil delivered by our wells is contained in rents or caverns in the rocks. This is rarely the case; the storage is in the small interspaces which in ordinary sedimentary strata exist between the fragments of stony matter of which they are composed. Under the microscope we perceive that such rock is almost as open structured as a pile of bricks as they lie when dumped from a wagon; it is only a later stage in the alteration of the deposit when it has become crystalized that the elements which compose it are packed close together without numerous openings in the mass. In these interspaces

between the grains the gas compressed, it may be, into the fluid state, finds a large storage room. As soon as an opening is made into any portion of the overcharged stratum the gas nearest the vent rushes forth; that which is further away from the exit presses into the same path and thus the well may drain from a great distance in a horizontal direction. It should be noted that the passages through which the gas has to pass on its way to the pipes are very narrow and much of the energy of expansion is lost in the friction encountered in its motion. The result is that the pressure at the point of discharge constantly diminishes until the well may cease to afford a profitable flow, although there is an abundance of gas within the same stratum from which it was supplied and not more than a few thousand feet away from the line of the boring, but for years after there is no longer a considerable discharge, the opening will emit a certain amount of gas which gradually creeps to the line of escape.

The reader may now perceive the conditions which make the existence of a large store of rock gases possible. There must be a sufficient charge of organic matter in the rocks to afford the chemical basis for the production of gases, and the rocks must be so constituted that these products of decay are retained in them. The greater part of our rocks have probably had sufficient burnable gases produced within their strata, if it had been retained, to afford valuable sources of supply; but the conditions which secure this storage rarely exist. Adequately to retain these volatile materials under the great pressure to which they are subjected, requires that the rocks must have remained closely sealed for the ages since they were formed. They must have escaped the frequent dislocations which are apt to occur in strata when they are uplifted from the sea floor and built into the mountains and table-lands which compose the continents. Whenever a rent is formed, whenever the edges of the strata are turned up and exposed to the air, with only the soil coating upon them, the gases from all the neighboring portion of the once well-stored beds are sure to have escaped into the air. In general we may say that the regions of the earth which have been the most subjected to mountain building and powerful earthquake movements are the least likely to have retained their rock gases.

Owing to the fact that the continent of North America has been less disturbed by the movements which rift the rocks than the lands of the old world, it has retained the natural gases in a measure unknown in Europe. The great field of the Mississippi Valley probably contains the largest store of these earth products in the world, for there the original conditions of formation, and the subsequent history of the beds, have been peculiarly favorable for the production and retention of gas. When the rocks of this region were forming beneath the sea, it was swept over by the warm waters of the gulf stream which favored the abundant growth of marine organisms, and so the chemical basis of the material was laid. Since the rocks were uplifted in a gentle manner above the sea, they have been singularly exempt from dislocations. Similar conditions have prevailed in the northern parts of the central range of this continent in which lies the chain of great lakes extending from Lake Superior to near the Arctic Ocean. It is possible that the fields of South America, a continent singularly like our own, may afford a like supply of burnable gas. Australia by the character of its rocks so far as they are known, and by the evident rarity of the dislocations connected with mountain building, may also prove rich in such materials. So, too, the central portions of China, and the great northern plains of Asia, appear from such knowledge as we have of them to present the conditions which make the existence of gas in their strata quite possible. Europe is however, so broken up by mountain ranges, and has so few deposits such as those which have afforded the gaseous store of this country that there seems little chance that its industries will ever profit by this resource.

When we consider the fact that unlike most other earth products, this gaseous fuel has to be used near where it is found, the extension of its production is most surprising. Wherever it is obtained in sufficient quantity, it gives an opportunity to manufacturers to secure a cheap, dustless fuel available for the whole range of the arts where heat or light are desired. It will not serve for the processes whereby the metals are won from their ores, but in essentially all the other applications of heat. It is an ideal fuel. For steam boilers, forging iron, baking clay, melting glass, etc., the advantages afforded by this source of heat are so important that its use has already greatly affected the distribution of these industries in the United

States by drawing manufacturers to the places where avail may be made of the resource. Thus the mills for working iron in the seaboard district of the United States, such as those in southeastern Massachusetts, have been embarrassed by the competition of their rivals who have the use of rock gas in the Mississippi Valley. Although these eastern mills have excellent water powers to drive their machinery and a body of labor well trained in their art, they are placed at a grave disadvantage in the matter of fuel.

The question now arises how far this resource afforded by gaseous fuel drawn from the earth is likely to endure. Some observers of an over-confident turn of mind are disposed to think that the supply is likely to be permanent, but all the evidence points to the conclusion that it is of a very temporary nature. Owing to the fact that the gas has to creep through the interstices of the grains which compose the rock in which it is contained, the pressure and consequently the amount of gas discharged, steadfastly diminishes from the day the well gives access to it. The rate of this decrease varies, as may be conceived, according to the permeability of the rock and the original amount of the pressure; but in the end the supply from every well is exhausted. New wells in the same neighborhood may, if at sufficient distance from the original boring, give access to other parts of the field, but in a a relatively brief time a large area may be exhausted.

It is probable that the reactions which afford the oil are in most fields still operative, but at a less rate than in earlier ages; there can be no doubt from the ample experience of many fields, that the present rate of production is entirely inadequate to produce the gases in commercial quantities. Those who are served from these reservoirs are making avail of processes which have been in operation for many million years and which have substantially exhausted the organic materials of the deposits. It is doubtful if in the time when the reactions which produce the gas were most vigorously at work, they could have afforded a supply sufficiently great in any one year to have made it worth while to secure the product. It is likely that our existing morasses yield from their surfaces more hydro-carbon gases than are now formed in the same interval of time in an equal area of the strata whence the gas used about Pittsburg is obtained; yet it would be folly to seek to turn this product to use. It is not

improbable that the ores of some of our mines are still in process of formation, but the miner has learned by experience that he is drawing on the stores accumulated in former ages and can put no trust in the processes of to-day. At the existing rate of demand for these light and heat-giving gases, it is doubtful if in fifty years from the present time they will have any place in our economies, and in the regions of most extended consumption as in Western Pennsylvania, it seems quite certain that the exhaustion of the store will be accomplished in much less time. In estimating the probability of discovering strata containing gas at depths below the levels to which the search has been carried, we must remember that the deeper the deposit, the more likely it is that the materials have undergone great changes in their character,— changes which would have been likely to expel the gaseous material from the beds. In a word, the conditions which lead to the formation of the gases which are of value as sources of heat and light are common, but those which lead to the effective storage of the materials are of seldom occurrence. It is therefore safe to say that this, the last great economic resource afforded by the under-earth, though a precious is a most fleeting gift.

Though the natural combustible gases are destined to speedy exhaustion, their effect on the economic methods of our civilization are certain to be enduring. The use of this new fuel has accustomed the public to a better method of bringing burnable material to the factories and dwellings than has been pursued since the dawn of civilization. It will certainly be a matter of surprise to the future historian of the economic science of our day that we have so long persisted in the practice of bringing crude fuel to our furnaces and domestic fireplaces, and have patiently endured the trials which smoke, dust, and ashes have imposed upon us. It is not to be expected that any of the thrifty cities which have enjoyed the advantages of rock gas will be willing to return to the ruder processes of firing which they have so long abandoned. Nor is it likely that other rival towns will be content to accept the deprivation of this good which their geologic conditions impose upon them, provided any economic method whereby artificial gas may be furnished them can be devised.

The invention of water gas seems to provide an art by which we may hope to supply a vaporous fuel at a cost which

will little exceed the average tax laid upon consumers by the companies which pipe the rock gas to many of the Western towns. This form of fuel is produced by passing steam through large vessels containing incandescent carbon in the form of coke or anthracite coal, the result is a mixture principally composed of one atom of carbon and one of oxygen, known as carbonic oxide, together with hydrogen. The water of the steam, is in fact, decomposed, the oxygen combining with the carbon and the hydrogen remaining uncombined. When burnt at the point of use the carbonic oxide (CO) takes up from the air another atom of oxygen, forming carbonic dyoxide (CO^2) and the hydrogen also combines with oxygen forming water. These processes give rise to the evolution of a great heat. By enriching the gas with the vapor of petroleum or other hydro-carbons, the material may be made to afford an excellent light. Although only one-fourteenth of the weight of water gas is hydrogen, this element is extremely valuable in giving heat to the flame, for it yields caloric in burning in larger share than any other known substance.

Although there is probably little or no direct economy in converting coal into water gas as compared with the ordinary process of burning it in an ordinary fire, the indirect advantages arising from the use of gaseous fuel are great and varied. It gives the consumer entire control of the fuel consumed so that there may be no waste, no coal bins are required, no labor and skill in managing the fire, and there is no ash produced; all the waste of combustion goes forth into the air, the advantages in the way of cleanliness are very great. The evils of dust and smoke which are unavoidable with the use of solid fuel are quite done away with when it is burned in the gaseous form. It is true that there is one decided evil connected with the use of pure water gas or any vaporous fuel in which carbonic oxide enters as an element. This substance is very poisonous; it is much more mephitic than ordinary gas. At first there was a great and reasonable fear lest it should add yet another to the grave risk which the mechanical devices of our civilization have brought into our cities. Experience has, however, shown that there is little more danger in the use of this gas than is encountered in other modes of illumination and heating. These mechanical devices by the dangers they bring to our dwelling-places teach us to

tread warily; we soon become educated to the needs they impose upon us. The gain in the public health, which would arise from the use in our towns of a dustless, smokeless fuel, would probably outweigh the dangers which any possible form of gaseous fuel would impose on us. In the time to come, and that probably not far away, we may expect that coal will no longer be brought to our cities, but will be converted into vaporous form, either at the mines or at the entry ports of the great towns, and piped to the points of consumption.

Not the least of the advantages which will accrue from this change in the mode of consumption of carbon will be found in the fact that it will economize the store of coal which the earth contains, by diminishing the waste due to imperfect combustion. Moreover it may be of peculiar local value for the reason that certain coals which, owing to peculiarities, are not suitable for other modes of use are utilizable when converted into gas. Thus the coal beds of Rhode Island which do not afford a fuel fit for general use in furnaces, will afford a considerable store of good gas-making coal, which gas could readily be carried to the great manufacturing towns of the region and might indeed, be taken by pipes as far as Boston. Thus we see that while the burnable gases of the rocks are not likely to remain as an ordinary source of supply they will have a great and continued influence over economic methods.

It is not alone as sources of light and heat that the rock gases are important to man. The ordinary carbonic acid which pours forth from many different kinds of rock plays an important part in the economy of the earth's crust. So, too, sulphurated hydrogen formed by the decomposition of iron pyrites is extensively developed in our rocks, and combines with the first-mentioned gas in the work we are about to describe. The most important effect of these gases is to drive the deep-lying waters of the rocks to the surface. These buried waters having long been in contact with the mineral substances contained in deep-lying formations have taken in solution a great variety of the earth's elements. They are enabled to do this work by the pressure and temperature to which they are subjected as well as by the carbonic acid they contain. When at great depths below the surface these waters have in fact the solvent power of strong acids. The gases contained in the solution urge the fluid towards the

surface in precisely the same manner as the water of a soda fountain is driven to the vent. Rising to the paths which lead towards the surface, this water, laden with mineral matter is continually and gradually relieved of pressure as well as of heat while at the same time the gases escape; it thus becomes necessary for it to lay down a portion of its burden and so the crevice becomes packed with vein matter. In this manner the greater part of the fissure veins are probably formed. To this action we owe also nearly all of our medicinal springs.

Even in regions where the conditions do not favor the formation of vein deposits, the under-earth gases are often at work urging the water which was imprisoned in the strata at the time when they were formed back to the region of the air. Thus in Florida and the greater part of the lowlands of the Southern States, as well as a large part of the Mississippi Valley, a bored well sunk a few hundred feet below the surface usually yields a large supply of water which is urged up by the gases which it contains. These are called artesian wells, but like the most of such sources of water supply, they are not truly artesian, that is, the water is not urged by gravity to escape from the well but is moved as the fluid in the soda-fountain by the pressure of the imprisoned gases. So abundant is the flow of these wells that there would be no difficulty in turning them to account as sources of power by using the water which generally comes forth with a pressure of about thirty pounds to the square inch to work suitable engines.

Studying the history of the subterranean gases we not only see how potent they have been in determining the history of the earth, and how closely they are related to the welfare of man, but we gain some idea of the chemical and physical life of the rocks and perceive that even this region which seems so inert is really endowed with its own vital activities.

THE DOGMATISM OF SCIENCE.

BY R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

Notes of an unpublished address by Prof. —— —— F. R. S., &c., President of the —— Association of Science, at the Annual Meeting, 1888.

Gentlemen: — The mistakes of Moses have been so well set before this generation that there is happily no longer any danger that our age of reason will mistake the Jewish lawgiver for an infallible theological oracle. With the *déchéance* of Moses the whole imposing dynasty of Christian ecclesiasticism collapses, and the western world is emancipated — forever let us hope — from the yoke of priestly domination. The priests are packing their bags to follow their illustrious fellow *emigrés* — the kings. We may well congratulate ourselves upon this stupendous revolution which the fearlessness of the soldiers of science has triumphantly wrought.

But our very victory brings to us dangers. Flushed with her brilliant successes, is it not possible that science may lose her head and ape the follies of theology? May she not, in her turn, grow arrogant and dictatorial, dogmatic and intolerant, and realize that searching judgment of the poet and savant, Goethe, "Incredulity has become an inverted superstition for the delusion of our time"? We may not allow ourselves to forget that we are all specialists, and as such are liable to the intellectual myopia of those who study facts at a short range of vision. The biggest man of us does not quite get above the clouds. Conceit of omniscience is a disease to which science is quite as liable as theology. Dogmatism is a taint of the human blood which doth cling even to the intellectually regenerate. The masters of science observe with pain their hot-blooded younglings soaring away in sweeping generalizations for which there has been no sufficient induction; delivering ex-cathedra oracles, definitely determining questions which plainly must lie open for many a day, venturing to set limits to the possibilities of nature; foolishly fancying that the last word has been spoken con-

cerning the infinite and eternal mysteries; rushing in like fools where angels fear to tread. Already we hear ominous mutterings in the atmosphere, warning us that we are taking on the airs of a new priesthood. Count de Gasparin has gone so far as to write the *Journal des Debats*: "Take care; the representatives of the exact sciences are on their way to become the inquisitors of our days."

Of course it will not do for us to talk out "in meeting" with entire freedom. We must at least imitate the wisdom of our predecessors in authority, the priests, and observe a dignified reserve before the public, concerning the mistakes of science, lest the sacred authority of the church of reason should be brought into disrepute, and that delightful deference to our opinion which we, its oracles, have grown used to expect should be rudely withheld. But as this is a session with closed doors, and the ubiquitous reporters have been all excluded, so that the ignorant laity cannot wrest the secrets which we unbosom in the privacy of our esoteric circles to their own destruction, let me speak frankly to you, illustrious brothers, concerning certain familiar facts, which it behooves us to ponder, that we may not forget, in our astounding successes, the gross mistakes that have been made when science has grown dogmatic; and that we may thus learn to bear our blushing honors with becoming modesty.

Lord Bacon, the father of the inductive method in England, although he wrote in one place: "We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom and not to receive upon credit, or to reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination"; did yet practically reject the Copernican theory, for such plainly insufficient reasons as he notes in his essays. "In the system of Copernicus," he writes, "there are many and great difficulties," which he then proceeds to enumerate; describing the theory as "savoring of a man who thinks nothing of inventing any figment at the expense of nature, provided the bowls of haphazard roll well."

When Italy was profoundly agitated by the issue which Galileo had raised, and while the Church was preparing to force him to retract his dangerous heresy, it was a Professor of philosophy at Padua, notorious for his anti-religious tendencies, who refused to look through Galileo's telescope and thus submit his theory to verification.

Ærolites are such familiar facts to us now that it is hard for us to realize that until the commencement of the present century their existence was stoutly denied, not only by that common sense of men which often judges so uncommonly, but by the best scientific authorities. Antiquity, without doubt, believed that larger or smaller mineral masses did at times fall in upon the earth. Stones, claimed to have dropped from the skies, were preserved in various ancient temples. It surely should have been a question for inductive reasoning and not for any *a priori* judgment. Yet we find such an authority as Lavoisier declaring: "There are no stones in the sky, therefore none can fall upon the earth." It was not until a naturalist from Wurtemburg, Chladni, verified the fall of a meteorite at Sienna, in Tuscany, on the 16th of June, 1794, that savants began to admit that there was an open question concerning this phenomenon. Nor was it until nine years afterwards, when, on the 26th of April, 1803, an ærolite fell in broad daylight, at L'Aigle, in Normandy, that doubt finally disappeared. The Paris Academy of Sciences sent a commission to inquire into the case, and their report concluded the matter.

What fact more commonplace to our mind than the photographic process of portrait-taking! Many of us remember the original form of these sun-pictures — the daguerreotype; specimens of which, once in awhile, we draw forth from some unexplored drawer, carrying us back to the forgotten days of childhood. It was no further off than 1838, that Madame Daguerre, the wife of the inventor of the process, had an earnest consultation with one of the medical celebrities of the day, concerning her husband's mental condition. After acquainting the physician with the many indications of Daguerre's mental aberration, she added, with tears in her eyes, that the concluding proof of his insanity was his absolute conviction that he would succeed in nailing his own shadow to the wall or in fixing it on magical metallic plates. The physician listened with profound attention to this culminating evidence of mental derangement, answering that he, himself, had observed in Daguerre strong symptoms of madness. He closed the consultation by advising that her husband should be sent quietly and without delay to the well-known lunatic asylum, Bicêtre. Two months later the world of art and science was stirred to its centre by the ex-

hibition of a number of pictures actually taken by the new process. Arago, in January, 1839, laid an account of the process before the *Academie des Sciences*, and soon the "lunatic" was heralded as the father of photography.

Harvey's brilliant discovery unquestionably ranks as one of the most important steps in the progress of physiology, the revelation of a fact which no one dreams now of doubting. In Harvey's own day, however, the College of Physicians of London ignored his discovery. Nearly half a century after he had communicated his new fact to the world, the Paris Royal Society of Medicine gravely listened to an essay which classed this discovery among the impossibilities. In the records of this society we read that a candidate for membership, François Baxin, sought to gain the favor of that learned body by taking as his theme the Impossibility of the Circulation of the Blood.

Electricity is certainly a very positive fact in nature. We should scarcely know how to do without the services of this giant force, now tamed by man. How strange it seems to us, then, to look back but a few years, and observe the reception given to the discoverers of electricity. When Benjamin Franklin communicated to the Royal Society of Great Britain the report of his experiments, showing the identity of lightning with other electrical phenomena, the report was greeted with a shout of laughter. It was a too literal interpretation of Bacon's great words to ask science to learn new truths by playing with paper kites. Galvani, whose name has been stamped on one of the most familiar forms of this stupendous force, wrote: "I am attacked by two very opposite sects — the scientists and the know-nothings. Both laugh at me — calling me 'the frogs' dancing master.' Yet I know that I have discovered one of the greatest forces of nature."

When Castellet told Réaumur that he had reared perfect silkworms from the eggs laid from a virgin moth, he received the answer, — *Ex nihilo nihil fit;* and the story was scouted. It certainly seemed contrary to one of the widest and best established laws of nature, yet, as one of our distinguished brothers confesses: "It is now universally admitted to be true, and the supposed law ceases to be universal."

Anthropology has settled indisputably the fact of the existence of human fossils in the strata of the earth. No

one dreams of questioning this fact. Yet one of the most illustrious men in science, one of the fathers of paleontology, Cuvier, threw aside the fossil excavated in 1828 by Boué, the French geologist, because the great anatomist thought himself wiser than his colleague, and, therefore, would not believe that human skeletons could be found eighty feet deep in the mud of the Rhine. As late as 1846, the French Academy discredited the assertions of Boucher de Perthes, subjecting itself to some rather unpleasant criticism in 1860, when the truth of de Perthes' discoveries was fully confirmed, by the concurrent testimony of French geologists, as to the existence of flint weapons in the drift gravels of Northern France. England stood shoulder to shoulder by France in this scepticism. McEnery's testimony in 1825, to the effect that he had discovered worked flints, together with the remains of extinct animals, in Kent's Hole Cavern, was laughed at, and the corroborative testimony of Godwin Austin, in 1840, was ridiculed still more; and yet all this exuberance of scientific scepticism, this revel of incredulous merriment, in a quarter of a century came badly to grief, when, as Mr. Wallace writes: "All the previous reports for forty years were confirmed, and shown to be even less wonderful than the reality."

Thomas Buckle, to whom we are indebted for perhaps the first serious application of the scientific method to the study of history, in an address before the Royal Institution in London spake as follows: "Those among you who are interested in botany are aware that the highest morphological generalization we possess respecting plants, is the great law of metamorphosis, according to which the stamens, pistils, corrolas, bracts, petals, etc., of every plant, are simply modified leaves. It is now known that all these parts . . . are successive stages of the leaf — epochs, as it were, of its history. . . . The discovery was made by Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany, and one of the greatest of the world. . . . When its discovery was announced by Goethe, the botanists not only rejected it, but were filled with wrath at the idea of a poet invading their territory. . . . A mere man of imagination, a poor creature who knew nothing of facts, who had not even used a microscope on the growth of plants, to give himself out as a philosopher! It was absurd! . . . You know the result: the men of facts succumbed before the

man of ideas; even on their own ground the philosophers were beaten by the poet, and this great discovery is now received and eagerly welcomed by those very persons, who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have treated it with scorn."

Jenner's great discovery was, for some time, completely ignored by the college physicians of London.

Napoleon referred the subject of steam navigation to the Academy of Science, and the idea was pronounced "a ridiculous notion." When George Stevenson first projected the idea of railroad travelling, the British House of Commons would not listen seriously to his plans. The French Academy voted the engineer Perdonnet a strait-jacket for his offer to build railroads. Forgetful of the lesson he ought to have learned from his own father's experience, Robert Stevenson led the chorus of England in ridiculing the French project of digging a canal at Suez. Yet, a few years after, England gave four millions sterling for an interest in this very canal.

It would require some courage to-day to repeat the judgment of the French Academy which proclaimed Bernard de Palissy "as stupid as one of his own pots."

A somewhat well-known writer of the present day records the following suggestive experience: "I remember, when the phonograph was first invented, that a scientific officer in the service of the Indian Government sent me an article which he had written on the earliest accounts received of the instrument — to prove that the story must be a hoax, because the instrument described was scientifically impossible. He had worked out the times of vibrations required to reproduce the sounds, and so on, and very intelligently argued that the alleged result was unattainable." When phonographs in due time were imported to India, this positive scientist probably reflected somewhat upon Wellington's famous dictum: "Impossible! there is no such word in my dictionary."

One of the fiercest battles of science has raged over the claims of mesmerism. A distinguished writer of New York declares: "It is very certain that all the truth of mesmerism as a healing agent is accepted by the medical profession." His language is guarded, as you will observe, since he by no means allows many of the claims made on behalf of mesmerism. He does, however, as he proceeds to state, admit an ability to produce artificial somnambulism in some patients

and to perform surgical operations during the continuance of this sleep, without causing pain to the subject. Even such guarded admissions present a striking contrast to the attitude of scientists toward this subject in days not long gone by. No new theory has ever met with more persistent and overwhelming ridicule than that which Mesmer first broached to our modern world. Yet, despite of its being laughed out of countenance, it has held its ground and pushed its claims slowly but steadily forward into recognition. In the very interesting pamphlet in which Benjamin Franklin presented the report of the commissioners charged by the king of France with the examination "of the animal magnetism," he tells us that in 1776 Mesmer appealed to the Academy of Science at Berlin, by which "his principles were rejected as 'destitute of foundation and unworthy of the smallest attention.'" "The smallest attention" was certainly a modicum of encouragement, a very crumb of consolation to the enthusiast who believed he had hold of a stupendous secret, without which, however, he managed to survive and to keep life in his disowned bantling. "The Animal Magnetism" had made sufficient stir in Paris eight years after this slap in the face from Berlin to call for the appointment of the Royal Commission, over which Franklin presided; which, in presenting its report to the King, "concluded with an unanimous voice . . . that the existence of the fluid is absolutely destitute of proof; summing the secret effects produced into the one word 'imagination.'" After this final autopsy, mesmerism might have been expected to act like a quiet corpse. On the contrary, however, it kept up such continual disorderly movements in its tomb that it had to be exhumed and sat upon again by "crowner's jury." In 1826, the French Academy of Medicine appointed a commission to investigate the subject, which labored diligently for five years and submitted a report in 1831, signed by nine members of the commission, two only having declined to assist at the investigations. This commission admitted nearly all the important facts of animal magnetism: the inducing of magnetic sleep in a subject who was in another room and wholly unaware of the purpose of the magnetiser; the successful performance of a terrible operation without pain, in the magnetic sleep, and clairvoyant perception of the internal state of the body with the prevision of crises and prescription of remedies. The Academy,

thoroughly astonished at the report, positively refused to discuss it. But the ostrich plan not proving eminently successful, it was found impossible to continue to ignore the facts, and the Academy then decided to take up the report for discussion. The conclusion reached was a refusal to print the report, which Count de Gasparin tells us remains shut up in an autograph copy within the archives of the Academy of Medicine. Such was the hostility of French Science to new truth.

England again stood only too staunchly by its neighbor in offering the welcome of a closed door towards this rather disreputable-looking tramp-truth. The *Lancet* and other medical organs, a half-century ago, refused to admit the genuineness of phenomena which no educated man now denies to be facts. As Prof. Sedgwick observes: "When the most painful surgical operations were successfully performed in the hypnotic state, they said that the patients were bribed to sham insensibility; and that it was because they were hardened impostors that they let their legs be cut off and large tumors cut out without showing a sign even of discomfort." This sublimity of scepticism at last collapsed before the reports of the marvellous success of Esdaile's surgical operations under mesmerism, in the Calcutta Hospital, and before the demonstrations of Braid as to the unquestionable phenomena of hypnotism — a new name for some of the old facts of mesmerism. Science has now accepted the very facts which she would have laughed out of countenance when presented in a charlatanish manner by men of little or no professional standing.

A committee of distinguished Englishmen have lately reported the results of their preliminary investigation in a branch of this quasi-science which has had more scorn heaped upon it than any other department of this much ridiculed field. Everyone of us knows how we have laughed over the Researches of Baron Reichenbach. Distinguished chemist as this Austrian was, the plain unvarnished narrative in which he told the story of the patient investigation of years has only been a madman's dream to the world of science. What fun we have had over his Munchausen tales of luminous emanations from his magnets and crystals! And now, behold! this committee of level-headed Englishmen declare that their sensitives, sitting in thoroughly darkened rooms, utterly

ignorant of Reichenbach's experiments, and knowing nothing as to what it was hoped they would see, have perceived these same luminous emanations; and "Od" looms up as another possible fact in the arcana of nature, to the discomfiture of the Philistines of Science.

Nor is this the worst of the story. It might have been supposed that science, whose glory is the alleviations which she has wrought in the misery caused by "the ills that flesh is heir to," would have rejoiced at the mere possibility of cures being wrought where the ordinary means failed, even though the omnipotence of the orthodox therapeutics might be thereby somewhat discredited. But it is a matter of history that when Prince Hohenlohe, Archbishop of Grosswardein, in Hungary, was apparently performing hosts of wonderful cures among the people through parts of Germany — as he thought by the special aid of "his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," but, as it would seem by others, by one and the same power, whatever it may be, which Mesmer recognized and used — to the eternal shame of the medical faculty of Germany be it said, that, at their solicitation, his ministrations were prohibited by government.

This frank story of your "Truthful James" cannot be better summed, illustrious brothers, than in the incident told of Sir William Hamilton and Airey, the astronomer. When in Dublin, Sir W. Hamilton mentioned to Airey some striking mathematical fact. He paused a moment, when Airey interposed with: "No, it cannot be." Sir William mildly remarked: "I have been investigating it closely, for the last five months, and cannot doubt its truth." "But," said Airey, "I've been at it for the last five minutes, and cannot see it at all!"

It is needless to pursue further these somewhat humiliating reminiscences among the Mistakes of Science, made when forgetting her true attitude, as Bacon pictured it — that of the open-eyed child — she has assumed the airs of a Pope. We know nature as our fathers did not know it, but our children may have a knowledge of creation which shall make our sciences seem but pretentious ignorance. Science is not yet omni-science. We have need still to feel, with Sir Isaac Newton, like little children, playing on the shore of an infinite ocean, and picking up here and there a pebble.

The bearing of this dissertation on the Fallibility of Science

will be obvious to you all, gentlemen. In the so-called conflict of Science and Religion, the hosts of Knowledge have driven the legions of Faith so completely from the territories which they had wrongfully held against their lawful sovereign, Reason, that there is danger, now, lest the enthusiasm of our "boys" should push on beyond our true lines, and try to seize fields which we are not able successfully to occupy, which we have no right to claim. The triumphs of Science have been victories won by the positive affirmations of knowledge. It is not for our august mistress to become "The spirit that denieth." Defeat awaits the empiricism that rashly sets up to limit the infinite possibilities of nature. As a leader in our ranks reminds us, "*Whenever the scientific men of any age have denied the facts of investigators, on a priori grounds, they have always been wrong.*" George Eliot was certainly in deep sympathy with our great work for humanity, and by no means theologically biassed against us; yet she wrote: "I think we must not take every great physicist — or other 'ist' — for an apostle, but be ready to suspect him of some crudity concerning relations that lie outside his special studies, if his exposition strands us on results that seem to stultify the most ardent, massive experience of mankind, and hem up the best part of our feelings in stagnation." Flushed with our own victory, let us sober our heads by frequent applications of the wisdom of the Hindu sage: — "Never utter these words: 'I do not know this — therefore it is false.'"

When La Place rashly observed that, in scanning the heavens with his telescope, he had found no God, he might have known enough of the power of his lenses to realize that there are several facts, considerably smaller than the Infinite Fact, which yet came not within the range of the biggest of them; stars and constellations solid as any that crossed the field of his glass; an unseen universe within this seen creation, which our finest instruments are too coarse to resolve. How easily then might he miss God!

When again a noted physiologist remarked, "The scalpel, in opening the brain, comes upon no soul," he impugned his own scientific precision of observation far more than the reality of the soul. Did he actually fancy his blade delicate enough to pick out the soul? Did he think, with steel, to lay bare the psychical or astral body, sheathed, as men

have believed, within this "physical body"? To deny the spiritual nature of man because we have not seen or felt or smelt a soul, is not the wisdom of science but the folly of nescience.

We all know Dr. Moleschott's serene dictum: "Unprejudiced philosophy is compelled to reject the idea of an individual immortality and of a personal continuance after death." He who has sat at the feet of the great masters of philosophy will naturally ask the authority, by book and page, for this dictum of "unprejudiced philosophy," which compels the rejection of the faith which the greatest "wisdom-lovers" have always cherished devoutly. Mr. Karl Vogt screws the cathedra up a little higher for the delivery of his oracle upon this question: "Physiology decides *definitely and categorically* against individual immortality, as against any special existence of the soul." I leave the physiologists of your body to determine whose physiology "decides definitely and categorically against individual immortality." It cannot be that of Dr. Draper, who writes: "There animates the machine a self-conscious and immortal principle — the soul. . . . In the most enlarged acceptation, *it would fall under the province of physiology to treat of this immortal principle.*" I fail to recall the text-book of any master authorized to speak on behalf of "Physiology," which thus pronounces on a question that, from the very nature of the case, is beyond the range of a definite and categorical negation.

So as to another vexed question. The eminent historian of European rationalism is far too civil towards men of science, when he observes—that on the report of a miracle having occurred, "they receive it with an absolute and even derisive incredulity which dispenses with all examination of the evidences." Miracles as defined by theologians—"violations of law," or "suspensions of law," or "interruptions of law,"—may be indeed curtly dismissed, in a realm of order; but miracles, as unusual facts, marvels inexplicable perhaps even now, are wholly a matter of evidence, which are to be calmly sifted, without prepossession. If indeed men of science do thus fail to receive any apparently well-attested fact, however marvellous, it is no glory but a shame to them; a disloyalty to the first law of their glorious mistress, which binds them, as "little children," to openness of heart towards all new truth and to freedom from all prepossessions against new knowledge. As

the *Spectator* rightly observes: "It is really a pure superstition and nothing else to assume that we are so fully acquainted with the laws of nature that even carefully examined facts, attested by an experienced observer, ought to be cast aside as utterly unworthy of credit, only because they do not, at first sight, seem to be in keeping with what is most clearly known already." Such an attitude as that which Lecky describes, thinking thereby to please us savants, would be the result of what the distinguished astronomer, Camille Flammarion, calls the "illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in *imagining that the laws of nature are already known to us*, and that everything that appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas, is impossible." Our doughty Ajax of Science, Prof. Huxley, well observes: "With regard to the miracle question, I can only say that the word 'impossible' is not, to my mind, applicable to matters of philosophy. That the possibilities of nature are infinite is an aphorism with which I am wont to worry my friends." Lecky's savants would in reality be guilty of the sin against truth concerning which Humboldt wrote: "A presumptuous scepticism that rejects facts without examination of their truth is, in some respects, more injurious than unquestioning credulity." It is, verily, as Arago declares:—"He who outside of pure mathematics pronounces the word 'impossible' lacks prudence."

Finally, to speak after the manner of the preachers, whose cause I may appear to be espousing, there seems plainly to be called up for scientific investigation by our generation the mysterious, uncanny, and, it must be confessed, somewhat disreputable class of alleged phenomena which, as old as history and as persistent, as though they were facts, have at once fascinated and baffled the human mind. Dr. Maudsley indeed disposes of these alleged occult powers by declaring his readiness to have certified the lunacy of various of the most eminent saints, seers, and prophets of mankind; but lunacy is so alarmingly on the increase now that it would be impolitic, at least, to convince the world that its best and wisest souls have been madmen at large.

Too many of our savants settle this case on the principle of the western judge who, when the evidence from the plaintiff was in, refused to admit the testimony of the defendant, on the ground that he had then a clear notion of the case,

which would only be muddled if he went further. Some of our best men, forgetful of the hard facts of which I have reminded you to-day, have undertaken to judge these most puzzling of all phenomena by *a priori* principles, and have rashly declared them "impossible." The attitude of others recalls to my mind the fact that when Prof. Hare proposed the consideration of these phenomena to the American Association of Science he was sat down upon by one of the most distinguished members of the Association, with the words,—"It is a dangerous subject to introduce into this convention." Was then Dr. Tyndall right, in saying: "In fact, the greatest cowards of the present day are not to be found among the clergy, but within the pale of science itself"? For one, I certainly hold, with Sir William Thompson, in his opening address before the British Association at Edinburgh: "Science is bound by the everlasting law of honor to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it." If, then, occult phenomena be only fraud and illusion, it is high time to dispel, once for all, this persistent superstition. If, back of all fraud and illusion, there be any residuum of fact, then it is high time for us all to get on the trail of such astounding powers, whatever they may be. Too long have a few brave pioneers been risking name and fame in their honest investigation of spiritualism."

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At this point the notes of the address break off abruptly; the explanation of which turns out to be the fact that, on the utterance of the word "Spiritualism" the audience, which had been growing increasingly restive, adjourned the session of the convention, after the manner described in the story of

"The row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow."

GOD IN THE GOVERNMENT.

BY CANON W. H. FREMANTLE.

SEVERAL articles have been written in THE ARENA on the proposal to have some direct recognition of God inserted in the American Constitution. It would be unbecoming in a foreigner to enter into a question with which he has no concern, except in the sense that the future of America concerns the whole world. But in the course of the discussion, assumptions have been made which seem to me erroneous, and terms have been used in a sense which tends to bring confusion, and principles have been stated which, if admitted, would compromise the future of democratic government. I wish, if possible, to shed light on the parts of the subject which have been thus treated.

Were it merely a question of introducing the name of God into a public instrument, I would venture to suggest that the question is not of great importance, and that it must depend upon the probable effect of such a statement upon the minds not only of those who wish for it, but of those who object to it. To do the will of God is much more important than to name Him. Public righteousness is much more important than to say, "Lord, Lord." It may be argued very truly that to pronounce a name is to unfurl a banner round which men may rally. But if the name of God can be used in various and discordant senses, still more, if there are many in a nation to whom the use of it involves all that it seems to involve in the minds of Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Ingersoll, it might prove only a mark to concentrate the fire of assailants. Consideration also is due from Christians to the views even of those whom they think in the wrong.

But what is really of extreme importance is to decide the question whether the Spirit of God and of Christ is to rule in the politics of the future. It is, also, of vast importance to our own and the coming generations to decide whether the great moral forces which are contained in religious convic-

tions shall be, by common consent, shut up to the narrow sphere of public worship and its adjuncts, or whether they are capable of inspiring political life. These questions are equally important whether men call themselves believers or unbelievers, for it is coming to be seen more and more that Christian faith cannot be content with a limited position, but claims to be the master-principle of human life in all its departments. If it be a poor, petty priestcraft, it concerns us all to exclude it not only from the political, but from the social and moral world. But if it is comprehensive and absolute, if the self-sacrificing love which is its essence is the central moral power of humanity, then it equally concerns us all to give it full play, and to incite its beneficent influence to inspire and to purify the life of society, and the life of nations.

1. To begin, It is said that no man can say whether there is or is not a God, "Man is, on this subject, on a level with a chimpanzee." Such language appears to me to arise from the inveterate habit which men have of first defining God according to their own ideas and then asserting or denying that such a Being exists. They are hardly possible in the mouth of one who adopts the humbler attitude of taking the world and its history as it is. Such a man, even if he calls himself an Agnostic will, with Prof. Huxley, acknowledge the *Natura naturam* of Spinoza, or with Herbert Spencer in the last words of his *Ecclesiastical Institution*, "The presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed," or, with Matthew Arnold, "A power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." No other result seems possible to one to whom the Universe is an orderly Kosmos and not a Chaos. The progress of natural science which traces the connection between all forms of life, and expects one day to trace the connection of all kinds of force, must constantly strengthen the conviction not merely of the existence of this Nature, this Energy, this Power, but also of its importance as a factor in the conscious life of man. Out of the depth of Agnosticism will emerge another and a better Theism. I think the truer statement of the case is that every reflecting man must be, consciously or unconsciously, a Theist. The order and law which he recognizes everywhere is the basis of Theism, and the question really is, not whether God is, but what is His nature and character. Even if you define the Power which controls us as Matter, Matter becomes your

God, and you must attribute to this Supreme Power the origination not only of the law of gravitation but also of the law of just relations among men. Even if you identify God with Nature, you must include Human Nature; and the Positivism which makes Humanity your God is, as even so well accepted a theologian as Dr. Westcott will tell you, a genuine form of Theism. For the purpose of "God in the Government" this, though it may be merely an "irreducible minimum," is sufficient. We have before us a Power which demands justice in all the relations of men. In this Power the whole human race, with all its science and all its democracy, "lives, and moves, and has its being."

Moreover, to quote another saying of Matthew Arnold's, "God is the best we know." Whatever we acknowledge as supreme, whether in grandeur or in goodness, that is our God. In government, or political life, the ideal before us is the establishment and maintenance of just relations between men and classes. So far from drawing a contract between God and the better spirit of mankind, and saying that our social blessings "have not come from the skies," but that for them all "man is indebted to man," we may say they are, all the more, evidently from God, because they come to us through man, since man is the image of God, the expression of His goodness and righteousness. He who believes Christ to be the head of humanity because He is "that just One," the Son and "express image" of the Supreme Right, must welcome every fresh discovery or art of political justice as a new manifestation of God. The contrast between God on the one hand, and the world and humanity on the other, I regard as a remnant of a mistaken theology. The truer theology which is being recognized more and more is that of Immanence, which realizes God in every law of nature, and in every step toward social and political right.

2. But it is supposed that a theist must necessarily seek to impose his own will in God's name upon the community in which he lives. The framers of the American Constitution are credited with the intention of "retiring the gods from politics," because they declared that "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." But to put away "the gods" is to bring in the true God. To destroy idolatry and superstition is a necessary part of the recognition of the one Righteous Being whom our Consciences

adore. When the conscience of the nation is awakened, the contrast between God and the consent of the governed entirely ceases; the proverb then becomes applicable, "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" But the consent of the governed, if there is no recognition of an ideal righteousness, may go greatly astray. If France had last September accepted General Boulanger with the system (or no system) which would have come in with him, as she accepted Louis Napoleon in 1852, she would, I think, have been acting in an ungodly fashion and would have brought on herself the evils which the Hebrew prophets always trace as the consequences of a departure from God and righteousness. She would have been following the false gods of mere discontent and the wish for revenge instead of the true interests of the people. To save a nation from such a fate as this, it is absolutely necessary that a nation should hold up before its mind and conscience the true God of calm, unselfish justice.

We may here answer the question, "What God shall be put in the Constitution?" Certainly the God of universal right. Mr. Ingersoll says, most justly, that the good and intelligent man "does not bow before a provincial and patriotic god, one who protects his own tribe or nation and abhors the rest of mankind." In this he appears to me to be echoing the sentiments of the prophets of Israel, and of Stephen and Paul in the New Testament. The early Christians were called Atheists because they refused allegiance to the "tribal and patriotic gods." Their protest was always in favor of the god whose will is universal righteousness. The Christians of our time need seriously to lay to heart the fact that their sectarianism exposes them to the charge of worshipping merely partial gods. But it is clear to me that, even in their strangest aberrations, they have been aiming at human righteousness; and the Christian thought of late years has tended more and more to the recognition of a divine righteousness, showing itself in other systems of religion than their own, and also to make human well-being the cornerstone of their own system.

3. I am, I confess, astonished at the limited view which Mr. Ingersoll takes of the functions of the Constitution. "It is," he says, "the chain the people put upon their servants as well as upon themselves;" and, even where he speaks of its more positive aspects, he takes it as chiefly

designed to "mark out the limitations of discretion." I had thought that this view of things belonged to the past. In England we think of the Constitution as the expression of the relations which the various functions of the national life hold towards one another, and thus as a kind of framework for the beneficent activities of the people. This is increasingly the case, as the whole fabric of the State becomes more and more subject to the popular control. I am aware that in America there was at first a great jealousy of the central government and that consequently the bond between the States was made as slight as possible, being considered as a fetter upon their independent activity. But I thought that this view of things had passed away since the war, and that the national consciousness had been so largely developed that more elasticity was attributed to the national constitution. However this may be as regards the central government, at all events it seems clear that the constitutions of the different States are adapted to the widest forms of public moral action. Certainly, the tendency of modern times is not to restrict the action of government, but to enlarge it. It becomes more and more the instrument of mutual well-doing, and especially the means by which society acts beneficently upon its weaker classes. This is in the highest sense a divine and a Christian work. It is that to which the Hebrew prophets constantly exhorted their kings and people, pleading with them in behalf first of general justice, and then of the cause of the poor, the fatherless, the widow, and the stranger. Christian universalism, which completes the wide beneficence of Judaism, makes us regard the public functions, and the constitution which regulates them, not as a chain, but as the means freely adopted, and liable to constantly fresh developments, by which the nation fulfils the moral purposes of its existence, under the impulse towards righteousness breathed into it by the spirit of God.

This leads us to consider what is meant by Theocracy, a word of which these gentlemen seem specially afraid. It is used by them as signifying the rule of priests or other ministers of public worship and its adjuncts; and I confess that this is a very common use of the word. But it is a use which tends to the confusion of which I complain. By what right is the rule of God identified with the rule of

priests? To those who think as I do there is no greater foe of the rule of God than the rule of priests. No doubt the two things have been so mixed up that it needs a little thought and patience to disentangle them. But the original Theocracy, that of Israel, was never that of priests. It was the rule of a divine, invisible righteousness, the chief organs of which were the prophets, the noblest order of men whom the world has seen, who had the instincts, not of priests, but of statesmen.

Let us make the distinction indicated above. It is said that the God of the Jews was "a monster of cruelty and ignorance." That many cruel acts were perpetrated in his name cannot be questioned; but our judgment on these is mitigated by the consideration, (1,) that every nation in those days had to maintain a struggle for its national life; (2,) that many of the records, such as those of the Book of Joshua, show much less barbarous under the light of modern criticism; they are exaggerated, like the triumphs of the Romans in Livy, by the imaginations of later patriotism. But let anyone read with open eyes the Prophets or the Psalms or the Law, and he will find them full of the great compassion which is always the characteristic of Jehovah. There is no code of ancient laws half so merciful to the slave, to the debtor, or to the poor, certainly none of the divine authors of which it could be said, "The Lord loveth the stranger." It is this characteristic which the Psalmists and Prophets delight in, and which gives birth to such exclamations as this: "The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed," and made them enforce the same spirit, as in the word of Jeremiah to his King: "Thy father judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: was not this to know Me, saith the Lord." I venture to think that the ignorance attributed to the God of the Jews is really the ignorance of his assailant. It was not, as he says, because the people were governed by him that they lost their nationality, but because they denied and forsook him.

Theocracy, it is said, was tried in the Middle Ages — God was governor, the popes and the priests were His agents. No! So far as a man like Hildebrand loved righteousness, the system he inaugurated was a true Theocracy. But the vice of his system was precisely that it was a rule of priests, and that

only under very exceptional circumstances can the rule of the priest be the rule of God. Read William Tyndall's "Obedience of a Christian Man," and you see how, in the sixteenth century, as in the first, the priest stands on one side, God and Christ on the other. It is said that Theocracy was tried at Geneva under Calvin, and that through him Servetus was put to death. This is true, and it is a warning to all who wish to bring the divine sanction to bear upon human life. But death was at that time the punishment for heresy everywhere. It was a bad relic of the Middle Ages, and the law under which Servetus suffered was, if I do not mistake, as certainly most of the intolerant laws attributed to Calvin were, an old law of the city before his time. Doubtless he was personally responsible for urging the application of the law in this particular case. But there was probably no State in Europe, either Catholic or Protestant, where so few persons in proportion suffered death for their religious convictions in that agitated period as in the theocratic State of Geneva. As to the Puritan communities the fact of the universality of intolerance in the seventeenth century ought in justice to be borne in mind, as ought also the exception presented by the equally theocratic State of Rhode Island. Moreover, we may well say that it will be long before any non-theocratic State attains so lofty a conviction of public duty as that shown in the declaration drawn up by the Pilgrim Fathers in the cabin of the Mayflower before they landed. The sanction of duty towards God may at times be misdirected, as may the sense of public utility; but each of these is too valuable an element in politics to be put aside.

4. But there are certain consequences apprehended from public recognition of God. With the notice of these I will close this article.

It is feared that an identification of God with human affairs will give special prominence to the principle of authority. "The powers that be are ordained of God." From this declaration, in times past, the doctrines of passive obedience and the divine right of kings have been supposed to emanate; and hence the recognition of God is supposed to be an invasion of freedom. If texts are to be quoted we might quote those which say that we must obey God rather than men, or that which says that we have been called to

liberty. The refusal of the apostles to obey the Sanhedrim, the refusal of the early Christians to bow down to the image of the Roman Emperor, though death was the consequence of refusal, are proofs that it was no slavish doctrine which was drawn from the recognition of God and of Christ, and that religious conviction is the inspirer of the noblest assertions of freedom. But let it be granted that Christianity disposes men to submit to, rather than resist, authority, what does it do more than reinforce the lesson taught in every well-ordered community? If it be supposed, indeed, that some particular kind of authority, such as that of kings rather than of republics, is favored by Christianity, this is just the assumption which we must resist. Authority itself is both a good and a necessary thing; and to this the recognition of God certainly demands obedience; but the principle of authority is represented as fully by a president as by a monarch. Nor does the fact that a president is directly commissioned by the people over whom he is placed deprive him of this divine sanction. If, as we have pointed out, humanity itself is the best representative of God, then the man who comes to us clothed with the direct mandate of millions of men, must be specially sacred to us. Nor can this authority be destroyed by the fact that at times it is badly administered, for this may happen under any system. An emperor may be an autocrat and send men to Siberia unjustly, and a president may corrupt his country for generations by proclaiming that "The spoils belong to the victors." On the other hand both may become true organs of the divine justice, a president the more likely of the two, because he is more under the influence of public opinion.

But another consequence is apprehended from the recognition of the Divine in government. This recognition, it is said, must be guarded, and hence penalties will be exacted for the non-recognition of the national God; then will follow the imposition of oaths and tests, suspicions of unfaithfulness, the delation of heretics. I do not think that any of these things would follow from the proposal under discussion. They certainly do not follow from the recognition of the divine principle in government. What is aimed at by these who make such a recognition is not an outward profession, but an inward acknowledgment of the divine righteousness; and nothing could be more contrary to their views than an

insincere profession, or the imposition of tests. I agree entirely with what Mr. Ingersoll says about oaths. It is the Master himself who said, "Swear not at all." If oaths are permissible at all to a Christian, it is only as war may be, because the low moral state of mankind makes impossible the practice of the higher standard of Christian trustfulness. But the imposition of oaths and tests will be felt more and more to be immoral, and the advice given by Mr. Ingersoll will be followed, which is: "Assume that a man will speak the truth, punish him if he bears false witness." Moreover, one who is possessed by the religion of public righteousness will be aware that righteousness is often found far beyond the bounds of any sect or confession; he has learnt from history that heretics have frequently been much better men than their orthodox persecutors; and he will be jealous for liberty as the prime condition of true conviction.

But it is feared that clericalism in some guise must creep in wherever God is recognized. If, it is argued, God receives national recognition, there must be national worship. Then you let in the minister and the priest, who gradually gain supremacy, and all the evils of priestly rule are upon you. This argument goes upon the assumption which would be most strange if it were not almost universal, that the main business of Christianity is public worship. I do not deny that public worship is natural and right to those associated in a common faith, but that it is the chief function or mark of true religion, I absolutely deny. If you read the New Testament, you find hardly any mention of public worship, and in the ideal city of the Revelation no temple is seen. But in every page are found exhortations to righteousness and love. I hold with Gambetta, as a Christian, and because I am a Christian, that clericalism is the enemy. To place public worship, and all its details, in the foremost place, denaturalizes Christianity and makes it unjust and puerile. It is the Christianity of the Bible, the Christianity of inward conviction going forth into duty, both private and public, which is divine. This Christianity can never beget a church which is the foe of progress. The church which is animated by it is bent upon the perfection of human society; it is itself but another name for society renewed by the divine spirit of justice and beneficence.

It may be thought that, as an English clergyman, and a

follower of Arnold and Stanley, I am in all this merely pleading the cause of church establishments. But I regard the question of what is called church-establishment, by which is meant the support of religious worship by the nation, as quite a secondary matter. A nation might be actuated by Christian righteousness to the full, and yet think that public worship is a matter for separate action, like the press or the family; and this is the case, in the main, in America. On the other hand, a nation may have a system of worship bound up with its life and history, influencing every part of it through the parochial system; and gaining truth and liberality through its national connection; and it may feel that to destroy this national connection would be to destroy a precious heritage, and to give a new start to clericalism. And this, I think, is the condition of England. But in any case the support or non-support of public worship by the nation is a secondary question. What is vital is righteousness, truth, and love. In this I trust the two countries are agreed. I see in both an increasing desire to legislate for the moral good of the people. I see in all our churches a desire to bring Christianity to bear upon the social and public life, especially the raising of the weaker classes. I receive from America books like Prof. Ely's "Political Economy," and "Social Aspects of Christianity," or "Crooker's Problems in American Society," or Ward's "Church in Modern Society," all tending to the incoming of a public and national Christianity; and I cannot doubt that in the sphere of practical life the two organisms — a church thoroughly nationalized and a nation thoroughly Christianized — will blend together to be the first fruits of the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

THE COSMIC SPHERE OF WOMAN.

PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

THE sphere of woman would seem to be self-evident, for the normal sphere of everything in this world is that which it is competent to fill, and would fill if there were no serious hindrances. The Japanese gardener may train a tree to live and look very trim and handsome in a flower-pot, but no one supposes, however well it may appear, that the tree is in its normal sphere. That sphere it realizes in a generous soil and sunny clime, and the contrast between the scraggy, stunted growth of our most barren hillsides, and the gigantic trees that have reached toward the sky for a thousand years in California and Australia, illustrates the parallel contrast between woman, the hopeless drudge and timid, ignorant slave of barbarians, and woman, the queen regent of a society that knows her value as well as its own.

This is not especially a woman question,—a question of woman's rights and woman's interests. It is a national question, a race question, a world question. For man and woman are eternally bound together, as the masculine left brain is interlinked with the more feminine right brain, to make the complete human head, and, however low the woman is borne down by false institutions, the nation is borne down with her, and however high her career, the glory of the nation becomes its expression. The Gracchi were the expression of Cornelia, as Nero was the expression of Agrippina.

Strange is it, indeed, that a truth so emblazoned on all historical records has attracted so little attention from philosophers and statesmen, as if in the consciousness of their own martial power and wealth, they had surrendered to vanity, lost the power of looking into causes, and forgotten the time when their own puny helplessness owed everything to a

mother's care, the life which she gave and developed for body and soul.

The nation that tramples on its women goes down with them in the valley of ignorance and humiliation, losing its honorable ambition and public spirit, sinking in social disorder, poverty, crime, and pestilence, until some stronger race becomes its master. And this is the stern justice expressed in "the survival of the fittest"; for the crime against womanhood is one the laws of nature do not pardon, and ought not to pardon. It is the crime of crimes, for it is the unanimous national rebellion against the law of love — the *supreme law of life*, as announced by Christ and confirmed by all substantial ethical science which comprehends the nature of man. That law of love alone is competent to lead man on the upward path out of barbarism and suffering ignorance, to the realm of happiness, prosperity, and enlightenment.

Washington could lead a nation to that realm of political freedom in which progress to a higher condition is possible, if we are prepared to advance, and to him we accord our reverence. But the higher law of life, the law of unlimited love uttered and illustrated by Jesus Christ, would lead the world *if the world could follow*, out of all its evils, as by magic, for despotism, crime, poverty, and suffering would vanish the moment that the new law came into operation; and though no such miracle is to be hoped for, even in a single community,—for man cannot leap out of his own fixed personality established by many centuries, — yet philosophy assures us that in proportion as this divine law of love may be established in any society the life of woman surrounded by love, relieved of every dark shadow, and drawing into her being all the beneficent powers of the universe, would express in her offspring the nobler qualities and powers for which the loving mother prays, and thus a nobler race would come upon the earth.

Nations are free to choose between the law of love that leads to continual and unlimited progress, and the law of brutal selfishness which leads towards destruction, ending in slaughter, famine, and cannibalism.

There are certain unvarying features of the two contrasted beneficent and wretched careers. In the former woman is loved, honored, free, happy, growing, and expressing her growth in offspring that makes each generation better,—

while in the other she is abject and suffering, ignorant and feeble, until her puny and demoralized offspring, if they escape the punishment of crime and the pestilence that punishes physiological crimes, sink into ignorant poverty, under the rule of heartless tyrants.

To intuitive thinkers, all this is self-evident. The conjugal union, in perfect love, is a mutual reinforcement. Each is furnished with new motives and a new source of hope, serenity, and moral strength. Each is stimulated by motives stronger and nobler than the *rivalry* of Olympic games to put forth all their powers. If life becomes a battle, the battle is well fought. If it is a period of advancing prosperity, love adds to this the joy and romance which mingle poetry with the wholesome prose of life. The divine ideal is approached; for where two live in the sphere of mutual love, the injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself becomes intelligible, and does not seem impossible. The warmth of fireside love still glows in the eyes that look upon less familiar faces.

As love is the developing and sustaining power of the universe, expressed in every vitalizing ray from the sun, the suspension of which would bring a sudden cataclysm of universal death and motionless rigidity to all its dependent worlds, so in the vital sphere is there a love, continually incarnating itself in flowers and perfume, in romance and beauty, in seed, in offspring that carry life from its most ancient ineffable Divine fountains through the endless progress of the future.

If it comes in cloudless tropical abundance there is a magnificent development of humanity, but if obstructed by the dense clouds of ignorance and barbarism that rise in an undeveloped planet, there is a coarse, depraved, and morbid development.

The divine influx of life (waiving the question whether it is by visible or invisible means, or by both) is the absolute condition of terrestrial existence. Of this a certain amount which rarely ever fails, is necessary for the struggles of life, without which extinction is speedy; but beyond that animal force a certain moral force is necessary to the preservation of the race. If the moral force that desires and rears offspring is deficient in proper development, the race halts in its progress or becomes slowly extinguished. That moral force is love — the love of the mother that sustains the child and the love of the father that sustains the mother. A

moderate amount of these is sufficient for race continuity without progress, and this is insured in the constitution of the mammalia — the class to which man belongs — but a generous amount is necessary to the elevation of the race by the successive improvement which comes from a *sustained womanhood.*

Sustained womanhood is a Western condition, as degraded womanhood is the Oriental condition, mitigated in Southwestern Asia. The dawn of the most ancient civilization and its highest ethical, social, intellectual, and artistic development was in Egypt where woman was more respected and honored than in any contemporary nation. There was a true civilization in Egypt, but only bastard forms in India and China.

Much more than half the surface of the globe to-day illustrates the blighting effect of a *degraded* womanhood. The vast Chinese empire is a signal example. Feeble in its military power, yet believing its Emperor the lord of the world to whom other nations are tributary, — poor in the midst of nature's bounties of the soil and mines, subject to widespread famines, stagnating a thousand years behind the progress of civilized nations, ignorant and incompetent, but too ignorant to be aware of its inferiority — shunned by other nations which bar out its teeming populations stamped with personal inferiority and a strange monotony of appearance, as a worn-out race in which nature could not originate a variety — China has realized the inevitable result of its national treatment of woman — a national crime which the benevolence of individuals has not been able to overcome.

The Chinaman does not seek to overcome a national error, he does not reason, he follows precedent and custom; and his most elaborate education is but an education of memory and suppression of reason. Education is enforced, and is the highway to office, but it is education in ancient literature and ceremonial, to the entire neglect of science, history, and philosophy, — an education which benumbs the intellect. But this is not a Chinese peculiarity. The most civilized nations have not yet fully relieved themselves from this folly, which was once as fully established in Europe as in Asia.

The three religions of China, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taouism, fail alike to realize the supreme law of love,

which is the essence of all true religion, and its application in the family.

As in their primeval barbarism, the Chinese still look upon woman as a servile appendage, a mere drudge, whose birth gives no pleasure to the parents, and who is with horrible frequency the victim of infanticide. Father Gœtte, recently arrived from China, confirms the worst accounts of female infanticide,* and says that women are punished by death for insubordination to parental authority, even for slapping a parent. Before putting to death "each cheek is slashed with a knife, then the arms in two places, the lower limbs, the breasts, and finally they are disembowelled." Woman has no choice in her own destiny, but is muffled up and sent away to the man who wants her (less kindly than negro slaves were sent in antebellum days) never again to be an object of interest or affection to the family from which she came, but carrying with her that horrible mark of their parental care, the deformed foot, which unfits her for independent locomotion.

The abject condition thus stamped on the woman is necessarily permanently inwoven into the national life, for the offspring of such women through many generations must necessarily represent the ignorant unfeeling father and degraded mother; and the only possible redemption of such a race lies in the emancipation of its women. That emancipation depends upon the power of love, a love that would make the daughter at least equal to the son, and give to all offspring the unlimited devotion of their parents. The divine law of love is the only power that can lift a nation from discordant barbarism to true greatness, *it is the fundamental force of the law of evolution.*

Had one-tenth of the wealth and labor expended on the immense Chinese wall been appropriated to the culture and elevation of Chinese women, no wall would have been necessary to protect the territory of a superior race.

It is not extravagant to believe that when the voice of fully developed woman is heard in the determination of national policy, neither walls, nor forts, nor steel-clad navies will be required, for nations will no longer be as dangerous

* Father Gœtte reports that at one missionary station in Northern China, there are fifteen hundred female children, rescued from death in the cemeteries, where they had been left to die by their fathers.

as wild beasts, and the ten millions of men now under training for homicide will learn, as they are dismissed to peaceful industry, that they are human beings but not *international assassins*. The end of war will also be the end of starving poverty.

The moral degradation of China compares with its intellectual and political inferiority. Its intense ignorance excludes profitable machinery, and the Chinese workman receives about ten cents a day, the woman scarcely half as much. Their medical science is a farrago of superstitions, and superstition rules their social life. Its most revolting aspect is the elaborate cruelty of its penal system. Witnesses and culprits are subjected to most cruel tortures to extract confessions, and criminals are sometimes put to death by slicing their bodies to pieces in fifteen or eighteen cuts, or buried alive with their heads exposed to receive the cruelty of the passing Chinaman. But if we turn away from the horrid and filthy details of Chinese cruelty, we observe the revolting filth of their great cities, which could not be endured by a country whose women were not paralyzed. The Chinese emporium, Peking, as described by recent travellers, has not a single respectable private residence, nor a street which is not a reeking mass of filth, alternately dust and deep mud.*

If *stagnant* China has been the purgatory of woman, *retrogressive* India has been the hell of womanhood, and in her deep abasement she has drawn down the grand empire of antiquity in which she was more respected to a condition of widespread poverty and frequent famine, with the accompaniment of pestilence which makes it a danger to other nations — to the paralyzing despotism of caste and polygamy, and the utter wreck of manhood which has made her two hundred and fifty millions the easy prey of the East India Company. And it has, indeed, been their best fortune to be ruled by a handful of foreigners (one in twenty-five hundred) since

* Frank G. Carpenter says that Peking "is the most filthy spot on this fair earth's face. It knows nothing of modern city improvements. Its wide, mirey, unpaved streets have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts are dragged along up to their hubs in mud and filth. The streets are the sewers, and the most degraded savage of our Western plains has more regard for the exposure of his person than have these pigtailed, silk-dressed, gaudy, fat, Pekingese. Personal cleanliness is as uncommon as the city cleanliness, and the average Chinaman has only two baths, one when he is born, and the other when he dies."

they were utterly incompetent to self-government. Can anything more nearly resembling national suicide be found in history?

When in any nation the muscular half of humanity endeavors to crush the ethical half, both inevitably sink and remain grovelling in their death-grasp until some nobler race shall absorb them in slavery or redeem them by the contagious influence of example.

The women of India have been subjected to a debasement worse than that of African slavery. To them the door of life was but half opened to allow them an unwelcome entrance. The slaughter of female infants in China might almost be called a sporadic affair compared to the wholesale slaughter in India.

To murder every child until a male is born has been nothing strange or shocking in India, even in the better classes, for the birth of a son was at the court of the Rajah a matter of rejoicing, while the birth of a daughter was considered an evil; and investigations by the British government about sixty years ago, revealed, for example, in a population of 10,000 in Western Rajpootana, *not a single female child.* Let us draw the veil over these horrible details.

The unwelcome girl was allowed to live only to be a family slave, a being without rights. In childhood she was forced into marriage. If marriage was delayed beyond her tenth or twelfth year, she was regarded much as we regard a stray dog that has no collar in the hydrophobia season.

The condition of the woman who has lost her husband is, if possible, worse, and twenty-two millions of widows in India are doomed to seclusion and drudgery, with shaved heads, coarsest clothing and food,— a despised class.

Sad, indeed, are the alternatives of the Indian woman's life, whether murdered in helpless infancy, or allowed to grow up in drudgery and become an outcast after eight or ten years old, or plunged into a so-called marriage, while an uneducated child, to a polygamous master, or to a man who accepted her as a slave, for whom she toiled humbly, accepting his leavings, however scanty, for her food, and when he died, crowning her *intensified slavery* of soul and body, by burning on the funeral pile with the corpse of her master.

Woman was not exterminated because she could be used

profitably by her master. In her utter helplessness from childhood to death, she could do nothing for self-defence but fulfil her passive part in the avenging law that makes the victimized mother produce a feeble or debased offspring. Moreover, an enforced maternity before the age of fourteen is a calamity both to mother and offspring.

Poor, self-murdered India lies in her grave, crushed under a mountain-weight of despotic caste, of cruel marriage customs, and intense ignorance, overwhelmed by the impenetrable fog and miasma of ancient Brahminical and Buddhistic superstitions, atheistic and Nihilistic pessimism, myths, legends, dreams, metempsychosic theories, fables sillier than those with which we entertain our children, wilder than all the Apocrypha, which more rational European nations have consigned to oblivion.

If anything in literature deserves to be dumped into oblivion it is the huge collection of *effete* folly and ignorance, which constitutes the religious or rather legendary literature of India. The survival of superstitious credulity is apparent in the impulse of a few individuals of the more civilized races to burrow for wisdom into this dust-heap of antiquity. To quote almost anywhere from this "Aryan literature and philosophy" would remind us of the effusions of the most verbose cranks or lunatics of modern times. Take for a fair example the following from the Rig Veda (2d book): "Thy great birth, O Horse, is to be glorified; whether first springing from the firmament or from the water, inasmuch thou hast neighed, for thou hast the wings of the falcon and the limbs of the deer. Trita harnessed the horse, which was given by Yama. Indra first mounted him and Gandharba seized his reins. Vasus, you fabricated the horse from the sun. Thou horse, art Yama, thou art Aditya, thou art Trita; by a mysterious act thou art associated with Soma. The sages have said there are three bindings of thee in Heaven!"

Or take the profound wisdom of the Satapatha Bramana as presented by Mr. Muir: —

"In the beginning the Universe was water, nothing but water. The waters desired, How can we be reproduced? So saying they toiled; they performed austerity. While they were performing austerity, a golden egg came into existence. Being produced, it then became a year. Wherefore this golden egg floated about for the period of a year. From it in

a year a man (Punsha) came into existence, who was Prajapati. Hence it is that a woman, or a cow, or a mare brings forth in the space of a year, for in a year Prajapati was born. For another year Prajapati floated about occupying the egg. Afterwards by worshipping and toiling he created the gods."

To explore such Aryan rubbish as this, and dignify the results with the name of theosophy, is a very peculiar performance.

There was an India once according to my learned friend, Miss Peabody, in which woman was not so oppressed, and she finds the evidence in the ancient Vedas, but if so it must have been a period of legendary antiquity, for the laws of Manu made the woman a slave never to be trusted with any degree of independence — a slave who must toil for the man to whom she belongs and must be consigned to her master before she is eight years of age.

Brahminism has been a grinding despotism over woman, and the humbler classes of society, and has overpowered the milder doctrines of Buddhism, both doctrines being morbid, unnatural, and unfit to assist human progress. But India's resurrection from her grave is proceeding under the control of her British conquerors, the descendants of a race dressed in skins when India was in its ancient glory. Yes, in the present century India is being redeemed by education, and a glimmer of light is coming to her women. One intelligent Indian woman has had spirit enough to say "We are treated worse than beasts." An Indian woman, Ramabai, is founding schools for them, and marital slavery cannot long survive their education. The Bramo Somaj is teaching India the rights of woman, the nation is beginning to think, and a magazine, *The Hindoo*, confesses that "Our institutions have been our ruin, and the conviction is growing in the minds of all intelligent men that so long as these institutions remain what they are now, the Hindoo nation must be the degraded and powerless community that it is at present." These are the most hopeful words that have ever come from India.

Old-fashioned Pauline Christianity makes very little impression in India. What is needed is the gospel of woman's redemption, whether sustained by a rational Christianity, or by simple philanthropy and justice. We may even predict, as surely as astronomers predict the movements of the planets, that after the abolition of caste, the abandonment of Brah-

minism and the recognition of woman's equality, India will rise in time to a very noble position among the nations of the earth, for the refined organization produced by the climate of India which has saved her people from coarse brutality, and which gives them the most wonderful psychic capacities and miracle-working* powers, gives them also under right conditions the capacity for making an Eden on earth. That possible Eden has been blasted by an *infernal* superstition, the destruction of which is one of the noblest tasks for some future hero.

Could India have found a true religion she might have learned that the true worship of God is evidenced by the worshipful love of His expression in humanity — aye, the worship of woman,† for in woman lies the potentiality of all future generations. She represents humanity, and a glimmering of this conception reached the mind of *Comte*, the so-called Philosopher of Positivism.

Could India have learned to honor and exalt her women rightly (which would have been the exaltation of Indian history, for woman is all history in germ and prophecy), her power and influence could have extended over the whole globe, and Hinduism would have signified national greatness, as it now signifies decadence, ignorance, and superstition.

Could one of the military commanders of ancient India, who defied the armies of Alexander, have been taken by a magician to the forests of England, and told that the descendants of the half-clad and half-sheltered barbarians of those forests would become the master of his oriental empire, he would have been tempted to exclaim like Lochiel, "False wizard avaunt," for the insidious cause of national decline and extinction had never been revealed to the so-called wisdom of India, and there is very little evidence that it has become known to either European or American statesmanship.

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*The word miracle perverted and demoralized by the audacity of Hume, should be restored to its proper place as the expression of the *wonderful*, which transcends common experience, but not of the falsehood which contradicts our knowledge. A miracle is an extraordinary fact.

†The *worship* of woman is an expression to which men may object who have not enjoyed the smiles of a woman worthy of worship, and perhaps some women may object whose youthful romance has died, and who are content with the monotonous succession of labors and animal comfort; but what is that misunderstood and conventionalized word worship, rightly understood, but the expression of the most intense love and devotion, which serves another with enthusiasm and delight? The mother worships her child and the father worships her!

But man's ignorance for scores of centuries does not hinder the operation of any law. The power of ancient India decayed and fell when tainted by the baseness of conjugal brutality, while from the feeble tribes of the Italian peninsula there rose the power that dominated in splendor over the greater portion of the world.

Woman under Roman law was never subject to polygamy or other oriental degradation, and although in the ancient Roman law the head of the family had a despotic power in which the rights and existence of the woman were entirely merged as in the old British law, stated by Blackstone, the more generous nature of the Roman people changed all this, and the status of woman was *elevated* in the Roman Empire, as from the opposite cause it was *degraded* in India. Under the Roman law the relations of the sexes were more just than in modern Europe. The husband acquired no authority over his wife's property or earnings. She retained all and could do with it as she pleased, yet as in modern law, the father retained the control of the offspring. The social position of woman was honored and there was nothing to degrade her nature. She was not even subject to the control acquired by *indissoluble* marriage, but readily escaped from an unfortunate alliance. Thus was woman then dowered with rights which, in the present century, she has only begun to acquire by persistent agitation and appeal to humanity. With poetic justice Rome became the mistress of the world, for her ferocity was expended not upon woman, but upon the surrounding barbarians. The Romans in their march to universal dominion found the most formidable resistance in the Germanic race, among whom the honorable position of woman attracted the notice of Tacitus.

To-day the most jealous restraint upon woman in Europe is found in the southwest, the Spanish peninsula, accompanied by the most backward condition of European progress, and in the southeast, where the polygamous Turk discards and expels his wife at pleasure, and insists that her face shall be shut up and concealed from society, as her mind, too, has been shut up and deprived of proper intelligence. In his Mohammedan ignorance, and unprincipled misrule, the Turk seems an anachronism in Europe, and is regarded as the "sick man," whose continued life depends upon the forbearance of his neighbors.

A true religion would have placed woman in her normal position, and thereby redeemed the race, but the religions generated in barbarian ages, when physical force alone was respected, partook of the barbarism of the times and proved her greatest calamities by hindering the evolution of the generous sentiments which would have done her justice. Brahminism, Buddhism, and Confucianism have enslaved her, Brahminism being her most formidable enemy. Mohammedanism had more of promise in its martial energy and talent, its temperance and fanatical earnestness.

Saracen wealth and enlightment preserved human civilization from the ninth to the thirteenth century when Christian Europe was in the utmost moral debasement and ignorance, and it was by a narrow margin that Europe escaped from becoming Mohammedan by force of arms. But Mohammedanism is not the true friend of woman and, therefore, despite its other virtues, it must be accounted to a certain extent the foe of humanity, like all false religions.

The fate of woman under Mohammedanism is far better than under Brahminism, but it is a condition of inferiority, ignorance, and abject submission to a master who may dismiss her at pleasure. Uneducated, hampered by social law and compelled to hide her face, she has no career, and is incapable of any higher development than social servitude and maternal duties to which some of the opponents of woman suffrage in this country think she should be confined.

Yet Mohammedanism has been less repressive and degrading to woman than other oriental systems, and consequently has not realized so deadly a blighting influence among its people. It has been, and is to-day, the most vigorous and aggressive of oriental systems, and in Africa it is far more successful in propagandism than the Christian missions.

Of all ancient religions, Christianity alone (if thereby we mean the doctrines of Jesus Christ carried out in an enlightened manner) offers a prospect of redemption to woman and humanity.

The law of love to man and God demands the perfecting of woman, which is the elevation of society to-day and posterity in the future, a duty to which *all else should yield.* No doubt to many, as individuals, there is given, under the exaltation of religious sentiment, that love which makes their lives a blessing to all around them, and creates the perfect

family from which there comes a noble offspring. But this sporadic energy of love and duty is purely individual and does not become a social movement.

If, however, we speak of *institutional* Christianity — the combination originally of State and Church, modified by Paganism and moulded by superstitious and fanatical ecclesiastics — a matter of traditional authority and blind faith not even rationally based on its Bible, and from which modern scholarship is very slowly releasing itself, we can find little in this beneficial to woman.* In place of the freedom of Pagan Rome, Church Christianity has substituted the indissoluble marriage — the absolute authority of the husband, the enforced silence of the wife, the loss of all her rights, a condition of civil death in coverture. In old English law, which recognized man and wife as *baron* and *femme*, the murder of the wife by the husband had a light punishment, but the killing the husband by the wife was a crime like red-handed treason, which might even be punished by burning alive.

Though less oppressive than Moslemism, Churchism has been the foe of woman's progress. Yet woman is educated to love the chains that bind her, whether Moslem or Christian. But no system derived from the ignorance of antiquity can restrain the progress of American freedom of thought and generosity of sentiment.

Every lover who realizes the purity of sentiment, the depth of devotion and intuitive penetration of the woman to whom he is willing to pledge his life, realizes the sacrilegious nature of the old conventionalities that would hamper or oppress such a soul. It is the mutual movement of man and woman which is making obsolete every rule and fashion based upon the thought of woman's inferiority and unfitness for any career to which she aspires.

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* Leeky's "History of European Morals" says: "Woman was represented as the door of hell, or the mother of all ills. She should be ashamed of the very *thought* that she is a woman. She should live in continual penance on account of the curses she has brought into the world. She should be ashamed of her dress, for it is the memorial of her fall. She should be especially ashamed of her beauty, for it is the most potent instrument of the demon" (Vol. 2, p. 338). Job asks: "How can he be clean that is born of a woman?" (xxv. 4.) A council of the sixth century forbade women to receive the Eucharist in their hands on account of their impurity. The Talmud, which prohibits the instruction of daughters, appointed as a daily prayer for Jews: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, that Thou hast not made me a Gentile, an idiot, or a woman." Jewish prejudices were engrafted by Paul upon Christianity, and it was even at one time believed in Italy that women had no souls, and Scripture was quoted to prove it.

The pragmatic question of superiority and inferiority between the sexes is but the coarse suggestion of trading, jockeying intellect. The rose and the lily, the peach and apple, the grape and fig, are admirable in their kind, but their kinds are distinct, and they are not to be measured as homogeneous quantities. Man and woman differ in body, in brain, and in soul; and this difference it would require a special essay to state and explain. *This difference* is the embodied wisdom of the Creator, and makes the perfect humanity when the development of each is complete, making the complementary and supplementary relations which create the power and harmony of the moral universe.

America will have the proud pre-eminence of entering first the sphere of love and duty — of giving to woman a sphere which all other nations have denied — reproducing and enlarging the Roman virtue aloof from Roman vice and crime, and thus assuring to the great republic a nobler destiny than that of Rome. Reason affirms and history proves that in this virtue lies the future greatness of our Republic. "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

The darkness that rests upon Asia and the midnight that enshrouds Africa,* where woman has no rights, where devastation, slaughter, and slavery are chronic conditions, have their appointed time to pass away in the illumination of which the American Republic is the destined centre.

The march of evolution has gone on with the course of the sun, continually westward. The completion of its cosmic circle comes in America, consummating at the Pacific coast. Is that the crowning end, or is its circle to be renewed? Will the tide flow on, awakening Asia to a new life and thus go on through ages unfolding a divine plan?

The day ends at San Francisco. In crossing the wide Pacific we leave that day behind and begin to count anew for another day. The moral and physical are strangely parallel. When we cross the Pacific we encounter a new day and moral sunrise in Japan. We find a people in fresh, untainted youth, nearer than travellers have ever found any

* The Australian blacks are lower than the Bosjesman or any other African race. These naked savages obtain a wife by knocking down a woman with a club, and treat her with less respect than their dogs. Snakes, lizards, grubworms, and half rotten flesh are their food; and their intelligence is not sufficient to comprehend any number over five. The house of the Australian savage is a pile of brush into which he crawls.

nation to the fabled innocence of the golden age. Less robust and grasping, but more alert and active than the races that have dominated in the long cycle that ends on the Pacific. The perpetual amiability, refinement, and gentleness of these people is a wonder to the Western world. Their homes are homes of simplicity, harmony, and happiness. The Caucasian traveller is charmed and longs to renew his visit. The practical equality of the sexes and freedom from all oppression has been insured, not by religions or ancient customs, to which woman has never been indebted, but by the love which is in the nature of the people, and which has overcome the barbarous influence of Buddhism, the love which emancipated Roman women and is emancipating woman to-day everywhere.

Life in Japan is a perpetual round of courtesy, even in the humblest classes, of which no other society gives any example. The attractive aspect of the country, the universal cleanliness which has never been equalled elsewhere, the humane administration of law, and the universal humanity are a striking contrast to China. We have found in Japan a people whose high ethical nature has nothing to gain but much to lose by contact with foreigners, but who, unlike the stolid Chinese, are rapidly appropriating all the arts and sciences of Europe.

The demand for woman suffrage has already been made by a Japanese lady, *Kusanose Kita*, and it is quite possible that the full fruition of woman's hopes may be realized in Japan by her graceful and cultivated women more completely than in any other country; and if this be realized, it must follow that Japan shall lead in the second cycle of cosmic progress, which will be pre-eminently the cycle of woman.

This cosmic view of the question has left us no time to consider the details or the *peculiarities* of woman's sphere. Her sphere in a cosmic sense is that of the Mistress of Destiny, for which high rank she should be empowered with *all that we can give her*, well assured that it will be her delight then to do all that she can for the betterment of the world and perfection of her home, seeking an education materially different, and duties materially different from those of man and joyfully claiming her own sphere.

Woman in America is pleading for the full realization of her proper sphere, but she is greatly embarrassed by false

education, by frowning conservative and sectarian sentiment, and by the modesty which oppresses those who have to assert their own merits and claims. The man who speaks in their behalf has no such embarrassment; but *where are the men* for the noblest crusade that a sad history has ever made possible?

African negro slavery has roused statesmen and nations. Laws have been enacted, armies have marched and battled, millions have been expended. Wilberforce and Clarkson, Phillips and Garrison, Sumner and Lincoln, and a co-operating host, have rolled back the tide of negro slavery, but WOMAN SLAVERY, *a hundred-fold greater in extent*, has called in vain upon human heroism. The moans of the oppressed for unnumbered centuries have been heard in all barbarian lands, and not unheard among the civilized. But it is the nature of woman to suffer uncomplainingly, to die in silence out of a world that would not shelter her; she starves, but does not strike for wages as men do; she submits to masculine brutality, and conceals the crime of her oppressor. Every great city, even in our own land, has numberless stories of oppression. And in all nations women have been crushed under that form of slavery which is baser and more degrading than all other forms — the slavery of lust. In ignorance, in starving poverty, in friendless helplessness, they are dragged down and crushed as loathsome creatures, by the enormous power of a hard-hearted society, led by the millionaire, the pharisee, and the hoodlum. And this world-wide wrong must continue until in equality, in justice, in honor, and in financial independence, this great crime shall become impossible.

Can it not be made a principle of American civilization that no woman living under our political power and protection shall ever realize injustice and oppression? and may we not send forth the missionaries of humanity to all nations, to rouse their moral sense and stir their women to think and to demand emancipation? Cannot the moral power of the world be enlisted for the redemption of woman in all lands? No saint or hero has ever lived or died for a nobler or a grander cause. To Gladstone and Carnot, to Bismarck, Crispi and Castellar we submit this question, and to a score of American statesmen who have begun to think of woman's rights.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

MAGAZINES, periodicals, and even daily newspapers have of late been discussing a subject of great importance. Efforts are being made to bring about the issue of a national, uniform law which shall regulate divorces, and in anticipation of this coming event the matter has been taken up and discussed by the ablest writers of this and other countries. How did the stir come about?

Some thoughtful people had observed that the dockets in the divorce courts have for years been kept full to overflowing, and that no matter how many cases were disposed of, still new cases kept on coming. These people formed, therefore, a league or a society with the intention of stopping what they considered an evil, and being of a rational turn of mind, made it their first business to obtain statistics. "Figures don't lie," they thought, and they set at once to work with earnestness and diligence to collect figures. When they had them together, neatly rubricated and carefully added up, they found — what? That within twenty years, from 1867 to 1887, the number of cases in which it was found necessary to entirely sever marital unions had trebled not alone in the United States of America but all over the world. These were bad signs,— as they believed,— symptoms of a wide-spread corruption of morals. Something, they said, must be speedily done to prevent these ravages and Congress was petitioned to look into this matter and to issue some law which its wisdom should suggest as being proper to fight the evil.

The proposed legislation, whatever the wording will be, can be either affirmative or negative. Either divorces are to be entirely prohibited; divorced persons are to be prohibited to remarry; the consummation of marriages is to be submitted to a great deal of red tape; or the right of divorce is to be granted as heretofore with perhaps only a

few restrictions which then, of course, are to be the same all over the United States. There is no third way. The question necessarily turns around the pivotal points; is divorce the right and just thing or is it wrong and productive of evil?

This very question has courted discussion of late from all possible points of view, from the religious standpoint, from the standpoint of the statesman, from the standpoint of the national economist, and finally from the standpoint of the moralist, and yet no conclusions whatsoever seem to have been reached.

It seems to me, however, that profound, conscientious, and well-meaning as the writers of the different articles have been, they have all started from wrong premises and if I take courage to add my opinions to the list of those expressed by the ablest writers in the land, I do so, because I shall start from an entirely different point of view.

I.

I appreciate highly the labors of the association or of that gentleman who, instructed by the association, did the work of collecting all the data, figures, and statistics in regard to the puzzling question of divorce. It must have been an enormous work, yet what has he proven? Let me rather state what he has not proven. He has not proven that previous to the year '67 better and healthier conditions prevailed. He has not proven that in previous centuries, during the Middle Ages, or in the times of antiquity, divorces were of less frequency than they are now, because statistics in regard to those ages are not obtainable. He has not proven that although the Catholic Church did not grant divorces, the state of morality was any better then, than it is in our days with the divorce courts running at full speed. He has not proven that family life then was happier than it seems to be at present; because, for all such information, statistics are lacking. Finally, he has not shown what are the causes of the increase in divorces during the last twenty years and he, like the rest of the writers who expressed an opinion on this subject, started, therefore, with the presumption that morality was on the decline and that the occurrence of so many divorces was merely the symptom that indicates the corruption of morals. Not one of the writers

(as far as I have seen) has thought that the changes at present going on in all our social conditions may have something to do with the evil, and that inasmuch as this transition manifests itself now more strongly than it ever did or could before, it must be followed also by strange symptoms, such, for example, as denote that these changes and transition have reached also the family. If the reader will permit me to contrast former ages with the present, he will see how changed social conditions bring about or must bring about changes in the family life.

In former ages women were brought up in utter dependency. They were trained only for home life, and, depending in the unmarried state upon father or brothers, they became dependent in the married state upon a husband. A spinster or a widow was always looked upon with commiseration as being helpless, as needing somebody's assistance. Individualism was, furthermore, highly developed. A family was self-sufficient for itself. Meals could not easily be obtained out of the house. The making, washing, and mending of clothes was a home affair. The father of a house attended to his trade or profession, the mother to the management of the house; one was utterly dependent upon the aid and the co-operation of the other. The demands of life were not as onerous and exacting as they are to-day, and the little that was needed was obtained with less exertion than it is now.

The invention of machinery, and the introduction of railways, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, etc., have brought the human kind nearer to one another.

They have demonstrated the fact that one cannot live without the other, that humanity is one great unit, and thus all former conditions are changed. Aided and made possible by them, education has spread and woman has been made independent, a rival to man in every branch in which formerly he held the monopoly. A woman who can earn a livelihood as well as any man, must necessarily feel her independence, and whenever a difference of opinion arises she cannot see why she should yield inasmuch as she knows she could support herself without being aided by her husband. This feeling of independence magnifies the least trouble, and causes a state of imaginary unhappiness that otherwise would not have been thought of. Neither is the husband dependent

upon his partner to such an extent as formerly. Take one case out of the thousands of our young couples. He is in the employ of some business house, she a book-keeper, or a typewriter in another, if she is not a doctor, a lawyer, or God knows what else. They are boarding and take their dinners at the restaurant nearest to their places of business. Their clothes are bought already made; their washing is done by the Chinaman. They meet after working-hours at the supper table. Children they have none, or, if they have one or two, they are given in care of strangers. If a difference of opinion springs up between this couple, how easily does each think himself wronged and how easily does such a gap widen until it cannot be bridged over, and each not needing aid of the other, asks the courts for a dissolution of the bonds the law has twisted around them, which seem to them unbearable. The independence that the new order of things has brought to women, the equality upon which they have been placed with men and the change that has come about in all the social conditions has shaken the very foundation of family life.

Writers on this subject have started with the axiom that the family is the foundation of the State and the corner-stone of human society, but they have utterly ignored the fact that we are drifting into conditions in which the present conception of family life will find no ground or will at least be too narrow.

The purposes for which families were built in former ages have ceased to be (in some measure at least) the purposes for which they are established at present. This leads me to the second point.

II.

All the writers on this subject have presumed that people marry for the sake of establishing a family; that in the first place they desire to fulfil their duties to their country as well as to humanity by entering into the married state. After having established such a co-partnership, people are said to become conscious of their parental duties and the regard for the welfare of their children to become then an important factor in their union. The gratification of the amorous passion with which nature has endowed every living creature

has not been taken into consideration by any of these writers, or if they have condescended to grant to it some acknowledgment they have treated it as a mere nothing, as merely one of the minor incidents of married life to which both sexes generally are or ought to be utterly indifferent. Starting thus from a presumption which is not founded upon the observation of action they could not but arrive at wrong conclusions. They have reversed the order of things and their tower stands upon the steeple instead of a broad foundation.

When the time arrives, the sexes are drawn to each other by feelings over which they have little control. Nature demands the propagation of every species she has brought forth and the act by which that comes about, inborn as it is in every being, is as sacred as any other that is performed to support life. There is nothing in it that is criminal or shameful, and to ignore the force of passion is a hypocrisy which ought not to be tolerated and surely has no place in a discussion of so ponderous a subject. Inasmuch as the natural consequences of the gratification of this passion are children, and inasmuch as their feeble condition during infancy and childhood demands somebody's care, inasmuch as the mother becomes incapacitated to attend to many labors through the duties imposed upon her by motherhood, it came about most naturally and logically that the parents should remain together and establish what we call a home or a family; that the husband assumed the duty of protecting and supporting mother and children, and that the mother took upon herself all duties which the husband was unable to fulfil, but to which she could attend. This co-operation and division of labor for a certain common end brings about that ideal friendship between husband and wife which by our novel writers is dwelt upon so constantly, and which is assigned by them the place of a *cause* instead of being called what it is, in fact, an *effect*. This ideal friendship or ideal love is the *effect* of a union and not its *cause*, and the latter must be sought for in the very working of nature that pruriency ignores so determinedly.

While the statisticians may be able to bring long tables of figures by which to show the reasons divorces are petitioned for, they will never be able to show the thousands of true reasons which were actually the causes for the disruption.

These will always remain a secret in the divorce courts, and unless the collector of statistics is able to pry open the mouths of physicians and to tabularize their experiences, he will never be able either to show the real causes for the alleged greater frequency of divorces in our age, or to prescribe a remedy to be obtained by legislative means.

III.

A third error into which most writers on this subject have fallen is that their sympathy for the weaker sex has led them to presume that women are in all cases the sufferers. While some of them advocated that no divorce should be granted in order to save the woman from the difficulty of struggling for her support, and perhaps that of her children, unaided by her husband at the time of life when the bloom of youth having faded away she has ceased to be attractive, and from the jealousy created by seeing the same man married to another woman, others have insisted that divorce should be granted also for the sake of saving the woman from the miseries which the living with a man unworthy of her affection, and still more unworthy of her respect, implies. While it may be true that whenever a union is dissolved the woman may appear to be the greater sufferer, partly because love of children is stronger in the female than in the male sex, and partly because our social conditions have not yet placed her in the state of perfect equality with men, *it is not true* that men as a rule are the ones to be blamed for domestic unhappiness, that men are always the gainers in the untwisting of the marriage tie, or that they are always the ones who, for the sake of diversion, are eager to annul their pledges. Experience rather teaches that the life of many a man has been made miserable beyond endurance, or entirely wrecked through the failure of the wife to aid him properly and to make his domestic life a happy one. Where is the statistician who will collect the cases in which inebriety and consequent brutality on the part of the husband have been caused by an unscrupulous, thoughtless, or silly wife? "Love," as the proverb says, "is blind." Having been attracted and infatuated by each other's charms, the sexes generally do not reflect nor can they reflect rationally upon each other's true social merits. They see of each other only

the outward forms and these even at their best. If ever, during the days of courtship, undesirable traits of character rise for a moment to the surface, the senses are too much befogged to observe them, or not to find some excuse for them, or not to find in them additional charms. Why, therefore, should a person's life remain miserable forever and spread this misery even over generations to come, merely because at twenty he or she did not carry on his or her shoulders the head of a person of fifty years of age? If, on the one hand, divorces shall not be deemed permissible, legislation to such an effect ought to be inspired by the wish to benefit *both* the contracting parties; and if, on the other hand, legislation should deem divorces admissible, its restrictive measures ought not to be one-sided, favoring one party, but ought to be equitable to *both*.

IV.

The question whether divorce should be permissible or not must not be treated from a religious standpoint, because religion as such has nothing to do with it. In former ages, when the alleged supervision of all petty human affairs by the divinity was needed, and, therefore, the priests took hold officially of all contracts made between man and man, marriages and divorces were made by them a matter to be submitted to their jurisdiction. The division of labor in our days has taken from the church the law business, and has given that over to the State. The State and the legal fraternity are, therefore, the authorities to legislate in regard to the permissibility of divorces.

Neither must the subject be considered from a sentimental standpoint. Pity is not allowed to interfere in our courts of justice in favor of a man who has done wrong. His offence may be looked upon as one that deserves sympathy, but right must remain right. If, for instance, a man owes a debt to another and by paying it he will become a pauper, we may commiserate him, but it would be unjust to pass judgment to the effect that he need not pay his creditor. A legislative body that is to prescribe under what conditions people should or should not be permitted to dissolve their marriage contract, must carefully examine into the cause from which the desire for separation springs. Furthermore,

the rights of either of the two parties must be carefully guarded, no matter whether the one or the other will be the better able to bear the consequences. Special care will be needed finally to provide for that third party in the contract, which has made no pledges whatsoever, which has assumed no responsibility, but which is the greatest sufferer when the contract is annulled, viz., the child. Easy as it is to recommend that such care be taken by the legislator, it is difficult to recommend the right means. The necessity for a family springs up through the child, and if it were not for the safety and the protection of the child divorce-legislation would be an easy matter. The more we come to see that the child is not so much the property of the parents as it is a part of society; that, if society demands of the young citizen the acceptance of all the laws made without his consent, it takes upon itself not only the responsibility of protecting him against injuries, but the duty of preparing him for the position he will be afterward assigned in the community, — the more the question presses itself upon us, whether the State, the community, or the nation ought not to assume guardianship over the child, from the moment such a duty can be properly fulfilled by it. So far the community has learned to take care of the mental development of the future citizen. The school system, which is both compulsory and free, takes the child for some hours, each day during many years, from the care of its parents, and brings him up to become a useful citizen. So far the State provides him with books, stationery, and all such implements needed for the cultivation of the mind. It is only a short step, and sooner or later it will be taken, when the child will become in all respects the ward of the State, when it will be supported by the State, in case such a support is needed, as in a very near time it will be taken entirely out of the hands of parents, who, through their intemperance or immorality, are unfit to make useful citizens out of their children. All this is merely a question of time, and whenever this time arrives, the question of divorce will settle itself in the simplest and easiest way.

In the meantime, legislators ought not to be guided in their decisions by notions that were current in the past. They ought to take into consideration that new conditions have influenced and changed the very essentials of the family.

They ought not ignore the fact that people of a higher intelligence feel the miseries which follow a conjugal partnership that is, at the same time, not a congenial one, more strenuously than people gifted with less intelligence. Neither ought they allow themselves to be guided by the sentimentalism which, created by a former age, still holds a monopoly in the novelistic literature of to-day, but they ought to consider the task before them with the eye of the philosopher. They ought finally to cover by their legislative acts, the rights of all parties concerned, the rights of the woman, of the man, and particularly of the child.

GODIN'S "SOCIAL PALACE."

BY LAURENCE GRONLUND.

In the fall of 1886 I spent three months studying the so-called *Familistère* in the little French town of Guise, living in the institution, in daily intercourse with its inhabitants, and with every opportunity of examining everything and everybody. I am thus able to give a true account of this unique social experiment, which is more than can be said of the writer who some years ago gave a glowing description of it in *Harper's Magazine*, and others who have done the same thing in a couple of English periodicals, for they evidently had never seen the place; for that purpose I shall be outspoken and frank both in regard to the institution and its late founder, as far as it is pertinent. I wish at the start to lay emphasis on the point that, notwithstanding the severe criticisms to be found in this paper, the institution is richly worth the study I gave to it, and that it is a great pity that our employers and our workingmen know so little about it. It is to be hoped that the few pages which Gilman in his book, entitled *Profit-sharing*, devotes to it will arouse some attention, but it is needful for a proper judgment to know not alone its good points, but also its defects, which are very serious indeed. There are three points of view from which to look at it: as a home, as a "profit-sharing" experiment, and as a social and intellectual centre. The result I reached is, that in the second respect it is an almost marvellous success, and in the others just as pronounced a failure.

The *Familistère* is the only instance in the world of a business enterprise, founded on Fourier's principles, meeting with financial success. This is not to say enough. Founded in 1860, it has during late years more than ever achieved a splendid material prosperity, and its future is assured. As our old citizens know, Americans almost went wild in the forties over similar schemes and started several dozens of

"Phalansteries," that all failed — another reason to commend this French experiment to the attention of Americans. The peculiar feature of Fourier's plans are: the "unitary home," an immense structure to accommodate about two thousand persons, and co-operative labor, the fruits of which to be divided among Labor, Capital, and Talent.

This "unitary home" was unfortunately Godin's hobby, as it was Fourier's. The former considered it the very kernel of his experiment, as is evident from the space it occupies in his publications and the grandiloquent title he gave it of the "Social Palace." That is the first and profound mistake, for everyone who is full of these glowing descriptions and then sees it for the first time must necessarily experience a painful shock, and become prejudiced against all about it that is really good. Guise is an old, village-looking town, with about 8,000 inhabitants, situated half-way between Paris and Metz. In the outskirts of it is found the *Familistère*. The principal narrow street opens into a vast space, most dreary, without grass or a single tree, generally muddy. To your right, three insignificant buildings, the schools and the theatre; in the distance on the same side, a number of low buildings, the foundry and workshops, and in front of you the wonderful Palace. Imagine a huge, four-story American tenement-house of red bricks, and you have it exactly. This impression only deepens on closer acquaintance. You were told of comforts, even luxuries, and you expect at least the comforts of the American or English middle classes; you find everywhere what is necessary to life, and that you find in abundance; but beside this you meet simply with the comforts of the very lowest classes. It is an immense, scrupulously clean tenement-house, that is all.

The whole institution contains 1,800 people, and is intended finally for 2,000. Eight hundred were sheltered in a structure, lately erected in an out-of-the-way place, precisely similar to the one I am describing. This one thus accommodates one thousand persons. The whole "Social Palace" is 550 feet long, and 120 feet deep, divided into three parallelograms, a centre and two wings. You enter through gateways, open in summer, and furnished in winter with swinging doors, and thus gain access to an inner court, one in each parallelogram. Here the depression will naturally grow upon you, for as the outside is a vast, unadorned expanse of brick, so you

have before you in the courts four white walls, pierced by a number of windows, a glass roof overhead and along each of the three stories a narrow gallery all around — but not a particle of ornament or what beautifies life anywhere; not a tree, not a flower, not a bird anywhere. I fully believe that not one pet animal was in the whole place during the months I spent there. Everywhere something sad and dreary, but of that more further on.

The first story is given up to offices and the co-operative stores. To get to the living-rooms, you must go to one of the corners of the court, ascend the stair-case there and walk along the galleries, on which the apartments open. These galleries are also a sort of covered sidewalk, on which you can, in inclement weather, take a promenade all around the inside of the three courts, and by ascending from one gallery to another, make a tour of three-fourths of an English mile. In looking through the windows into the apartments you find other evidences of lack of real comfort. Godin, who with his family occupied a suite of apartments in one corner, certainly furnishes them handsomely and even richly; but with that exception, and perhaps half a dozen others, the floors of red brick are perfectly bare, and as a rule table-cloths are dispensed with. The covered courts are not without their drawbacks; though the ventilation is generally excellent, it is found impossible to do away with the very oppressive odor that arises about mealtime from the cooking of such a number of households, for each family prepares its own food. Again, when in the morning, noon, and evening the children play in the stone-paved courts, their noise, thrown back from the bare walls and the roof, is almost deafening, and is enough to prevent any study in the apartments that look to the inside. I must not omit to add, that there is behind the *Familistère* a plot of ground with grassy parts and trees, and a very handsome garden with fruit trees which formerly was Godin's private property, but which I understand now has been presented to the Society. Nevertheless, with the good things thrown in, I am sure that American workingmen with their liking for privacy and independent ways of living, would give such a "unitary home" a wide berth.

But the *Familistère* is, as just intimated, not alone a home, but since 1877 an association, a joint-stock company, owning the grounds, buildings, and business, which consists in the

manufacture of all kinds of heating apparatus,— an association, moreover, from which pauperism is banished. That is the feature that should make the *Familistère* world-renowned, a feature that might play a most important *rôle* in the industrial evolution, if our employers were only — I will not say less selfish, but simply — more broad-minded and progressive. This is the feature to which Gilman confines himself in his book, but in order to bring it into proper relief, it is necessary to add something by way of comment.

First, it should be emphasized that both the success and the failures of the *Familistère* are equally due to the individuality of Godin. He has stamped himself on the whole. It is due to him, in the first place, to his business ability and sagacity, that the foundry has been profitable from the very start, and that his stoves have been in great demand all over France and the surrounding countries, without which, of course, all other plans would have miscarried. To this, again, it is due, that the workmen have never been idle one workday, that their hours have been somewhat less than elsewhere in France is customary, to wit, ten hours a day instead of twelve, and their regular wages somewhat higher. Now comes the crowning feature that may be said to consist of two parts. The first part consists in this, that to a greater or less extent ever since 1860 Godin established three different funds, which in English may be called the aid, the sick, and the pension funds. A table is made up of the necessaries of life for a male and a female adult and for children, and this table determines the *minimum* expenses of a household. If a family of a given number of members do not together earn in the *Familistère* the *minimum* wages, the deficit is made up for them from the aid fund. The two other funds explain themselves. In 1888 there were forty-five pensioners who had retired from active service on account of old age and injuries received.

The second part is more remarkable. It is a scheme to have the whole *Familistère* and business little by little pass from the possession of Godin, or his heirs, into the hands of the Association. It is to that end that a fourth fund, the Reserve fund, is established.

This is the way these various funds are established: Out of the income, first of all, wages and interest on the capital invested are paid; then out of the profits the first

three funds receive their share and the expenses of the schools are paid, and the balance of the profits are then divided as follows: twenty-five per cent. goes to the reserve fund; twenty-five per cent. to the administration, to bring out talent; and the remainder is paid as a bonus to capital and labor, in the proportion of interest to wages; if f. i. during one year eight times as much was paid in wages as in interest, the latter receives one-eighth the bonus that labor does. All workmen, however, do not receive the same amount; they are divided into three classes, of which those in the first class get twice, and those in the second one and a half times as much as those in the third class. All this intricacy is due to the Fourieristic idea of rewarding Labor, Capital, and Talent. These bonuses, however, are not paid in cash, but in shares, and in that way and by virtue of the reserve fund it is, that the transfer is intended to be made.

Now it is precisely in the first part of what has here been said, the establishment of the aid, sick, and pension funds, that Godin ought to be a shining light to our capitalistic employers. What an immense relief it would be, if pauperism were abolished in these United States! If in all our factories and workshops there was an insurance against crushing poverty, against the miseries resulting from illness and old age! And the result lies precisely in the hands of our employers. That is the merit of Godin, that he has shown them the way. They need only follow in his footsteps. For Godin was a social benefactor in his own way, as he had a right to be. There was not much sentiment in him, except it be the sentiment of ambition, as will appear from the following words which he repeatedly spoke to me. Of course, I give only the general effect of his words: —

"I have not founded this institution at all from love of the persons under this roof" (this I might well believe, as will be seen later on); "I have founded it to show to the world and my fellow-capitalists how to proceed to abolish *la misère*, and make the working classes contented. I have presented them a model. I have, further, been very careful to show that they can do it without being a cent out of pocket. I might have been a philanthropist, but I did not want to be; I should not have accomplished my object in that way. I have not given away one cent. I have made more money, and am making more in this way than I could possibly have

made the old way. That is what I wanted to show to the world."

And the books certainly show he spoke the truth. Thus in 1883 he enjoyed this substantial income:

Interest at 5 per cent. on his capital,	154,521 francs.
Salary as Director,	15,000 „
Bonus on his Labor as Director,	65,172 „
Bonus on the interest of his Capital,	24,646 „
	257,339f., or $52,000.

During the last five years $1,000,000 were distributed as bonus; of this sum Godin had as his share $267,000, and all his workmen $734,000.

Is it not remarkable that with such a showing our capitalists do not take more kindly to profit-sharing? that they are not broad-minded enough to see that it is decidedly to their advantage? It is they who must move. I have never heard that workingmen have objected, though some undoubtedly might think it at bottom an imposition, since they must themselves create the fund in which they are to share, so that it is their employers rather than they who get a "bonus."

In concluding this branch I shall note some failures. At one time Godin established a restaurant, to save the housewives the trouble of cooking. That did not succeed. Again, there is no doubt that the co-operative stores are not a success. Great trouble has been taken to bake the very best bread, and keep the best stock of groceries. But a very great number still prefer to get things from the bakers and dealers in the town, whatever the reason may be.

One day Godin, in his most boasting manner, said: —"I have solved the social problem; make France into 18,000 *Familistères*, and the problem is solved. This place is a true Socialist model."

No, Mr. Godin, there you were egregiously mistaken — and more, it was a blunder. The *Familistère* is in no sense a Socialist model; it is, as we now shall see, in some important respects the very reverse, and to represent this as the final outcome of social reforms has created a deplorable prejudice in many.

In truth, I should very much deplore to see our United States made into 32,000 *Familistères*. Though great would be the blessing in having pauperism abolished throughout our

land, I still declare I would not move a foot to help along such a change. What I mean is that a progress would be little desirable which simply would consist in the stomachs of my fellow-citizens being filled and in material security for the future, unaccompanied by intellectual and social improvement. It is here the great defect of the *Familistères* comes in. Intellectually and socially the inhabitants of the "Social Palace" are on a low stage.

I once broached this subject to Godin. He had to admit the facts, and excused himself by saying, that he from the start took and had to take the men of the neighborhood who offered themselves, that they constituted the great majority of his working force, and that the surrounding peasants were duller and more stupid than anywhere else in France. That is a very poor excuse. Godin with his ideas and intentions could easily have had his pick of the French artisans. I affirm, as already said, that the defects, as the success, are due to Godin's personal qualities, and they fully explain them, too. It is necessary that I be both frank and plain.

After I had got over my first disappointment I consoled myself, that I should soon learn something of the innumerable gatherings and societies which I, as a matter of course, assumed existed among them, and that I should be initiated into them. More particularly did I wait to hear the announcement of the first public meeting, when I would learn the intellectual bias and originality of the various speakers, as one after another arose to discuss public questions, for I naturally supposed that nearly everybody would take an active part. After the lapse of a few days, I did hear, to my great satisfaction, that in the evening there would be held a public meeting in the interest of the Peace Society. I took my seat with hopes of being highly interested. Nearly everybody was there. A presiding officer took his seat, and Godin commenced a harangue that lasted fully an hour. After he got through, the audience was called upon to say something, but to my great surprise no one responded. The meeting was declared adjourned and all left. Outside I asked a member whom I had learned to know as a very intelligent man, why he had not responded to the call. His reply was: "My friend, you do not yet know Mr. Godin. In a little while you will find out that he does not like opposition, and more than that he does not want anybody to speak after him."

Well, I did find out that Godin could not bear contradiction, and I found out other personal characteristics, which in themselves are sufficient to account for all the defects of the institution. Just as large-minded as he was in business affairs, just as narrow was his intellect and just as uncultured his understanding. It perhaps is enough to say that he was an ardent Spiritualist, continually holding seances in his apartments. At the same time his conceit was inordinate. I frequently heard his few intimates compare him to Buddha, Mohammed, and Jesus, and he took the flattery as a matter of course. Very often when I mentioned this or that celebrated man he interrupted me with, "Bah, he did not found a *Familistère!*"

And his own lack of sociability amply explained the unsocial character of his workpeople. He sat in his apartment like a very king, with an imaginary line drawn around him that no one crossed except on business. But the following statement is hard to believe of a man who styled himself a social reformer, yet I have it on the authority of several most intelligent men who had been a score of years in the *Familistère*. My readers may easily believe that a great many marriages, births, and deaths had taken place during all these years among so many people,— especially deaths, for, remarkable to say, the "Palace" is built upon a swamp, so that during my visit a funeral took place on an average every week. Yet with all these occasions of joy and sorrow, Godin had — so it was said — not once crossed the threshold of any of his people to press their hands or sympathize with them,— except when he accompanied a visitor on a tour of inspection over his domain.

No one will after this wonder that my expectations about private gatherings were doomed to disappointment. But, nevertheless, it is deplorable that among 1,800 people, of whom about forty young people yearly "graduate" from the schools of the *Familistère*, no society of any kind is known — yes, one: a brass band of young men exists, that often make a diabolical noise with their practice. Very little reading is done. Godin showed me with great pride the "library," "free and open to all." It was a small room, with a table around which some twenty could sit and read. I generally found half a dozen there. On Sunday forenoon the school-children are marched into the theatre, when one of the

teachers for an hour reads aloud Godin's moral reflections from his books; the adults are invited to attend. I was told that in past years Godin had attempted to initiate his people into Spiritualism, by holding seances in the theatre on Sunday afternoons. But to the credit of "his people" they did not succeed. The schools which are highly extolled in the publications of the *Familistère*, are really only a little above the French common elementary schools. The moment the theatre was mentioned my readers, I am sure, thought that the talent of the institution exhibited itself there. Nothing of the kind. It is taken possession of by strolling players about every second Sunday evening.

But what, then, do the people do for amusement? Well, they loaf about, sleep and — drink an enormous quantity of beer and *eau-de-vie*. One of the buildings is used as a saloon, and is crowded in the evenings and on Sunday.

No wonder that now and then a couple of intelligent Parisian workingmen, hearing of the undoubted material advantages of this institution come to enroll themselves. But they never stay more than a couple of months. They cannot stand it any longer. Then they retrace their steps.

It was with great pleasure I heard that *Madame* Godin, on her husband's death last year, had been elected his successor. Under her the *Familistère* may have a great future. She has been connected with it since its foundation, as Godin's private secretary, and was married to him a couple of years ago.*

* She has been credited with being her husband's good genius, and inspirer of all his social ideas, and is just as generous and sympathetic as her husband was the reverse.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN.

THE object of this paper is to point out some of the most important characteristics of the American drama of to-day, with especial reference to the demands which it makes upon the working playwright. The inquiry will be inductive, and the line of investigation which I propose to pursue, makes it necessary that I leave out of account the ideals of the dramatists themselves. I shall thus expect to arrive at some conception, not of what the American drama might be or ought to be, but of what it actually is. The conclusions drawn must necessarily be highly generalized, and if I omit to specify important exceptions, it will not be because I do not think they occur, but because to do so would take me far beyond my allotted limits.

And first, let us inquire, what is the American drama, where does it come from, and to what influences does it owe its principal characteristics?

As we glance over the history of the drama from its very first emergence among the primitive Hellenes, down to the production of the "last New York success," we see three great epochs standing out in well-defined prominence.

These epochs are:

1. The period of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes.
2. The period of Shakespeare.
3. The period of Corneille and Racine.

Each of these epochs has its own distinctive characteristics, its own methods, its own discoveries in the fields of dramatic effect; and from each of them have come down influences which, for good or ill, determine in large measure the character of the drama of to-day.

Upon the nature of the Greek drama we need not dwell at length. The stately, majestic march of tragedy, with its dark background of fate, the hurly-burly of the Aristophanic

comedy with its hissing lash of satire, the domestic scenes of Menander, mirrored for us in the plays of Terence, — all these are too familiar to students of literature to need more than a passing mention. One feature of the Greek drama, however, calls for special comment, and that is the broad and deep gulf fixed between the two literary forms, comedy and tragedy. No touch of comedy, or next to none, interrupts the calm movement of the Æschylean or Sophoclean iambs. The tragic mask is never exchanged for the comic. Nor, on the other hand, does the tragic element ever thrust its awful face among the gambols of the wanton folk of Aristophanes. The latter has, indeed, his moments of earnestness and his withering fire of scorn, but a situation which even borders upon the tragic (as the Greeks understood it) cannot be found in the whole range of extant Greek comedy. In the Greek mind, with its strong bent for pure and simple types, there seems to have existed an instinctive repugnance to the mingling of these two forms of literature. Socrates, if we may trust Plato's ambiguous statement in the *Symposium*, believed that the writer of comedy should also be a writer of tragedy; but even Socrates, we may be sure, would have preferred to have the two kinds of dramatic food served in separate dishes.

This divorce between comedy and tragedy endured until the rise of the drama in England during the last quarter of the sixteenth century. We hear Sir Philip Sidney's voice raised in protest against the mingling of the two, even so late as 1592. In the *Apologee for Poetrie* he laments that the plays of his contemporaries "be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in clowns by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion." "The whole tract of a comedy," he adds, "should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well raised admiration." But this re-affirmation of the classic partition of comedy and tragedy was soon rendered nugatory by the rising splendor of the Shakespearian drama. Life and thought in the Elizabethan era were too rich, too full, too turbulent, to pursue steadfastly the old narrow lines. The whole man must find expression. Grief and laughter, pride and tears, scorn and love, marriage and death,—all the vicissitudes of mortal man throng, jostling through the

plays of Shakespeare just as they throng through the wide gates of life. Tragedy and comedy, in the old sense, meet and disappear. By some strange process, akin to the transmutations of modern chemistry, the old elements combine and form a new compound, resembling in no way either of the original ones. The Shakespearian drama was a discovery, a revelation. Trying it by the old principles, critics could make nothing of it. It seemed a mere farrago. The unity of the old forms was sought for in vain. It was moving, and it was beautiful, and it was life, but was it art? Even among the Englishmen who loved and appreciated Shakespeare most, there was doubt on this score. Ben Jonson thought his friend "wanted art." Milton spoke of his "native wood-notes wild," and later, in the preface to Samson Agaristes, laid down principles of dramatic construction, the application of which would bar Shakespeare out of the list of great artists. The object of the preface, says Milton, is "to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people."

We of the present day do not feel the need of vindicating Elizabethan tragedy from such charges as these. We see in it a higher kind of art, bearing within it "the promise and the potency" of new and higher conceptions of dramatic function. That Milton could not so regard it must be attributed to the fact that Shakespeare never founded in England a Shakespearian school. He rose and set — a bright, particular star, with a group of brilliant satellites; but he drew no host after him. When he and his had passed away, the literary current of thought flowed on almost as though he had not been. And when his influence began to make itself felt, it was, strange to say, not in England, but in Germany (and later in France) that the long-buried seed began to swell and sprout and thrust strong leaflets upwards toward the sunlight.

Meanwhile the old Greek dramatic traditions had passed down in a direct line through Italy to France, where they emerged in the seventeenth century in the form of the French classical tragedy and comedy. In their transmission they

had received strange warpings and distortions. The law of the three unities, unknown to the ancient Greeks, was evolved by ingenious French critics from an ambiguous passage in Aristotle's "Poetics." The slow stateliness of the old tragedy became in the new an imitation of the artificial manners of the court; the dignified language of the Greek characters re-appeared in the French drama as an affectation of fine phrases. The stylistic grace and purity of the Greek tragedies, born of the Greek's natural love of beauty, became slavish adherence to formal rules of rhetoric and versification. Especially is it to be noted that the dividing line between comedy and tragedy was sharply drawn, and the limits of each defined by set and formal rules. A play which ended with a death must be called a tragedy; a play which did not must be called a comedy — a wide departure, it must be observed, from the custom of the Greeks, many of whose tragedies end happily.

The Shakespearian drama, broad, beautiful, human, and in the truest sense, artistic, waved across the face of England, and left no trace. The French classic drama, pompous, artificial, and unreal, ploughed its narrow furrow straight through the literature of two centuries and five great peoples. Not only in France, but in England, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy, the new school was recognized as supreme, its yoke was voluntarily assumed. As its influence spread, there sprang up a spirit of formalism which blinded men's eyes to the beauties of the Shakespearian type of drama. Voltaire, as every one knows, thought Shakespeare *un saltimbanque qui a des saillies heureuses, et qui fait des contorsions.* Rymer compared the author of Othello to an African baboon, and this was no passing phase of criticism. There are men now living who can recall the time when, even in England, Shakespeare was regarded by the majority of critics and thinkers as "wanting art"; as a genius, indeed, but still ignorant of those laws of correct taste which no cultivator of polite letters could well afford to be without. Even those who openly worshipped at his shrine, seemed to have an uneasy sense that something was irregular about his canonization, that if he had looked a little more carefully after his unities, and not killed so many people on the stage in full view of the audience, his pre-eminence in literature would have been much easier to demonstrate.

Such was the state of dramatic literature in France and England, down to the opening of the present century. It was then that that curious movement known as Romanticism began to make its appearance. And what was Romanticism? Upon this point, perhaps, no writer has written with more luminousness than Paul Bourget in his essay on Gustave Flaubert. The idea first attached to the word, says he was *l'impression des paysages vaporeus et de la poésie songeuse du nord, par contraste avec les paysages à vives arêtes et la poésie à lignes précises de nos contrées latines.* For the Latin races then, Romanticism meant the opening of their eyes to the significance of Germanic art. And what could it mean for the Germanic nations? Precisely the same thing. England and Germany had been Gallicised. A thick scale of formalism had overspread the minds of all who had come under French influence. Romanticism, which was for France a revelation of what she had never felt before, was, therefore, for Germany and England simply a return to the old Northern ways of thinking and feeling. In philosophy, in religion, in art, it was a renaissance of the native Germanic spirit of liberty so long entombed in the Latin sarcophagus of discipline. In the drama, with which we are here especially concerned, it took the form of a revolt from the restrictions of the law of the three unities and the formal rules of versification. In France the elder Dumas battered at the gates of classicism with his powerful dramas consisting of "three blank walls and a human passion"; Victor Hugo, in the preface to *Cromwell*, blew the mighty horn which brought temple and tower to the ground. In Germany, Lessing early protested against the dictation of the French school, and the genius of Goethe and Schiller replaced the lifeless models of the earlier dramatists by living works of genius.

But did a new school arise out of this sudden upheaval of the dramatic crust? No. Not one new principle of dramatic effectiveness or combination was discovered. The whole romantic movement, so far as the drama was concerned, was simply a revival. It was nothing more nor less than an emergence of the Shakespearian conception which had so long lain dormant beneath the surface. Shakespeare was the inspiration of Goethe and of Victor Hugo. Without him they could not have been dramatists such as we know them.

They did nothing which Shakespeare had not already done — and done, men may add, without prejudice to the two most brilliant geniuses of modern times, better than they could possibly hope to do it.

It may be asked at this point, why I have said nothing concerning the drama in England as affected by the new movement. The answer is that there was no English drama to be affected. The literary stream in England turned aside and left the old channels of the drama choked with sand. The romantic spirit found vent in the lyric and in the novel. The only man of genius who sought expression in the dramatic form — Byron — represented a counter-renaissance which strove to imprison the English imagination in the narrow limits of French classicism. But there was no dramatic imagination in England to be imprisoned, no native impulse as in France and Germany to do for the nineteenth century what Shakespeare had done for the sixteenth. Consequently we find that the English drama, from the early part of the century down to the present day, consists almost exclusively of translations, imitations, and adaptations of foreign (mostly French) originals. True, out of these imitations have been developed, through the modifying influence of the environment, distinctively English types, but none the less must we look to France for a proper comprehension of the significance as well as the origin of these typical forms.

The romantic movement overthrew the sovereignty of the old classic school, but did it altogether escape the influence of the old traditions? By no means. The classic spirit was, after all, the best representative of the French genius, and on that account appealed strongly to the instincts of French playwrights even in the heat of revolt. In Germany we see complete emancipation from the classic idea resulting in such neglect of form as is apparent in *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and the writings of Jean Paul Richter. For French writers this riotous freedom was something longed for but never attained. The influence of the classic period survived and manifested itself in the more perfect *ensemble*, in the superior technical construction, in the more artful employment of theatrical devices, of French as compared with German dramas. The French writer, as I have shown, could not throw aside rules and fall back upon his natural instincts; rules had become his natural instincts. And so we find the most rebellious of

the Romanticists still studying the neat adaptation of part to part, still seeking for ingenious interplay of incident with incident, still expending infinite pains upon form and technique to the neglect of character and thought.

From this union of Germanic freedom with French classic tradition, two types of plays sprang into existence in France, the romantic melodrama, created by the prodigal imagination of Alexandre Dumas *père*; and the romantic tragedy, the creation of the more poetic genius of Victor Hugo. As the glamour of the first dawn of Romanticism began to pale and

"Fade into the light of common day,"

under the influence of the scientific and critical movement, these two types gradually took on certain social aspects. While retaining the fervor and bombast of the language, while preserving still the exaggerated conceptions of life and character, the melodrama came to allow scenes and incidents colored with the sober hues of everyday life to intrude upon its domain. The contrasts and incongruities thus brought about could not fail to strike the artistic sense of French playwrights unfavorably. The melodrama fell into disrepute. It was by degrees shut out from the higher class of theatres and finally found its proper abiding place in the *Théatre Monmartre* and the like — the Bowery theatres of Paris.

The other type of drama, the romantic tragedy, also saw its course passing at once into what the French call the *drame*. Under the influence of the scientific movement it drew upon the social sphere for its material, and allowed the incursion of modern themes, but at the same time it softened the *terribiltà* of its language, and sought compensation for the loss in the introduction of powerful emotional effects. Herein, however, lay the seeds of its decay. The emotional degenerated into the sensational. At the present time the *drame* also is beginning to fall into disrepute, and were it not for the powerful example of Sardou, could hardly hold its own in France to-day.

But out of the dying *drame* sprang still another form of play endowed with greater vigor than all the rest, namely, the *comédie*. The native aptitude of the French for brisk play of wit and satire here finds perfect vent. The foreign element of deep and naïve feeling is almost crowded out of sight, and the French genius again finds characteristic expression.

Turning now, after this long introduction, to the dramas of England and America at the present time, let us consider what French forms we find developed into English types. Two, and two only: The melodrama and the *comédie*. The French melodrama, condemned by the French sense of artistic form, found no such opposition in England. It appealed rather to the English sense of formlessness, or better, perhaps, to the English love of strong effect, even at the sacrifice of formal and technical perfection. It became, therefore, the basis for one leading type of English and American plays. Examine what American play you will, you find in it some traces of melodrama, some straining after effect by means of exaggerated sentiments, language, or characterization, introduced heedlessly at the expense of artistic moderation and naturalness. Adding to this quality the social element borrowed from the French *drame*, we may set down as one prevalent type of American plays the social melodrama.

The other principle type is derived, as I have said, from the French *comédie*, a word which is susceptible of a great variety of meanings but which I am here using to include what corresponds in France to our comedy of incidents, and comedy of manners. As examples of the first may be mentioned the lighter comedies of Scribe, and the long list of farces by the author of *Bébé* and *Les Dominos Roses;* of the second the character sketches of Deo Musset, the comedies of Angier and Labiche. The French *comédies*, therefore, which have had influence in this country, range all the way from dignified comedy, properly so called, to screaming farces. Of these it is the comedies of incidents and the light farce which have left upon our playwrights the most lasting impress.

We have now seen what are the sources from which the American drama draws its models. Let us consider for a moment the environment of the American playwright and the demands upon him by his audience.

In America the theatre is a play-house, the play is a show. Splendid as has been the history of the drama, sacred as are the associations which cluster about the names of the great dramatists,— for the great body of the higher class of English-speaking peoples, theatrical performances are still placed, as they were in the period of dominant Puritanic influence, on a par with bear-baiting and rope walking,— actors are still rated

in some quarters but a degree above vagrants and sturdy beggars; the stage is regarded much as a mediæval baron regarded the antics of the court fool. So long as the fellow's sallies were amusing he was given full liberty, but if he dared to speak his mind in seriousness, to the stocks with him! The American audience will consent to be amused by its drama or to be moved to fictitious sorrow, but it will not patiently permit itself to be instructed. It will submit to rank and fustian ineffable, to buffoonery and horse-play unspeakable, but it will not listen to the discussion of a serious social problem. The amusement must be laughable, but nothing more.

Nor will it suffer itself to be instructed or amused in what it calls an immoral way. It likes to see virtue rewarded and vice sent to the penitentiary. I have known two cases in which American dramatists spent days in devising some substitute for the usual appearance of the police officer at the close of the play. So far as the audience was concerned, it was time wasted. The handcuffing of the villain, though it may be *caviare* to the critics, never fails to bring its round of applause from both the gallery and parquet. In the same line is the hunger of the American audience for "sentiments," bits of ethical trueism worded in gorgeous emotional language. These will be accepted and applauded even when put in the mouths of errant rascals.

This shrinking from the immoral precludes the discussion of what are known as delicate questions — in brief of the one question which forms the central motive of so many French dramas. Adultery may, indeed, be hinted at in American plays, as it may even form an important element of the plot, but it must not be seriously discussed or even presented as a problem. The dramatist must let us see his opinion, and that opinion must be openly, definitely, unhesitatingly condemnatory. In fact, the subject must not be presented as a question at all, but as a sin.

From what has been said, it is apparent that many classes of plays popular in France, never can be made so in America, so long as the present conditions prevail. What are more charming to the reader than the little comedies of Alfred de Musset? They have a flavor, a delicious *bouquet* which he who has once tasted it can never forget. It would be folly, however, to present them on the American stage. Their

delicacy would not be appreciated. Again, what are more satisfying, elevating, and delightful altogether, than the quiet studies of Angier, with their steady, uniform movements of plot, their deft character-sketching, and their keen-edged satire? And yet who would venture to bring out in this country — "on the road" especially — *Le Fils de Giboyer?* It would not be understood. Finally, what is more masterly in its way than *Le Fils Naturel* of Alexandre Dumas, *fils?* And yet ruin awaits the man who tries to produce it in America. It would not be tolerated.

What, then, are the requirements of the American drama? We have seen that two main types of plays have come down to us through the French, and we have considered some of the leading peculiarities of the American audiences. Combining these two ideas, we may arrive at the following characteristics as being *in the main* those most likely to prove successful in American plays: —

1. Strong melodramatic situations.
2. Farcical scenes and incidents.
3. Horse-play, song, and dance, etc.
4. Moral sentiments.
5. Poetic justice.

Comment on this summary would be superfluous, even if there were space to undertake it. It speaks for itself. But a word is necessary perhaps, in order to prevent misconception. Must we, in view of what has been said, regard the dramatic outlook as wholly discouraging? Certainly, no such implication was intended. The inquiry has been wholly inductive. The results are before us. We see that up to the present time the efforts of English and American playwrights to satisfy the public have produced mongrel compositions built upon French originals. This is the present state of the American drama. Does not the hope of the future drama lie in the possibility that some dramatist will break away from the French traditions and either return to the earlier source of inspiration, or else find here on native soil the spring whose waters fill us with immortal thirst?

IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

NO-NAME SERIES. NUMBER THREE.

THE Biblical assertion that God made man after His own image has been of late opposed by the counter-assertion that man forms God after his own shape; and in conformity with this idea, has the well-known sentence of Oliver Goldsmith, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," been changed by Colonel Ingersoll into the phrase, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." Leaving for the present undecided which of the two assertions is most strongly founded upon fact, it is obvious that both parties do agree in one point, viz: that there does exist a similarity between God and man; they begin to dissent only when they attempt to find the cause for that similarity. It is only then, when one party asserts that man is somewhat similar to God, because God fashioned him purposely after His own image, and the other side claims that a similarity between God and man becomes noticeable merely because man has formed all his conceptions of a Divinity from an *a priori* conception of himself.

It is rather unfortunate for the first claimant that he cannot prove his assertions satisfactorily. He has no other testimony wherewith to prove it, than that a passage in the Bible informs him of the mode in which God is said to have created this world and the human being. With this only witness he stands and falls. No sooner is objection taken to the reliability of this witness than his claim falls to the ground. There is no other proof for him within reach, because no knowledge can be had of the shape of God, the type after which, the claimant says, man has been formed.

If this assertion had not contained a flattery to man, and if it were not a fact that flattery is eagerly swallowed by all, even if administered in a coarse form, the claim that man has been fashioned after the image of God would never have been made, or if ever made, would have been dropped as untenable long ago. It has survived merely because people

feel flattered by it, and because it gratifies their vanity to think that only a slight difference exists between their little selves and that great force out of which this vast universe evolved.

The other claimant is supported by numerous witnesses and there are but two reasons why he still fails to convince people of the validity of his claims. The first is, that his claim conveys no flattery, and the second, that it fails to give an explanation of the origin of all things, which is so much craved. There is a tendency in the human mind to seek always for a starting point; we want to begin always at the beginning. It leaves us unsatisfied to begin in the middle of a story and thus we desire to know how this world, into which we have been placed, has come into existence. It is in vain to tell people that the limits of the mind do not extend so far, and that there are situations with which even the most acute mind cannot grapple; it is in vain to tell them that even when we go back to the first day, the question will still torment us. What happened before that day? Or, if we return to the very first chicken, the question will still arise: What hen laid the egg from which it was hatched? To stop such questions, and to give rest to the mind, God was placed at the extreme end of history. He was accepted as the cause from which the universe went forth as an effect and the question as to the cause of that cause was ruled out as improper. God became, therefore, the great rallying point from which all philosophies could start and the assertion that God was made by man after his own image could not but destroy such a pleasant theory, without offering a better solution of the problem. It is astonishing how people will neglect present and future, and dive into the past in order to find therein a key to their actions; and it was for this reason that all religions and all philosophies, instead of starting from the position in which they found mankind, have all wasted force and time in the ever resultless search after the origin of all things and in vain speculations regarding the manner in which this world was created.

He who claims that man fashions his God after his own image need not be of necessity an atheist, nor must such an expression be considered blasphemy. He merely denies that man can have an adequate idea of God. He holds that the human mind is too small to encompass God, and that

the faint approach which he makes towards the knowledge of that great force in which all creation lives and moves is of a metaphorical nature, and taken from the circle of experiences by which man is surrounded. His assertion, although it may sound irreverent, does not, therefore, contain any irreverence. He does not mean to express by it the thought that man is superior to God, or that man is the cause from which God emanated. He merely says in so many words that whatever ideas have been formed in regard to the essence of God, have all been taken from human experience. To establish his proposition the claimant can bring a number of proofs, to present one of which is the object of this paper.

There are in all three forms of government: Despotism, Constitutional Monarchy, and Republicanism. In the first the arbitrary will of the ruler is the law of the land, to which everybody must yield obedience without even questioning the motives of the ruler. To make his power more impressive and to enforce his laws, the despot will surround himself both with a brilliant court and with a large army. To reach him is well-nigh impossible to the common citizen, who must be satisfied if he is able to gain the ear of any of his attendants. It is supposed, quite naturally, that nothing pleases a despot better than flattery which not alone acknowledges his power and the duty of all to yield to it, but even the wisdom and the justice of his arbitrary rulings.

In a constitutional monarchy the power of the king is somewhat clipped. He cannot rule in an arbitrary manner; he has to yield to a power that is greater than his, viz.: to law. Although he may have had his hand in the formulation of the law, he is yet bound by it and expected to execute it, when occasion requires, in the spirit in which it was given. Though his authority is still acknowledged, though he is still admired and adored by his people, yet he is more approachable, and whenever he transgresses the limits of his rights, people will not hesitate to criticise his actions and to hold him responsible. They do not fear him, as people will fear a despot; and if he appeals to any of their sentiments, it is rather to that of love than of awe.

In a republic the highest official is merely the administrator of the commonwealth. He may declare himself unwilling by his veto to undertake the execution of certain laws, and thus shirk his responsibility; but his is not a legislative

power in the true sense of the word. People neither fear him nor exactly love him; they rather watch him, hold him to his duty, and if they honor him it is from a feeling of appreciation and gratitude towards a public servant who has served them well.

Now if we look about us we shall find that people did, do, and will ever form their conception of God exactly after the pattern of the government to which they are subjects, and hence people are not entirely wrong when they assert that man fashions God after his own image.

In those ancient times when despotism prevailed; when a king ruled the people by his arbitrary will; when he surrounded himself by a pompous court, and in order to preserve his authority, withdrew from the touch of and contact with the people; when hired soldiers blindly enforced his arbitrary decisions,—at such times and in such countries people imagined God to be exactly such a despot, and to rule the world in exactly such a despotic manner. They not only imagined but described Him as sitting upon a throne, surrounded by a host of servants who would sing His praises and approach Him with the deepest reverence. They spoke of Him as a judge who on certain days will hold His court; who will be informed by an attorney of the evil deeds of men, hear the counter-statements of an appointed advocate, examine the book in which all the deeds of men are inscribed, and then reward or punish them. They considered it the highest glory and the greatest reward to be admitted to the presence of that king and took it for granted that He had dungeons, prison-cells, and torture chambers at His disposal wherein to punish malefactors. The greatest crime with them was blasphemy; all this exactly as if God were indeed a despot like the one who ruled them on earth. In all ancient religion God is pictured as a despot with little variation which resulted from the smaller or larger territory over which their king ruled or the greater or less affluence in which they lived.

The only nations of antiquity in which the republican form of government prevailed were Greece and Rome, and on that very account we find there that people instead of imagining the world ruled by one God, believed in a multiplicity of divinities who would counteract one another's efforts exactly as do politicians or the leaders of factions in a republic. In

the Orient, or in Egypt, only one God, though sometimes under different names, was worshipped as the supreme being, and if other forces were worshipped by his side they were considered to be his servants, mediators who, standing nearer to the throne of God, could be serviceable to man. Behind these polytheistic notions there was always hidden the monotheistic idea. Not so in Greece or Rome. The republican form of government caused them to imagine a jolly crowd of gods, one equal in power to the other, each ready to fight the other. Among the more cultured classes atheism prevailed. Disliking party strife and finding that the renowned party leaders were after all the most miserable creatures who neither deserved love nor needed to be feared, these classes thought in a similar way of their gods, and came to the conclusion that they all were myths. Not until the vast Roman empire came under the rule of one man, who, like an oriental despot, surrounded himself with a magnificent court and enforced his arbitrary rulings by a well-drilled army of hired soldiers, did people open their minds to a unitarian conception of God. When it afterwards happened that Roman Cæsars invited some other men to share with them the honors of the government, and adopted even during their lifetime a near relative to become their successor, and in the mean time to help them govern the vast empire, the idea of a God Father and of a God Son, yea, even of a third person in the divinity, sprang up and found favor. It is not a mere coincidence that the trinitarian idea was born at the time when Roman emperors made it a practice to share their throne with one or two others; it was in consequence of it.

The establishment of the constitutional monarchy could not but bring about again an important change in the conception of God. In England and Germany, in which countries this form had first taken root, the God-idea soon assumed a new shape. Though God is still considered to be the ruler of the universe; though He is still believed to hold somewhere a magnificent court, He ceases to be feared so much as heretofore. People think they owe Him respect and love, because He has been the God of their ancestors, or because all good things come from Him. He is thought of more as an executive officer who has to administer the laws which govern the universe, and these laws are understood to

be immutable. Although God is yet supposed to have formulated them, people become convinced that He cannot change the least of them. While a despot might be induced by flattery to favor the flatterer, the constitutional king, who himself is governed by law, cannot set aside any law for the purpose of aiding a personal friend, and exactly for these same reasons the efficacy of prayer began to be doubted, because God was no longer supposed to possess the power of changing arbitrarily any of the laws that govern nature. In a word, God ceased to be a governing person. Like a constitutional king He was thought to represent the governing power.

The modern republic brought this very idea to a still fuller expression and even tinged it somewhat with atheism. Modern thinkers began to speak of man as the co-worker with God, as His helpmate to transform this world into a paradise, and to subdue all evil forces, which was not more nor less than the expression of that sister idea which allows to every citizen in a republic a share in the government, and places him by the side of the highest official. *Sapienti sat.*

After this explanation, the reader of this article will easily see that the claim is not without foundation, that man fashions God after his own image, and with the help of this one illustration he will not alone become able to find other illustrations by himself, but will easily discover the reason why to a good man God is goodness, yet to a revengeful man a jealous power; why a barbarian will own a barbarous God, and why the God of a cultured person will be a being of the most subtle spirituality.

THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS ALEXANDER HYDE.

THERE are events and scenes in the lives of men so important and so many sided that it is sometimes very difficult to describe them. This is certainly true of the subject of this essay. We have before us, a man remarkable in many ways, a great preacher, a profound theologian of the liberal kind, and an active leader in educational movements. What shall we say of such a man that may be instructive and stimulating to men of our age? Shall we consider him as a theologian, as an orator, or as a man, and where shall we begin? This problem made me feel very anxious, when I learned that an essay on Dr. Brooks would be expected from me, but it was settled a few weeks ago by witnessing the recent great work accomplished by Phillips Brooks in old Trinity, New York, — a work that sounds like what we read concerning the great orators of ancient ages, or the celebrated preachers of more modern times. Dr. Brooks, a few weeks ago, gathered together in Trinity Church, every day at noon, a vast audience of men, representing the business, wealth, and intelligence of the great metropolis of the American continent, and held them, as it were, spellbound. Never, perhaps, has anything in the way of preaching occurred before to surpass what Brooks has accomplished. He has resorted to no sensational tricks of advertisement nor manner to draw the crowd, but simply presented the Gospel in his natural style. Nowhere can we begin to study Brooks better than in the midst of his grand successful work. Thus was I impressed when I sat listening to him on one of these occasions.

I reached old Trinity at ten minutes past eleven. The church was then more than half full. At half-past eleven there was not a vacant seat. Then occurred something which seldom or never happens in the Episcopal Church. The people entered the church in dense throngs, and soon

every available space in the aisles, choir, gallery, and in the rear of the church was occupied so that it was impossible to get standing-room for the smallest child. Some persons more daring than the rest, in their eagerness to hear Brooks, did what many in the Episcopal Church would regard as irreverent, climbed the stairs and took possession of the choir seats, and also stood a dense mass on the chancel, close to the most sacred of places, in some eyes regarded with as much reverence as the holy of holies in the Jewish Church, the space which surrounds the altar or communion table. The people who thus placed themselves were not ministers but laymen, men perhaps who had never been in an Episcopal Church before. There was, so far as I could see, but one Episcopal clergyman on the chancel, the rector, Rev. Morgan Dix, who sat near the choir stalls with his head resting against the wall of the church, attired in a black suit.

There was nothing in the service to suggest ecclesiasticism. The beautiful prayers of the church were not read, and the crowd was so great that much of what is peculiar to an Episcopal Church was hidden, or lost sight of in the contemplation of what was greater, the sea of earnest faces looking for the Gospel of our Saviour. The chancel and the rich carving of the altar and surrounding architecture were hidden from reverent, or irreverent, gaze by the dense multitude that stood in front of them. At five minutes past twelve, Phillips Brooks entered the chancel from the robing-room, and made his way through the expectant multitude, looking like a modern Goliath in stature, but a savior of men in countenance. When he mounted the pulpit, whispering voices ceased, even the necessary functions of humanity seemed to be suspended. No doubt every man in that vast audience kept on breathing, but we did not hear it, so intense was the eagerness with which each one watched the movements of the great preacher. After the singing of a hymn by the vast congregation, which in itself was overpoweringly impressive, Phillips Brooks uttered a short prayer, which doubtless many thought was extempore, but which I recognized as the collect for the first Sunday in Advent, taken from the prayer-book.

Dr. Brooks then gave out, in his usual indistinct manner, the text of his discourse, but as he warmed with his subject he could be heard in the remotest corner of the church. He

preached on this occasion a sermon which could hardly be surpassed in thought or rhetorical expression. I have heard Dr. Brooks in his own church frequently, and on many of the great occasions in which he was the central figure, but never did he speak so well, or so impressively as he did upon this occasion. When I looked around upon the faces of the men who formed that large congregation, which his name had summoned, I could not help feeling proud of Christianity that she had such an exponent, and of Boston that she had such a representative preacher, for on every countenance I could detect the lines of eager attention. Of course, as is the habit of men, each drank in the words according to his own nature. Some never took their eyes from the speaker, but fixed them on the moving personality in the pulpit, as if it were a magnet of ten thousand drawing power. Others bent forward sideways with the organs of hearing stretched so as not to lose a word of the discourse. For almost an hour this rapt attention endured, and although many must have felt uncomfortable, since it was impossible to move freely, so closely were they packed, yet none left the church during the discourse.

Now, is there not something wonderful in the power which can draw such multitudes, and hold their attention during the noonday, an hour when even if business is suspended, the time is devoted to nourishing the physical, never the spiritual man. The men who gathered into this old edifice were not those who are likely to be attracted by sensation of any kind. They represented the thought and business of the great city of New York. There were in that audience men representing every phase of human development. The merchant, worth his millions, and still eager to amass more. The shrewd speculator of Wall Street with his head full of the lore and methods of entrapping men or of depreciating and raising the value of stock. Perhaps in that vast audience there were many who were joyful because they had been lucky in some investment which had proved a mine of wealth that very morning, and some, alas, who brought with them hearts full of the tears of great losses, and had entered the sanctuary to find if possible some consolation or comfort in what some regard as the worn-out old Gospel. There were doubtless present in that eager multitude men who had left their first love, or at least grown cold toward the church,

and had of late seldom crossed the threshold of a place of worship. Others of a sterner class, following for many years the rationalistic tendency of our age, came only to hear, as a matter of investigation, what a leader of Christian thought had to say in regard to a religion which they had relegated to the region of mythology. What influence Dr. Brooks had over these classes of men, I cannot say. But one thing is certain, they gave every evidence of earnest men, for they listened with rapt attention.

Now, I have chosen this occasion in the life of Dr. Brooks because, if rightly interpreted, it will help us to realize and form a just estimate of his great power as an orator. The presence of that immense congregation of representative men demonstrates clearly two grand factors in our modern civilization. First, that the earnest men of our day are still eager to hear the truths of the Christian religion. Second, they can be drawn by the magnetic influence of a great personality. I know that some will object in their eagerness to exalt the Gospel of Christ to the last statement that a great personality is necessary. Such I would direct to the lessons of history and experience. Everywhere since our universe began we find that truth is promulgated more readily, widely, and successfully by men of marked personality.

And if we look at the subject in the light of reason, we cannot fail to see that it must be so. The truths of Christianity no doubt are of the highest order; they appeal to the best, noblest, and most exalted nature in man. They may be regarded even as in their very essence, immortal and overwhelmingly impressive; but all truth, whether natural or spiritual, must have evangelists or messengers to announce and set forth their beauty and utility to men. And where can be found a better messenger or a clearer exponent than a great and good personality?

"Behold," says the great Teacher of Christianity, "I send you forth to preach the Gospel to all men, and lo! I am with you always, and the Holy Spirit which I shall send will lead you into all truth." Christ knew the tremendous power of a great soul set on fire of God. Hence he never wrote his truths; he never penned a creed nor set forth in written words a declaration of the truths of his religion. He planted the seeds of his truths in the hearts and minds of the men of

his own time; and those truths grew and blossomed in human soil, and have made themselves felt in the humanity of our time.

There are always present in the proclamation of truth two elements, the divine and human. The more perfect the human, the nearer to divinity and the clearer the enunciation of truth. We thus see, then, that men will differ in their ability to present truth according to their capacity to receive inspiration and their aptitude to express it in the pure and spiritual methods of man's higher nature. All history may be said to have its origin upon this fundamental truth, for history is but the narration of the lives of great human leaders. Men have been directed and moulded in everything that has led to progress by representative men. Among the thousands of Christian ministers who preached the Gospel after Christ's ascension, there stand, as representatives, the great names of Peter, Paul, and John, and even those differed in their power of spiritual receptivity and impressibility. Some followed Peter and some Paul, because the personality of each was different. They both received the same food from the same Master, but they fed it out in different ways. Paul gathered together more men and left a stronger impression upon his age than Peter, because his personality had more universal and impressive elements. I have drawn attention to the great power of personality in disseminating truth, because it throws light on the question, Why does Phillips Brooks draw such large congregations wherever he preaches? That there is something about Dr. Brooks himself and about his method of presenting truth may be easily learned from the fact that not every man who preaches the Gospel draws as largely as he does. We cannot doubt the earnestness of Christian ministers in general nor the willingness of God to impart to all his ministers inspiration, and yet there is a vast difference in the influence of ministers. All are preaching the same word, all are perhaps equally earnest to save souls; but somehow or other the souls do not go to them all with equal readiness. No doubt Christianity was truly presented in New York City before Brooks preached there, but it is only when a Brooks, or a man of like endowment, preaches that large congregations can be drawn. If, then, Christianity is truly preached by ministers in general, and their labors are not successful in

gathering the multitude, that which draws in the case of Dr. Brooks must be his marked personality. And when I place the personality of Dr. Brooks in the foreground of what constitutes his power, I deal with what is the noblest part of man. For personality is the grandest power in this universe for education. No doubt knowledge reveals itself in the feeblest growth of creation, in the tiniest flower, and in the smallest insect that crawls.

Men may learn much from nature in her extraordinary physical phenomena, in the roar of the ocean and the terrific thunder of her mighty Niagaras, but the most perfect and grandest instrument in the universe for imparting thought and feeling is personality. From the living lips comes the truth more divine, more spiritual, more potent, because it is winged by a thousand influences, natural and spiritual, which have their origin only in a great human personality. It is the one great power, the one successful teacher in the universe. It works revolutions, builds monuments of progress, and makes all history a theatre of wonder and absorbing interest. Whatever may have been the magnitude of the forces engaged in the world's great movements, the sublimest force is that which directs and controls them all, the mind and heart of man. What we have said concerning personality as an instrument to spread truth, is especially true of its power in the field of eloquence. Oratory may be defined as the influence of one mind over a multitude through the mediumship of language.

When we remember how few have been successful in the field of oratory, we will form a more accurate estimate of the personality that has made Dr. Brooks successful as a preacher. Phillips Brooks as we behold him moving amongst us to-day, is a representative man in many of the elements that constitute humanity. He is physically well endowed. Tall, and well proportioned, head and shoulders above other men, chest broad and deep, face full-orbed, beaming with health and sympathetic kindness, forehead wide, and deep, large, dark eyes, flashing gleams of intelligence and good nature. The contour of the face is very mobile, since its muscles of expression are flexible and spontaneously adapt the face to express the emotion that is welling up from the heart. His step is firm, carriage of body erect, head thrown well backward denoting vitality. Over six feet in height,

his entire bodily make-up constitutes him a physical king of men. The qualities of mind and heart are not less marked, and are even more potential in rendering him successful as a preacher. In his preaching we do not find evidence of scholarship in the common acceptation of the word; he seldom or never indulges in quotations from the great theologians, and he is not even remarkable for the citation of biblical texts. Doubtless he has read the great exponents of theological thought in his own church, but they have served the purpose rather of stimulation than of memory. Whatever ideas Brooks may gain by reading are so thoroughly assimilated by his methods of thought, that when his people receive them, they are really Brooksonian. Hence we find that originality enters very largely into the personality of Dr. Brooks. From such an endowment the men of our day may naturally expect some nourishment. Our age has grown tired of hearing truth proved by quotations from eminent writers, it is more attractive to hear truth presented through a living, thinking organism.

Do you speak this of yourself, or do you utter the words of another? is a question that naturally suggests itself when a man addresses an audience. What we want to hear is the truth as it has been experienced by the person who speaks, not what has been felt by some writer in the dusty past, although that truth may be just as true, and as eloquently expressed. Dr. Brooks speaks as if he had experienced and faithfully worked out the deep questions of Christianity in their relation to human life. This marked originality gives a power and grasp of thought, especially in its spiritual regions, which few in our age possess. No living preacher has done more than Phillips Brooks to spiritualize and interpret the old truths of Christianity to the men of our time. He has broadened theology; he has put life into the creeds; he has shown clearly and sharply that Christianity is something distinct from ecclesiasticism which has been associated with it in some quarters to such an extent that men sometimes fail to separate them, and even lose faith, because they do not perceive that the truth may be true even when the ritual is false, and that the church may err in presentation and yet may be a custodian of the truth. Dr. Brooks' method of dealing with the principles of Christianity is universal in its nature, having made a very careful study

of its fundamental truths. On these truths he builds wisely and well the practical teachings he offers to man. He comes before men and gives them not pet or special views of religion, but the result of deep study and reflection. A creed is nothing, in his estimation, unless its articles have the seed of life.

We are not saved by intellectual notions, but by the influence of the life of Jesus on our lives. And truths are not true because they have been stated by good authority or by decrees of councils, but because of their inherent necessity or their evident capacity to adapt themselves to the needs of man the world over. We perceive at once what a tremendous force this way of thinking will give to the truths of Christianity, and how capable truth thus presented will be to meet the wants of our age. It is sad to behold how ignorant many are in regard to the fundamentals of Christianity. How many, for instance, recognize the fact that Christianity is a matter of life rather than of doctrine. How many are sad and hopeless to-day because they have broken with the creeds of the churches, because form, and ritual, and ceremony do not now feed the spiritual nature. To such, Brooks is like a great voice crying amid the wreck of human theories and systems, "Behold the substance!" Look at the great truths which alone can interpret or give the symbol power.

Our age stumbles at miracles, and many learned professors even in theological schools timidly give up the miraculous in Christ's history. Not so Dr. Brooks. While he admits that belief or disbelief in miracles does not affect the fundamental truths of Christianity, yet he declares that they are not stumbling-blocks, but, if rightly interpreted, aids to a conception of Christianity. The miracles do not so much prove Christ's divinity as that they follow, of necessity, the perfection of human and divine character. He believes that there are great unseen possibilities in man. In the advance of high spirituality and holiness in men, it would be difficult to say what man can or cannot do. A miracle is a wonder only because it has not been explained. Such was the exalted character of Christ, such his perfect manhood, that we should naturally expect wonderful things to happen, should reasonably suppose that nature would recognize her Lord. All the great truths of Christianity have taken such a firm hold of the mind and

heart of Dr. Brooks, that while he seems to be demolishing the faith, he only tears down to build more solidly, more harmoniously, and more enduringly. It is this union of conservative and universal elements that makes him the great shepherd of his age. He is no mere denominational preacher, one who conceives his mission to be that of defending whatever has been written and sanctioned by the past, or to expound the dogmas of one small house among the many mansions which constitute the kingdom of Christ on earth, but one of those great prophets who arise in critical periods of the world's history, to show how great and universal is Christianity, how well fitted to embrace the whole human race within its fold. It is this liberal spirit, this seeking after every phase of humanity, this effort to preach the universal truths of Christianity, the fundamentals of moral and spiritual ethics that so eminently fits Dr. Brooks to be a leader and teacher of men.

Hence we find that not only has Dr. Brooks drawn largely to his own church men of diverse religious beliefs, but has extended the sphere of his usefulness beyond Boston. His broad sympathy with every Christian effort has made him more widely known and admired than any other Episcopal minister. Hence whenever he preaches in towns outside of Boston, he finds an audience made up of persons representing all classes and creeds. Many flock to hear him because they derive more real spiritual nourishment from his sermons than from their own pastors.

The expressional gifts of Phillips Brooks are also a very prominent factor in his personality, and ought to come in for a large share of consideration in estimating his power as a preacher. On listening for the first time to the enunciation of his discourses, no one would fail to be struck with the wonderful rapidity with which he delivers his words, and would probably be at a loss to discover the cause. Brooks possesses many of the natural gifts of a great orator. His temperament is a harmonious blending of the vital, mental, and motive systems. Such a combination is highly oratorical, possessing many excellent qualities. Some have complained that it was hard to follow Dr. Brooks' discourse because he spoke so rapidly, not knowing that such rapidity was the effect mainly of his excessive vitality. The vital temperament is so eminently oratorical that the presence of

an audience stimulates to activity. Hence, whenever Dr. Brooks speaks, great emotional susceptibility is developed, especially the emotions characteristic of the vital temperament. The aggressive, sensitive, anticipatory, transcendental, exuberant, and love emotions so stimulate his mind that thought, and words, and feeling come too quick for utterance, and his delivery becomes so rapid that his hearers cannot follow him. Much of what he says is lost, and many of his admirers when asked what were the excellent points of his sermon, are able to give only a few of its commonplace truths. Still, no doubt there are many who admire this rapid delivery. It gives the impression of earnestness of a man imbued and so spiritualized with the great truths which he enunciates, that he has no time to look after their external delivery. Some are even captivated with this style, such is the frailty of humanity, that even the very faults of a great man give delight. It sounds so grand to hear a man driving on at that rapid rate, hardly taking time to breathe, giving the impression that he is speaking truth so instinct with life that there is not a moment to be lost in its enunciation, but it is very sad to know that many have gone away unfed, especially those who have not been favored with a front seat, and ask one another, What did he say that excited him so much? This rapidity of utterance was one of the features commented upon by many who listened to his Lenten lectures recently delivered in New York, some declaring that they never heard a speaker talk so fast; others, that they could not follow him, for he gave them no time to comprehend and digest his thought.

It is to be regretted that Phillips Brooks did not meet with a good teacher of elocution in his college days, who could have done for him what was accomplished for Henry Ward Beecher, and have shown him how to use his voice to greater advantage and in a way more easy to himself. A more distinct articulation, a rounder and fuller voice with less gutteral and aspirated quality, would not only increase the beauty of his delivery, but would enable his hearers to follow his discourse and carry away its truths. But the loss to his congregation of some of the sentences which Dr. Brooks enunciates is not the only evil which comes from his imperfect delivery. I would it were! There is a more potent evil, it has an influence in the wrong direction.

Every great man has his imitators, and that which is peculiar is thought by the young to constitute the chief excellence, nay, the very element of success. It is not unusual to hear people say of Dr. Brooks by way of compliment that he speaks more in ten minutes than other preachers in half an hour. "None of your slow coaches is Brooks." Now many students and inexperienced clergymen are captivated by the great success of Brooks as a preacher, and imitate his style with the hope that they may be called young Brookses. Such imitators are most deplorable since they lead to the formation of imperfect styles of delivery, and moreover are always sure to fail of success since the imitators have copied the defects of a great man, and have not his great gifts. Such students will do well to bear in mind that Dr. Brooks has so many other oratorical gifts, that he succeeds in spite of his faults. It may also be shown that his defects in enunciation are to some extent natural to him. They arise from his enormous vitality and propulsive power. He uses too much force at the beginning of the utterance of his words,— hence the aperture, or outlet, of his vocal organs is contracted instead of expanded. There are also too many thoughts, ideas, and words struggling for expression at the same instant. On account of these obstructions he appears to speak with labor and difficulty, and reminds his hearers of a river in flood-time which bursts its dam and hurls its increased volume of water, boiling with accumulated debris, stones, mud, and wood, all at once against the narrow outlet; there is great noise and many voices, but nothing definite. Dr. Brooks could overcome his vocal imperfections by holding under the bit his great vital and emotional fervor. There are times when the thunders of his eloquence have subsided, and when he is speaking calmly, and in a lower key of voice, that he is very expressive and readily understood. It would be well if he allowed himself to fall into that condition more often, it would break up the continuous torrent of his rapid delivery, which wearies because of its sameness. But there are many excellences in Brooks' delivery. His voice is free from all metallic and repulsive sounds. It has not the silvery clearness, nor penetrating quality of Wendell Phillips, nor the compass, flexibility, volume, and expressive intonation of Henry Ward Beecher, but it has a depth and grandeur of

resonance and intensity of enunciation, an animated and expressive utterance, a natural and sympathetic tone, and when vitalized and charged at the cerebral batteries of his large brain, sways an audience at will, with an overwhelming current of magnetism. His delivery is buoyant and exhilarating, hopeful and confident. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise so great are his physical gifts.

Phillips Brooks' marked individuality makes itself felt also in the language of his sermons. He understands human nature well, and constructs his sermons to meet the various phases of human thought. Possessed of a vivid imagination and high poetic instinct, his ideas do not stand out naked, like the bare crags that overhang the shore of the sea, but like the round hills glowing in flowers and sunlight. In the expression of his thoughts in words there is sometimes verbosity and lack of clearness, but in the main he is forcible and eloquent. His intuitive nature leads him to detect the similarity of great principles and truths, hence he makes frequent use of comparisons and illustrations, and many of his flashes of the identifying faculty are poetic gems of genius. This wonderful power of clothing the skeleton thought with the flesh of emotion and imagination renders his sermons interesting, which might otherwise be dry on account of their metaphysical subtility.

There are also many circumstances in the life of Dr. Brooks which have helped to make him prominent. Natural ability is only one element of success; education and a field for the employment of talent is necessary. The early education and circumstances of his life were such as to place Brooks in a conspicuous field at once. He was born in Boston (where could a better city be found in which to be born), December 13, 1835, of a good New England family. His parents were zealous servants of Christ, who trained their children in the old paths of Christian integrity. So excellent and inspiring were their methods of training that out of their family of six boys four became ministers of the church. Phillips Brooks caught his ministerial inspiration from the Rev. Alexander Vinton, at that time rector of St. Paul's, which church the Brooks family attended. After graduating from Harvard College in 1855, and from the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., Dr. Vinton took a kindly interest in young Phillips' promotion, and engaged

him as his assistant in the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, to which church Dr. Vinton had been called. This was the first step, and it saved Brooks, whether for good or evil, from the period of apprenticeship and unrequited labor which attend the lives of most men. Being assistant in a large parish in a populous city, Brooks had a field to show his gifts as a preacher. If Brooks had been called to some small parish in a thinly settled village, it would most likely have been ten or more years before the world would have heard of him. A preacher must go where the people are, and Dr. Brooks, fortunately at least for his popularity, began his ministry in a large city. His first parish was Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. His next call was to Trinity, Boston, 1870, when he was only in his thirty-fifth year. After the destruction of the old edifice of Trinity by fire, a large, elaborate, and imposing structure was erected at the cost of almost a million dollars.

New Trinity is situated in the most fashionable region in Boston, the Back Bay, and has all the worldly attractions of beauty and architecture, paintings, and fantastic music. Thus favored by every circumstance that could elevate a preacher, a strong church, free from debt, and supported by many of the most influential families in Boston, young Brooks had a splendid field for the display of his rare gifts, and grasped at once a firm hold on the life of the metropolis.

In Boston, Brooks has found the most enthusiastic encouragement; and thousands of her citizens will follow where he leads in philanthropic movements and render substantial aid. Thus from his first entrance into public life, Dr. Brooks had a good field for the developing of his talents as a speaker, and this accounts in a great measure for his rapid popularity. He has had every opportunity of acquiring knowledge. All that wealth, patronage, and influence could obtain were his portion. The great giants of despair, poverty, and want of friends, who have wielded their clubs over the heads of a great many students, never struck him a blow. Books, and the best of instructors were readily accessible. His life has been one of ease rather than of struggle. He could gather knowledge on a bed of flowers, and meditate on the great truths of Christianity in a hammock, delightfully swaying to and fro in the gentle breezes of heaven; and for this reason he sometimes makes the mistake of supposing that

because he is happy, that all the world is well off, and things are about as they should be. There is no pessimism in Brooks' nature, and we are glad there is none, yet many perceive that his enthusiastic optimism renders his great talents less useful to the men of his day. Men naturally look toward Christian ministers to help with their influence and inspiration the cause of justice and progress in the world.

The lot of some men is extremely unhappy. The social arrangements of civilization places burdens hard to bear on the shoulders of many, and few great leaders move a finger to help them. The great mass of men are crying from the depths of poverty and misery for Christian love and sympathy, for human justice, not charity. There are many evils in the world that must be subdued by some great self-sacrificing soul. There is much in our civil codes, in our social systems, not only unchristian but even inhuman, that ought to be reformed. Our age stands in need of a great leader. Never, perhaps, in the history of man has there been a period more fraught with the danger of the separation of Christianity from the business life of the world than the present. Our age needs men of power and influence, men of true Christian spirit. The men of our age are not wholly mean and envious, they are appreciative of high talent, but oh! they do yearn for a more equal arrangement of things, for less poverty, less misery, less suffering. They look at the Titanic stature, the cloud-reaching intellect, the heaven-encircling spirituality, and the universe-embracing liberality of such men as Phillips Brooks and ask, What will you do for our cause? Never, perhaps, in the history of Christian Shepherdism, has there been so good an opportunity to do the Lord's work as that which presents itself to the great preachers of our age.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY, LATE U. S. JUDGE, OF ALASKA.

SINCE the acquisition of Alaska in 1867, public attention in regard to it has been mainly directed to the salmon fisheries in its waters, and to the seal rookeries in Behring Sea. The value of the country as a dependency has been wholly determined by the public, from the rental which the Priboloff Islands yield to the national treasury. Few references, in the intervening period, have been made by public journals, and in the periodical literature of the country, to the gold-yielding capabilities of Alaska, or to the degree of development already reached. The truth is, that hundreds of thousands of intelligent Americans are profoundly ignorant of the fact that some of the largest and most profitable gold mining enterprises within the limits of the United States are conducted in Alaska.

It is to lay before the readers of THE ARENA the facts in regard to it that this paper has been undertaken. A residence of nearly two years in the territory, discharging an important public duty, and having visited many portions of the country where industrial development has begun, enables me from personal observation to present facts not attainable by the ordinary tourist, whose range of experience is limited to the mail steamer route.

Gold in variable quantities and under different conditions has been found in three principal districts of Alaska: the Juneau, and Douglass Island district, one hundred and eighty miles northeast of Sitka, and bordering Gasteneaux Channel, a narrow inlet which separates Douglass Island from the mainland; the Sitka district, the quartz deposits of which are found at Silver Bay, a narrow, tortuous arm of the Pacific, indenting Baranoff Island, and in the valley of the Yukon River in Western Alaska. Gold-bearing quartz has also been found at Unga Island, one of the smaller of the Aleutian group, and some effort has been made there at

development, but more of that hereafter. As concerns the Yukon Valley, little attention has been paid by explorers and prospectors to discover gold-bearing quartz, and the only results, so far, relate to placer mining. At the head of Lynn Canal, one of the inner passages adapted to steamer navigation, about three hundred miles northeast of Sitka, is the mouth of the Chilcatl River, navigable for canoes for a score of miles. At the head of this canoe navigation are three large Chilcatl villages, and it is at this point, where commences what is known as the Chilcatl Portage, across the range to the head waters of the Yukon River in British territory. The distance from the Indian villages on the American side of the divide to the first lake, the source of the Yukon, is about thirty miles, but the route is one of the most difficult in the territory, yet the only practicable one by which to reach the Yukon Valley from the south. During the past three years, the reports that the bars of the Yukon and of its tributaries, Stewart and Pelly Rivers, and Forty-Mile Creek were rich in placer gold, have induced several hundred Alaskan miners to venture across the range, at the Chilcatl Crossing, and descend those streams. Several parties are also known to have perished in this perilous search for the new gold fields.

When the United States steamer Thetis came out of the Arctic Ocean, in the fall of 1888, where she had been cruising for the rescue of wrecked whalemen, she touched at St. Michael's in Behring Sea, and brought away sixty gold-miners who, two years before, having entered the Yukon Valley by the Chilcatl Pass, worked their way to the mouth of the Yukon in search for placer digging. Some of them had secured a few hundred dollars in dust, but the greater number of them were utterly destitute, and only through the kindness of the officers of the Thetis, were able to get back to Sitka and Juneau among friends. It is quite evident that many of the gulches near the Yukon River and along its tributaries are rich in placer gold, but there are many serious obstacles at present to its recovery. Summer in that latitude lasts barely two months. The mercury in July, however, rises to 112°, but the ground is frozen so firmly, and to such a great depth, that the heat is only able to thaw it out, in the short season, to a slight extent. Some of the parties who have gone into that country have adopted the

plan of digging up the frozen sand and gravel one season, and then leaving it to lie in detached masses to thaw out the next. This, however, is only one experiment, and has not yet fairly been tested. Placer gold has been discovered in abundance in dry gulches out of reach of water, and until some plan is devised and some adequate co-operation among miners reached in a settled way, by which appliances with which to control the water supply and properly direct it, these placer gulches will remain totally valueless.

Notwithstanding the privations and the discouragements of the party who came out of the country in the fall of 1888, a group of forty miners from Juneau made the second venture in March, 1889, by Chilcatl pass, and with supplies for two years. The Alaska Commercial Company, the lessee of the seal islands, having also trading stations outside of the islands, and along the coast, and up the longer rivers of Western Alaska, anticipating a rush to the Yukon country, put a small steamer on that river, last spring, partly to carry miners' supplies, but had the misfortune to lose the vessel during her first trip of the Yukon. Very little definite knowledge has yet been obtained of that part of Alaska, no exploration of a really intelligent character having been undertaken of the Yukon Valley since 1867, when the project was on foot to construct a telegraph line across the continent to connect with an Asiatic line on the Siberian coast. The Government has never made any attempt at exploration. Disputes are now arising by American miners in those valleys with the British authorities, respecting the exact location of our boundary, in connection with the attempted exaction of miners' licenses under Dominion law. Several years ago an army officer, on his own responsibility, descended the Yukon on a raft from its head waters to its mouth, but the statements made in his narrative of the voyage are entirely different from those of intelligent and truthful miners who have traversed the same ground. The only practicable plan yet devised for the purpose of getting water from the rivers into the dry gulches rich in gold-bearing sand and gravel is to construct large rafts, and moor them in the stream, placing thereon pumps operated by water-wheels on the rafts, set in motion by the passing current of the stream. Several groups spent a season in thus getting ready for work, but when they returned the following year to resume work,

they discovered that the floods had totally destroyed their rafts. They had neglected to sufficiently guard them against this danger. It is generally believed by experienced miners that this will, after all, be the satisfactory solution of the problem.

In the history of gold mining in the States and Territories, no obstacle was so stubborn that it was not finally overcome. This, too, will be the history of the gold fields of Western Alaska. Army officers who have served in the territory at various times, are now endeavoring to induce Congress to authorize an exploration of the Yukon Valley from its source to its mouth, and express a willingness to undergo the evident hardships and privations of such an undertaking. The reports of the fertility of certain large portions of that great valley, and respecting its agricultural possibilities, are so conflicting and uncertain, that it can hardly be regarded as an absolute waste of money to authorize an intelligent official examination of those valleys to that end.

The permanent development of gold mining in Alaska has been made in the southeastern part of the territory, which embraces all that strip of mainland, thirty miles wide from Portland Channel at the southern boundary to the vicinity of Mt. St. Elias, and including the islands of the Alexandrian Archipelago, which hug the mainland closely from south to north and west. The topography of this section is characteristic and remarkable. The thirty-mile strip of mainland belonging to the United States is no more than an unbroken range of very steep and lofty mountains, the summits of many of which are never free from snow. No valleys separate or break the continuity of these ranges. At intervals, short, swift streams, fed by the interior glaciers, have worn down waterways to the bays and inlets, but these streams, in most instances, are only wild cascades. Rarely one finds the gorge, the stream-bed, wider than a space sufficient for the passage of the water; and in attempting to ascend to their sources, one is confronted by fierce torrents impossible to stem, and with no margin by their sides, along which to pass around the cataracts. This is their character in thousands of instances. Frequently the last leap is made only a few rods from the point where the river enters the sea, and this is even the rule. All the islands off the coast of southeastern Alaska, Baranoff,

Admiralty, Douglass, and Prince of Wales are simply mountains rising out of the Pacific, whose interiors are vast glacial formations, while their fronts to the sea are clothed with timber. No white man has ever been heard of having crossed either of these islands, and the Indians disclaim ever having attempted it, preferring the easier mode of passing around them in their canoes. The faces of the mountains toward the water, on the mainland and on the islands of southeastern Alaska, are very steep, almost perpendicular, and covered with a deep, spongy bog or tundra, which is always wet or moist. They are also covered with forests of fir, spruce, hemlock, yellow cedar, and a scrub birch and alder, up to the snow-line, and this undergrowth of birch, salmon berry, alder, and devil's club makes everywhere almost impassible thickets and jungles. These topographical conditions must be borne in mind constantly, in considering the mining development and possibilities of Alaska, for they figure largely in estimating the present progress of the industry.

Gold quartz was first discovered in the territory in 1877, near Silver Bay, in the vicinity of Sitka. The discoverer, Mr. Haley, was a soldier discharged from the Regular Army, and previous to his enlistment, had mined in Colorado and California. Numerous quartz lodes are located in the vicinity of his discovery, which is about three miles back from the beach, and far up the side of the mountain. Haley opened several tunnels and exposed valuable quartz, and succeeded in selling two of his discoveries for fifteen thousand dollars.

The proprietors of another lode some distance from the original discovery put up a five-stamp mill; but for the want of adequate capital to place the enterprise on a sure footing, con-joined with feeble and incompetent management, the project went to pieces, the mill was sold by the marshal, and is now corroding to ruin in the rain and snow. Another company, organized under the laws of Wisconsin, have become the owners of the "Lucky Chance," and with a five-stamp mill are making satisfactory milling tests, preparatory to a liberal and adequate investment in a plant the coming year. Water for power in that group is abundant all the year round, and owing to the mildness of the winters at Sitka, through the trend of the Japan current, milling operations

will seldom if ever be interrupted by freezing weather. Ore has been taken out of ledges in the Sitka group, yielding forty dollars a ton; but numerous tests made demonstrate that the fair average is about ten dollars a ton. All the work and exploration done up to this time, in this basin, has been of the crudest, most careless, and unsatisfactory character. No definite policy of prospecting and exploration in any part of the territory has ever been adopted, and where discoveries have been made, they were merely accidental. Those owning and controlling these valuable interests have hitherto been unable to inspire that confidence in the future of their properties which is necessary to induce capital to even closely investigate their value and possibilities. The manner of developing this and other similar mining localities in Alaska will be referred to again, when considering the larger and more thoroughly worked mining district of Juneau and Douglass Island. It is to the latter that we must look for the most satisfactory results, and by noting what has already been accomplished in that field, possibly predict whether the gold yield of Alaska will be permanent and profitable, or only fitful and spasmodic.

Juneau and Douglass Island are one hundred and eighty miles northeast of Sitka, and reached from the latter place by the inner passages of Peril and Chatham Straits, and Gasteneaux Channel which separates Douglass Island from the mainland. In 1880, that section of southeastern Alaska was without a single white inhabitant, and was one of the most forbidding portions of the earth. In October of that year, Mr. N. A. Fuller, in charge of the affairs of the Northwest Trading Company, at Sitka, became aware of the fact that Auk and Tarku Indians, whose villages were on the mainland at Gasteneaux Channel, possessed a tradition of the existence of gold in some of the deep basins of the mountains in that vicinity. One particular basin was designated as containing abundance of this treasure. Having faith in the story, Fuller fitted out a canoe expedition for the purpose of testing his belief. It was intrusted to a Canadian French miner, Joseph Juneau, the nephew of the founder of Milwaukee, and who had visited all the gold mines from Arizona and Old Mexico in the south, to Cassiar, in British Columbia, in the north. Juneau was accompanied by two Sitkan Indians as guides, and after ten days of a tempestuous canoe

voyage up Chatham Straits, landed near the site of the present town now bearing his name, and proceeded to follow the difficult course of Gold Creek, the outlet to Silver Bow Basin, working his way upward along one of the steep sides of the rim of this basin, until he reached the head of a gulch filled with glacier ice. Passing down the gulch, Juneau discovered some quartz laid bare and protruding into the ravine, and an examination showed at once, that it was rich in gold, so rich that the free gold was apparent in many places, where the rock was fractured. Claims were staked off, the party returned to Sitka, and reported their success to Mr. Fuller. The secret could not be long kept. Before spring had fairly opened, several hundred miners were on the ground, and the nucleus of a prosperous mining camp created.

When the snow disappeared from the basin, with its area of a thousand acres or more, with mountain walls for its steep sides, it was found that centuries of erosion had created in that contracted area one of the richest placer mines ever worked. Though of limited area it equalled in richness many of the old California placers.

No civil government was formed in Alaska until more than three years afterward, but in the spring of 1881, the two hundred and fifty hardy old miners who had explored nearly every region where gold had hitherto been found, met and adopted a code of mining laws which became obligatory upon every miner in the district.

Half a dozen beautiful glacial streams poured from the sides of the mountains, hemming in Silver Bow Basin, and feeding the rapid torrent of Gold Creek, furnished abundance of water for gold washing, and before that summer ended, fully one hundred thousand dollars in dust had been taken out, and still only a meagre impression made. Quite a million dollars in dust have been washed out of the sand and dirt of that one basin in the intervening years, and the surface is now practically worked out. Pay gravel exists, however, to a considerable depth on the floor of the basin, and a new company has run a tunnel through one of the environing ridges, for the purpose of mining by the hydraulic process. Two stamp mills are also in operation upon quartz on the same ground, and a roadway, two and a half miles long, and costing thirteen thousand dollars, has been completed, so as to connect the mines with the channel beach. A flourish-

ing town of fifteen hundred white inhabitants has grown up about this mining location, with schools, churches, and many of the comforts of civilization.

The development of quartz mining on that portion of the mainland of Southeastern Alaska, has just fairly commenced. Every indication points to the inexhaustible character of the gold quartz deposits, and though there is nothing of a high grade, or of fabulous richness, yet it is manifest that mining carried on here with adequate capital, ample plants, and conservative methods, insures that this section of Alaska will have an indefinite period of prosperity as a mining district. Farther on, I shall speak of what is requisite in order to make the handling of these low grade ores of Alaska remunerative.

About three miles to the eastward of the town, and up the gulch of Sheep's Creek, recent discoveries of quartz have also been made, equalling those in Silver Bow Basin. No mills have been yet erected to work those deposits of gold-bearing rock, but considerable quantities have been shipped to Seattle and Portland, and refined with fair profits to the owners of the mines. Though explorations had been frequently made to discover silver in the territory, none was found until the winter of 1888, when a fine rich vein of galena was discovered in the Sheep's Creek gulch already alluded to. It is reported by credible persons as having yielded $130 per ton in the smelter at Portland.

Soon after the gold discoveries on the mainland at Juneau, prospectors crossed over to Douglass Island, only two miles distant. Here was found abundance of placer gold, on the face of the mountain which rises directly out of the water at nearly all points along the shore, but at this particular place recedes from the beach, leaving a stretch of low land more than a mile long and a few hundred feet wide. While some were engaged in washing the dirt, others began the search for quartz lodes in the same vicinity, and on the face of the same mountain. The indications were fair, but putting in the necessary tunnels for exploration was expensive, and those engaged soon became discouraged. John Treadwell, who had been a successful contractor and builder in San Francisco, was attracted to Alaska by exaggerated tales of fabulous bonanzas, and touching at Douglass Island, found the owners of several quartz claims ready to abandon their rights, fully dis-

heartened. Treadwell purchased their interests and improvements for a small amount, and with faith, energy, and resources, pushed the explorations already begun to a conclusion.

For many months he was the butt of every old miner's ridicule in all that region. At last, he pierced a ledge of gold-bearing rock, four hundred feet wide, over three hundred feet deep from the surface, and more than nine thousand feet in length, from east to west. This, in fact, became the great Treadwell gold mine, now operated by the Alaska Mining & Milling Company. He was soon able to convince capitalists that he had something in which it would pay to invest, and the company was organized in 1884, with Senator Jones of Nevada, and D. C. Mills of New York, the principal shareholders. A mill with one hundred and twenty stamps was erected in a few months, and the mill and chlorination works on a grand scale put in operation. Two large ditches, one ten miles long to the westward, along the face of the mountain, and the other to the east, five miles in length, were constructed with great difficulty and expense, owing to the tundra character of the surface, to convey water to the mill as a motive power. A pressure of seven hundred feet, through iron pipes twenty inches in diameter, was communicated to a wheel only eight feet in diameter, by which all those ponderous stamps, two thousand pounds each, and the other machinery, were set in motion and did their work. For two years the mill and works were kept in constant operation, no cessation night or day, or during the week. Early in 1888, the capacity of the stamp mill was expanded, and the number of stamps increased to two hundred and forty, making it the largest mill of the kind under one roof in the world.

The policy of keeping the establishment in constant operation remains unchanged, and since its increase in capacity, there has been a stoppage of only one day. During the summer of 1889, fifteen miles were added to the ditch for water supply, and to intercept additional streams as they came down the mountain side to the sea. During the winters of 1887 and 1888, there was no interruption of the supply of water by cold weather, for motive power, but to guard against any contingency of that kind, a powerful Corliss engine has been provided to drive the great mass of

machinery at such times. The winters at Douglass Island are seldom so severe that the rapid, fresh-water torrents freeze over, and deprive the mill of its full supply. In December, 1889, there was some difficulty in that respect, and the Corliss engine was doing the work of the water-wheel.

The Treadwell is not a mine in the strict sense. The rock is taken out of an open quarry, and conveyed to the mill, less than five hundred feet distant, on a tramway. Its capacity is six hundred and fifty tons every twenty-four hours. The profits of the establishment are, of course, the company's own secret, but experts acquainted with this quartz, and other conditions, put the average yield per ton at ten dollars and the cost of extracting the metal, at from four to four and a half dollars per ton. By the amalgam process, all the free gold which passes from the stamps to the concentrators is recovered, while the residue, in the form of sulphurets, is manipulated by roasting and chlorination in the vast wooden building which stands several hundred yards nearer the beach than the stamp mill.

This company owns nine thousand lineal feet, or six quartz claims in length, from east to west, and while in four years of constant movement, an enormous cavity in the side of the mountain has been created, the indications are that the supply of rock, at the present rate of production, will hold out for a quarter of a century yet. A fine electric light plant enables the operatives to work by night in the mill, and in the chlorination works and the mine. Four hundred men are employed in various duties about the mine, stamp mill, chlorination work, stores, and saw and planing mills, which the company operates as part of its mining and milling plant. About one-third of the operatives are Indians, or natives of Alaska. The latter are an industrious, frugal, and reliable class of mining employees, and receive the same wages as white men engaged in the same class of work. Indians are largely employed not only at the salmon canneries in Southeastern Alaska as fishermen, but in nearly all the mining operations of that section of the territory. No antagonism exists between them and white labor, and their relations are of the most cordial character. The white miners in Southeastern Alaska do not permit Chinamen to engage in that class of work, and Coolies are

only found on the inside, at the salmon canneries, always going below at the end of the season.

Early last year work was begun on the "Bear's Nest," a mining claim which was sold to an English syndicate, in the fall of 1888, for two million dollars. It is located about half a mile west of the Treadwell, and was sold on the strength of its good neighborhood, and upon the results of diamond drill tests. After a tunnel had penetrated the hill-side for a thousand feet, and about seventy thousand dollars had been expended toward erecting a stamp mill, and other parts of the requisite plant, they failed to strike the ledge which was deemed to be a westward prolongation of the rich and extensive lode constituting the Treadwell. Operations have been suspended, and litigation to determine whether the sale was a fraudulent transaction, the salting of a mine, or whether the failure to reach a paying ledge was the result of operative blundering has been begun. The mere fact that an enterprise starting out with so much of promise failed in the very midst of the brightest anticipations, will, most certainly, produce a chilling effect upon all present attempts to inaugurate new mining enterprises in Alaska. The Mexican company, a corporation with abundant resources, however, is vigorously prosecuting its explorations at an equal distance to the eastward of the Treadwell, in the hope and confidence, and with every prospect of intercepting the prolongation of the Treadwell ledge. Rich deposits of gold-bearing quartz have also been discovered on Admiralty Island, in the same group as Douglass Island, and stamp mills are in course of erection there also.

The discovery of coal near the beach, and easy of access by water transportation at Cook's Inlet, Unga Island, and at other available points on the coast of Western Alaska, will have an important bearing not only on the general commercial importance of the territory, but upon its gold and silver mining enterprises. Coal, when used in the latter industry, is now only attainable at Departure Bay, British Columbia, and with the enormous cost of coal freights under the present arrangements of transportation, the work of development is more or less retarded.

One word more with respect to the future of gold mining in Alaska. As far as discoveries extend, the ores are of a low grade. This will require that they be handled in large

plants, with capital in large mass, according to the policy pursued by the company operating the Treadwell mine. In addition to that, the management must be of an intelligent character, and not mere inexpert experiments by unskilful adventurers. Under such conditions Alaska, through its gold mines, will be a source of great wealth to the entire country.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RUM PROBLEM.

BY HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

THIS country has just emerged from a terrible conflict with slavery, when now it is confronted in its political arena with another great moral evil in the form of drunkenness. It blundered grievously in the former case; one party proposing restrictions and endless compromises; another seeking the overthrow of the Constitution, which was perfectly innocent; and another upholding the outrage and all its abominations with merciless fury and unrelenting zeal; instead of combining, one and all, with true wisdom, in a spirit of patriotism and national brotherhood, upon a plan of emancipation on the basis of compensation, so that, finally, it had to be wiped out at a cost of incalculable treasure and life. In like manner in this instance the country has begun to blunder; one party recommending a heavy tax on the liquor traffic in the shape of high license; another insisting upon a total prohibition of the traffic, although when properly conducted it is entirely legitimate; and another bitterly opposed to all the measures which have been suggested in favor of temperance reform, while carefully abstaining from making any proposition of its own.

A wave of popular condemnation, like the waters which have recently devastated the Conemaugh Valley, has swept over the cause of Prohibition, and left it, for the time being, a ghastly wreck. The system of high license is an anomaly. It imposes a discriminating tax in favor of the rich; creates a privileged class; takes away from thousands of poor men their means of livelihood without any proof of offence; and is thus utterly antagonistic to the genius of American institutions and to the spirit of Republicanism.

And what assurance have we that this invidious measure would be attended with any permanent benefit? The trials of it which have been made are altogether too recent to warrant any certain conclusion with regard to ultimate

results. It would naturally and justly create great irritation and dissatisfaction among the classes which it would affect; it would leave them with their appetites and passions unaltered; and though for a time, through moral and political influences, a check would be put upon their habits, it would not be long ere they would find means to evade the law, and with reactionary energy, and a bitterness unknown before, they would break out into new and aggravated excesses.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that it should accomplish all that is anticipated. It could only be at best a partial measure. It could not strike the axe at the root of the tree, but only lop off a few of its branches on one side, while on the other they would be permitted to grow in unrestrained luxuriance. In our anxiety then for the poor, have we forgotten the rich? Have we no sympathy for them? Or would there be no danger nor temptation to them in the brilliant saloons which our legislation would furnish them?

Drunkenness pervades all classes. The land is filled with its orgies, its pauperism, and its crimes. Every morning and every evening the sickening and demoralizing tale of its horrors is repeated.

Has it ever occurred to us that it is a crime? Is it not obvious that it is a germinal crime? Ought we not then to treat it like other crimes? We punish theft, burglary, and murder. But here is the source of innumerable thefts, burglaries, and murders. By the laws of Moses it was regarded as a crime, and in some cases punished with death. And while Christianity, in the beginning, did not interfere with the laws and policies of civil governments, it included drunkenness among those deadly offences which were totally incompatible with membership in the church, and which constituted an impassable barrier to the kingdom of heaven.

It has long seemed strange to me that we do not associate it with other felonies in our penal code and inflict upon it a severe and an ignominious penalty. I am persuaded that by this course, and by this course alone, we should speedily banish it from respectable society to the haunts of debauchery and crime. Theft and forgery for the most part are abuses of money, as drunkenness is an abuse of wine and other alcoholic liquors. What now would be the result if

we should repeal the laws which brand them as felonies, and seek to restrain them only by moral suasion? How long would it be before commerce would collapse, and there would be a universal paralysis of trade? If, on the other hand, under the guidance of reason and common sense we should provide the traffic in liquor with similar safeguards to those with which we provide the traffic in money, the former, like the latter, might confidently be left to take care of itself. The subject of temperance would then be remitted to the church and the pulpit; there would be no further discussion of high license or prohibition; and the most disturbing element of the times would be eliminated from our politics forever.

The vast body of citizens who are engaged in the liquor traffic, either as manufacturers or dealers, are especially and primarily interested in the suppression of drunkenness; for while they derive therefrom little or no pecuniary advantage, it is to them the cause of innumerable annoyances and sorrows. It has awakened, and maintains at this hour, the temperance agitation; has put their business under a ban of disgrace as if it were condemned by the Almighty, subjects them continually to unmerited vituperation and reproach; and taxes them annually to the extent of millions of dollars to resist and prevent injurious legislation. They will be the natural leaders in this reform. And when the time shall come, that a proposition shall be offered for an amendment to the National Constitution, not for the prohibition of the rational and legitimate use of the gifts of a beneficent Providence, but to make their blasphemous prostitution and perversion into instruments of brutal indulgence, and sources of maniacal outbursts of passion and sin, a heinous crime, there will be from one end of the country to the other a unanimous agreement, and it will be carried by universal acclaim.

The Hon. Albert Scheffer, Senator of the Legislature of Minnesota, succeeded last winter in securing the adoption of a bill, making drunkenness a crime; and providing that on the third and all subsequent offences, it shall be punished by imprisonment. I have received from the Senator a letter, indorsing newspaper clippings, which show a general satisfaction in Minnesota with the law, and a general enforcement of it. Here at last, in a Western State, without agitation

or flourish of trumpets, a measure of overwhelming importance has been introduced, and if it shall be faithfully and impartially carried out, it will undoubtedly, ere long, be adopted by every State in this Union, and by every country throughout the civilized world, and Senator Scheffer will be recognized as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

UNGAVA.

A COMPANION IDYL OF MAMELONS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE GOD OF MISTASSINNI.

"THUS in the beginning gained the earth whatever it has had of glory. It gained. It lost. For of the mingling of the higher with the lower, there came, not all at once but gradually, a lapse and weakening of that vital force which had come down from heaven; a clouding of that bright intelligence which only cycles of eternity can give the seeking mind; a lowering of the tone and level of ambition, which erst sought only noble ends; and, worst of all, a lapse in holiness. The pure imagination was befouled, a grossness came to appetite, the moral sense was blunted—that sentinel of God, which, while it stood instinct with heavenly life, kept perfect guard above sweet innocence and trustful virtue.

"So passed the ages, and the earth grew upward in external glory but downward into moral ruin. Then shocks were felt which shook the solid world. Catastrophes were multiplied. Here Fire, there Water, and at some other point Frost wrought its work of ruin. Chaos had come again. The Motherland sank under sea, and with it went the treasures and the records of the primeval cycle. Here and there a colony survived and carried down to later ages some feeble fragments of the glorious whole that had been shattered into ruins. Only these survived. The sphered excellence of high achievement, perfect in holiness, glorious as a globe illuminated, proof of what moral rectitude with mortal power might do, was lost forever.

"Then out of space there came a vagrant world flying in unguided, lawless flight; a world on fire,—a funeral pyre of

some old race, perhaps—and as it passed, monstrous in size, flying faster by ten thousand times than this small globe wheels on, nigh to that point which now is northern pole, the home of Arctic cold, which then was Summer-land,* where dwelt, 'mid flowers that faded not and fruits that ripened for each day of the round year, my race; it struck the earth, and in the twinkling of an eye my race became extinct. The level axis of the earth was, by the dreadful shock, knocked obliquely up, the round of nature's order changed, summer and winter rushed into alternate place, and transposed were the zones. Thus, Trapper, died the first two races of the earth. The one sank under water, and the legend of that flood is told in almost every language of the world.† The other perished under shock from heaven which crushed them on the instant. As falls the hammer on the anvil so death fell on them. They knew not it was coming till it came. Beneath that blow they and their mighty works were beaten into dust. The gravel of these northern wilds that mark the landscape is granulation of old palaces. We are within the circle of a ruin that buried half the world as you bury bodies under sand.‡

"Here at Ungava, where fruits and flowers were then, there was a colony of that old race which lived in Summer-land of the North. This fringe of population, not wholly pure in blood but mixed with other races which they met as they pushed southward, escaped, and so remained a feeble remnant of that primal stock that once held all the North. Trapper, this is enough. You know the past. I am of it and of that Caste which 'mid the ancient folk held Sacred Keys of knowledge and of power preserved from earliest days,—a knowledge that knows all that has been, and a

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* There is no possible way to explain the presence of many forms of tropic life, found by whalers and Arctic explorers within the Arctic circle, save on the supposition that a sudden and life-destroying change of climate came, in some prehistoric period, to the polar region.

† It is a remarkable fact that in Egyptian literature, historic or legendary, there is not the least hint of or allusion to the Flood. In Plato's "Atlantis" the aged Priest of the Temple at Sais who entertained Solon, Plato's grandfather, while living in exile out of Greece, accounts for this fully. He explained to Solon—I quote from memory—that the reason why Egypt had no special memory of the Flood was because there had been many such local catastrophes on the earth since the beginning, of which their records had knowledge, and that there was no legend about that special one because the facts of it were all fully known to them.

‡ This certainly explains that mystery of the earth—the great geological puzzle—the Drift. Whence came it, when and how?

power that bridges death and brings across it at my call the feet of those who over it, amid the wailing of their friends, did pass to distant realms. One thing alone remains for me to tell. It is a modern happening, and gets significance from what it means to you and her. Listen now, and hear.

"When he who was the sire of the old tongueless chief of Mistassinni was but a boy, he found, one morn at sunrise, on the beach of that great inland sea far westward of the lake where lived his tribe, a boy of his own age. He lay upon the sand as dead. His face was white as snow. His hair was gold. Upon his bosom there was traced strange Totem, unknown to all the tribes. It was a double letter thus: —ᚺᚺ— in color red as blood. He had come over sea in boat not built by hands; at least, so seemed it to the tribes that knew no boat save such as their own hands had fashioned. That boy revived. The young chief fed and brought him by his hand unto the council chamber of his tribe, and all the ancients hailed him as fulfilment of a prophecy old as itself, that, 'After many years, out of the West, in boat not made with hands, should come a god white-skinned with yellow hair.' Thus came unto the tribe of Mistassinni that 'White God,' as he is known through all the North. He grew in stature and in grace; was fair to look upon, and wise. He learned their tongue; his own was all unknown to them. He married princess of our Caste. A son was born. That son am I. To me was born a son of other princess, for our Caste weds within its circle and goes not beyond. That son had child. Enough of this; we will go back. For of this 'White God' would I tell, that you may know him. Then I would a question ask.

"In battle he was chief. He was not large in stature, but as the fight roared on and hotter grew, he grew in size until at the white heat of it he filled the field. His presence was an atmosphere, which, being breathed, made those who breathed it braver, so that each lifted arm in the long ranks that saw him fight struck downward as if muscled to his shoulder. He flamed the fight as lightning, in mid-ocean, on some tempestuous night, flames the black billows. No fear was in him. Battle to his soul was as wedding hour to ardent lover. Through whirling hatchets, circling axes, brandished spears and arrows driving through the air like

hail in winter, he would swoop as through the flying leaves, gust-whirled in autumn, eye fixed and talons set, the forest hawk swoops to his quarry. No man e'er lived on whom he set his blazing eye in battle. In peace his face was sunny. Through his yellow beard his skin showed as a girl's. His eye was as a pool, on whose still surface lilies sleep unstirred by breath of wind. But when it came to blows his face grew gray as steel, his eyes blazed bluish black as winter's sky, when all the warmth is frozen out of wave and star, and heaven itself is pitilessly cold. But when the fight was over, he would take his wounded foes and bear them to his tent and nurse them as a mother her sick child. Many he healed and with strong bodies they went home, to be his foes again and fight him on some other day.

"Once only was he merciless. It was that year that they of Mistassinni hunted seal on the west coast of wild Ungava, where the ebb and flood of icy tides are twenty times the height of man's full stature. One day a ship drove in whirled onward by a tempest from the north, through froth and foam that whitened her black hull a spear's length deep from stern to stem. Onward she drove before the whistling winds, her sails in tatters streaming in thin strips from spar and mast, until the mighty eddy, spinning round 'twixt a great island and main shore, dashed her, side on and downward, with a crash, as she were eider's egg, upon the beach in front of our encampment. One only of her crew survived the shock, and he, a giant, battle-axe in hand, stood on the sand unharmed. We gathered round him as he stood at guard, our seal spears pointed into sand that he might know we fought no man that had been flung by God's swift-handed mercy out of death.*

"Then came our Leader slowly down the slope to where we stood, our peaceful spears in sand, a smile of welcome on his face and light of gladness shining in his eye. So came he and within the circle of our mercy stood. But as his eye fell, at short distance, on the man, his face turned into ice. Its skin grew gray as steel. His eyes two orbs of fire became.

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* The superstition of an Indian forbids him to kill one who, apparently, had had a miraculous escape from death. Many white men have escaped their vengeance because of this feeling. Captain Rogers, the noted scout, who fell or slid safely down the front of the great cliff on Lake George, which was, because of his perilous feat, named after him, is one of the instances out of many which might be mentioned in this connection.

From nighest girdle plucked he battle-axe and on the stranger stalked until he came within arm's reach. Then tore furred vestment from his breast until the dreadful Letter painted on his snow-white skin showed red as blood. So stood he posed. In one clinched hand was fragment of torn skins, torn from his heart; the other gripped the battle-axe. Thus in the hollow circle of our mercy stood the two, our God and giant stranger. Then out of sockets bulged the giant's eyes. The coarse skin of his cheeks did pallid grow. His black hair, rising slowly, lifted woollen cap from head. His big knees, bigger than joints of moose, shook under his huge bulk. A fit of trembling seized him. Down fell he on his knees, while in his monstrous jaws rattled his teeth, fear-shook. Then out of quavering mouth there came a scream: 'Captain, have mercy!' Speechless still, our Leader, without word or sign, upward swung his axe and on the suppliant's head he brought it down so heavily that through the cloven crown its broad base sank to mangled jowl, and the big bone handle flew in fragments to the striker's hand. Then, turning face upon us white as God's own wrath, he said: 'Throw this damned carcass into torrent swift and eddy deep, that they may whirl and float it where my father's soul beyond the northern straits waits to snatch it toward the mouth of hell and thrust his murderer in.' Trapper, thou art white man without cross, and of his race and speech. In battle thou art bigger, but no braver. Who was this White God of rocky Mistassinni? Who was his father? What the red Totem on his heart; the double Letter red as blood? My power is blinded to this mortal thing. Beyond, I might see better. Can'st thou tell?"

"Ay, ay," replied the Trapper. "Prophet, well I know the race of this White God of Mistassinni, who was his sire, and what the double Letter on his breast did mean. The boy who came, wind-blown from out the sea, leagues west of Mistassinni, in boat not built by mortal hand, — because not built of bark, — and lay at sunrise on the beach all wet and foul with brine and sand, and by the old Chief's grandsire there was found, adopted, worshipped as a god by all the tribes, was son of bravest man that ever trod a deck or chanced the dice with death that he might westward find a pathway for the commerce of the world and bring to knowledge of the Cross of God the distant tribes of men. His name, old Seer,

was Henry Hudson,* and the monogram or Totem — call it as you please, as you be red or white — upon his breast, was the two first letters of his name cunningly blent in one. This boy the old Chief's grandsire found upon the beach, was that sweet son of his, scarce more than child, who bravely by his father's side stood up, when by his crew, in cruel mutiny, the boat was pushed from his stout ship, that it might bear them, drifting, unto awful death. Ay, now I know why he was merciless when on Ungava's beach his father's murderer knelt roaring for mercy. God! what a blow in judgment did he strike, and how it eased his soul. Prophet, thou art above the common superstitions of the tribes, and I have told you truth. This fabled God of Mistassinni; this White One of the North the tribes do worship, was Henry Hudson's son, a man of my own race and tongue, whose death has been a mystery for twice a hundred years. Go on and tell me all. This is great news. The world of letters and of men beyond these wastes of rock and leagues of rootless snow and ice will thrill with wonder when it learns from thee, through me, the fate of Hudson and his boy. Whom wedded he? Were children born to him? Are any of his name and blood alive, or is the line extinct? Prophet, I swear that I would trail a trail until my head was white if at the end of it my eyes might look upon the face of one within whose veins there flowed the noble blood of Hudson."

Long sat the Prophet silently revolving in his mind what he had heard. His features lighted as a shuttered window, pane by pane, grows out of darkness, with the coming of the dawn. His eyes of night glowed under brows of snow as to the Trapper's face he lifted them. Then slowly out of parting lips there came the words, "In cheek of snow that thou hast seen, John Norton, runs this mighty blood. Thy head need never whiten on the trail that leads thee to thy wish. The face that thou wouldst see, lies there on yonder couch of skins. Ungava is the child of the White God. She ends the line."

Then up the Trapper rose; his face white as Ungava's as she lay unconscious on the couch of skins whose fur was

* I can but refer the reader to the history of early navigators, of whom Henry Hudson was one of the bravest, for a full account of his sad fate and that of his brave boy, when his mutinous crew forced him into an open boat and sent it adrift in the wild waters which now bear his name. Neither he nor his son was ever seen by white men after.

black as jet digged in the caves of night. A moment stood he dumb. Then said he, standing straight : —

"Prophet, thou art a man of many days. Truth should be on thy lips and fear of God. But thou do'st tell a tale so strange that to thy face I say I cannot credit it. Proof there must be of this: proof sure as eye may see. Give me some proof that she, the savior of my life, is of the White God's blood, or I will go my way as one who hears an idle story told."

Then slowly from the chair of polished horns the Seer of many days with stately motion rose. His pale face paler grew, and his thin hand, on which the stone of mystic power blazed red, trembled with passion.

"Never before," he cried, "since from my sire, as God did take him,* received I ring of power and wand that burns because I will it, has mortal doubted word of mine, and lived. Thou art my guest and ignorant, thou mighty man, therefore I do forgive. Linked, also, is her soul with thine, and how or what the issue is to be, for good or ill, I know not. Hence let it pass. Do'st thou ask proof; proof such as eye can see? Come hither then. Fear not; the trance in which she slumbers sweetly holds all senses locked. Behold, from breast of snow beneath which dwells her spirit pure as that white star that never moves from where it sentinels the centre of all worlds and systems which move obedient round it, I lift this virgin vestment. Tell me, thou doubting man, do'st thou see sign that cannot lie? Is not Ungava child of the White God?" And lo! with starting eyes the Trapper saw, in color red as blood, the double Letter on her bosom white as drifting snow!

"Enough, enough," he cried in solemn tones. "It is enough. That is a sign that cannot lie. Ungava is the child of your White God! By all I hope and long for in the world to come, I would we two had never met!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CHIEFS.

Then came a runner, running from the south. O'er fields of sand ploughed by the winds in ridges; over stretches of blocked ice, cracked into squares, blue, green, and white, —

* "And Enoch was not, because God took him."

a strange mosaic of gigantic size,— he sped as if some dreadful death was speeding on his trail. From village unto village did he run, and as he ran he cried: —

"To arms! to arms! the Esquimaux are coming! A thousand warriors armed for fight, and at their head an ancient chief stalks on."

So ran he and so cried his wild alarm. Then roared the villages as roars the hollow log when some rude shock has startled hive within. The cry of woman and of child arose. It swelled in vengeful shrillness, strident, fierce as eagle's screams. Out of each warrior's mouth there burst the battle yell, and hatchets edged for death flashed in the air.

Then flocked the chiefs to council, and the Indian Parliament was held, — that place of high debate where nature's eloquence is heard and noble speech leads up to nobler deeds. No idle word is spoken there. No wily politician counsels for self-gain. Each word is from the heart. Each sentence like sure stroke of axe; and they who speak, speak for the good of all, and every statement or appeal is backed with readiness to die.

In the high hall of that old cavern they did meet. The man of ancient days sat in his awful chair, carved into shapes fantastic, weird, hewn from wood unknown among the timber of the world to-day, bristling with polished horns whose every point shone like a star, and standing on the pavement black as night, whose gloom was lighted with the signs of Zodiac in brightest gold. On this strange seat, mysterious, the Wizard sat, Head of the Council. Upon his banded brows were horns of burnished gold. Midway between their roots, large as a star, a diamond blazed. The mystic Rod was in his stronger hand. Upon the other gleamed the dreadful Ring, instinct with conscious fire. Pale was his face. His hair, snow-white as whitened wools, lay on his shoulders thin. Beneath his brows projecting, glowed his eyes, bright with concentrate light.

Thus was he seated. On his right the Trapper sat, strong-featured, grave of face, observant. On his left, the Chief of Mistassinni, withered, bloodless, thin, as body which has risen out of old embalmment. Then inward filed, with slow and stately pace, the chieftains of the Nasquapees. Each in the solemn circle took his place. Each on the earth fixed eye and silent sat. No glance of fire, no moving lip was

there. They sat as sit the dead in circle placed. The silence of the chamber might be felt. Thus sat they taciturn and grim, while hour-glass would have run its sands half out.

Then slowly rose an aged chief. His head was gray with years, but straight he was as is the pine's trunk when its crest is shorn. Up rose he straight, and stood. Searched with his eye each tawny face with glance of fire; cast blanket down until the Totem showed above his heart; and on his breast an ochred death's-head grinned; then said: —

"Men of Ungava, Nasquapees, straight standing men,* the hated Esquimaux are coming! I smell them in the air.† They stink like rotting seal. Their bodies lie unburied like fish upon the banks of Peribonka, after freshet. They come to die. The blood of other days is in our veins. We of the Ancient Folk know how to fight. My knife is thirsty. It knows where to drink. Look at my axe. See, it is dull with rust. I'll brighten it to-morrow on their skulls. Whose are these arrows? Look! Are they not clean as are the arrows of a boy? It is so long since their steel heads were driven into flesh. I am a boy myself! When have I seen a foe? It is not gray of years upon my head. Some other boy in playfulness has sprinkled ashes there! We Nasquapees have been asleep. Awake. Remember. Look at my breast. That hole will hold a fist. An Esquimau stabbed me there. It was that day we fought them on the Marguerite. See where his seal spear pierced. It drove clean through. Look at my back. Beneath the shoulder blade the head came out. To-morrow in the ranks of death I'll find the dog that drove it in, and pay him the old debt."

And, gathering up his blanket over bosom scarred with dreadful wound, he sat him down, while round the lowering circle vengeful murmurs ran.

Then up stood other one. The horns of power were on

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* If you ask a Montagnais Indian what Nasquapee means, he will tell you an atheist, or one who has no God, because the Nasquapees have no medicine-man. But if you ask a Nasquapee what his tribal name means, he will tell you "a man who stands straight." He will tell you, moreover, that he believes in two Great Spirits, a God and Evil One, and that the reason his tribe has never had a medicine-man is because they have a great Prophet who is of the old race whence they all sprang, and that he knows all things and can call the dead back to life when he wishes.

† As I have said in a previous note, the Nasquapees are noted for the delicateness of their scenting faculty, being as a dog is in this respect. Their sense of smell is simply marvellous.

his head. Around his neck a string of polar claws gleamed white. One eye was gone. The other blazed like coal of fire blown hot. The glowing orb he fixed in turn on each swarth face in silence. Then stretched to fullest length his sinewy arm, and spake: —

"Warriors of the North! Sons of sires that lived in the beginning, what foe has ever seen your backs in battle? Your blood a hundred times has reddened ice on cold Ungava, and fell in battle rain on its coarse gravel. We are a thousand knives. One for each knife comes on. Upon that field above the sounding sea where for a thousand years our sires did fight, there will we fight to-morrow. Look at my face. Where is my other eye? Whose spear's point bored it out? Look at my breast. You cannot see it. It is hidden under scars. Who made them? White Wolf, where is your oldest son? His bones are bleaching on the sands of Mamelons. I saw him fall beneath the axe of Esquimau. His spirit wanders unavenged. Black Bear, where are your children? The Esquimau dogs on the flat banks of Peribonka ate them. Gray Fox, where is your youngest daughter? She toils a slave, beaten by Esquimau whips, at Labrador. Is the old blood frozen in us? No. It burns like fire in autumn rushes. The dead are looking at us. They are bursting out of graves to see if we be men. Listen. Hear. Their voices call for vengeance. One day, give us one day of glorious battle, and we will feed the hungry wolves of wild Ungava fat with flesh of Esquimaux."

So thundered he, and at the closing word of the maimed warrior, up with a yell the circle leapt, and twenty axes lifted high flashed gleaming brightly through the cavern's gloom.

Then on the left of the great chair the Chief of Mistassinni rose, tongueless, withered, thin with age, but his old frame, charged with electric hate, quivered with life intense, while in his head his eyes glowed like a panther's, crouching for his spring. Then every horny point bristling round the Wizard's seat burned brighter, kindling with fiercer fires; and as the cavern filled with whitest light, around the swarthy circle ran an awful murmur: —

"*The dead have risen! Old Mistassinni from his grave above the Saguenay, coming out of dead-land, stands in our council!*"

Then murmur died in silence, while in the white light stood the old-time chief, and signed: —

"Men who stand straight. Sons of the ancient race who once ruled half the world, I, tongueless, speak to ye in that old language which has come to you from the beginning. I am a chief of other days. Your fathers knew me. I was their friend, and in their aid have fought upon the sands of wild Ungava here, while you were yet unborn. You know my fame, for it filled all the north. Above the Saguenay I stood the test.* I was at torture stake. An Esquimau tore my tongue from out my mouth, and ate it. Then lighted he the fagots. I did not die. Behold, he who sits there — a man without a cross, white as your God, but red as bravest chief at heart — did rescue me. I lived, and ever since have waited for my day and chance. To-morrow I will fight with you. Your Prophet, he who seeth all in living-land or dead-land, has said that with the Esquimaux my foe is coming. It is well. In battle shall I die, and leaving dead upon the sands my hated foe, I, joyful, will take trail which leads me to my sires. Sons of those with whom in other days I fought; men who stand straight; children of that old race that once ruled half the world; I, of Mistassinni, will fight the Esquimaux with you to-morrow. I have said."

So spake the tongueless chief in stately language of old days, the vivid speech of pantomime,— that quick and universal tongue of ancient races; and as he sat, the warrior circle rose and facing toward the aged man who had been friend and ally of their sires ere they were born, each warrior, hand on breast, bowed low in stately courtesy to the ground.

Then, after pause, the Trapper rose; and every eye in the dark circle fixed itself in admiration on his mighty frame.

"Men of the North," he said, "your fame is known to me. My name, perhaps, is known to you. I am the friend of yonder aged chief, and was the friend of him whose bosom bore the Tortoise sign, who stemmed the bloody tide with you at Mamelons in that dread fight which God by darkness stopped.† I am John Norton."

Then out of every mouth there came a cry of wonder and

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* An expression used by an Indian to state that he has stood the torture of the torture stake.

† Referring to the dreadful fight at the mouth of the Saguenay, which the earthquake finally stopped. (See the Doom of Mamelons.)

applause. Each swarthy hand dashed upward, palm outward, unto him, and every feathered head bowed to the cavern's floor. Then spake he farther: —

"I have come northward with the Chief to see him fight last fight, and prove my love for him by doing as he bids. No greater proof has love than that to give. To-morrow he will find among the Esquimaux his foe. You are the sons of sires who never beaten, left a bloody field, and need no help from me. I will stand by and see the old Chief has fair fight. So has he bidden and so will I do. I am his friend, and with him keep I word and bond. I have said." And, as he closed, a murmur of assent ran round the circle dark.

Then from his chair the Wizard spake. and as he spake the lights burned fading down, and at the closing word the chamber filled with gloom:—

"My children, I, your Prophet, High Priest of that old race which once ruled half the world, of which you are, Ancient of Days, speak words of Fate. To-morrow you shall fight and win. The Chief of Mistassinni shall find foe and chance. In dying he shall put the Trapper under word and bond, and you shall see such fight as never yet was seen on wild Ungava, where fights have been for twice a thousand years. Northward the Esquimaux shall never march again. My hour has almost come. Soon shall I rise, as all my line have risen after many years, into the skies, not knowing death. None of our Caste has ever entered grave. God takes us.* Ungava will go westward to that lake to which of old the White God came. You shall not see her ever more. The race that was with ours in the beginning has died, and ours is dying. Fate has it so, and who may alter fate! But make the sunset of my going glorious. To-morrow fight as you nor any ever fought before, that I may feel the pride of ancient days and bear with me a glorious message to your sires as I join them in the skies beyond the northern fires. I, Seer and Prophet, Ancient of Days, have spoken. Go."

And, as he ceased, the lights died out, and through the gloom was heard the sound of softly going feet.

. . . . . .

Next day beheld the lines of battle set. A thousand on

* Genesis v. 24.—And Enoch was not, because God took him.

each side, they stretched across the plain on which a hundred fights had been in other days. On graves where slept their sires, the living stood, ready to die. Then joined the battle. The hostile lines in charging columns met, and out of war's red mouth an awful bellowing poured. Amid the Nasquapees, upon the left, the tongueless Chief of Mistassinni fought. Gray, withered, dumb, he seemed a warrior out of dead-land. He spake no word: from mouth no yell of triumph came, nor order; but silently he killed. The Esquimaux before the dreadful apparition fled. They cried; "The dead have risen! who can the dead withstand!" and ran.

Upon the right, heading the Esquimaux, another ancient warrior, gray, withered, dumb, fought in same dreadful style. The Nasquapees, affrighted at the awful sight, fled crying: "The dead have risen! This is no living warrior; — who can the dead withstand!" Thus either end of battle line bent backward and gave way before the ghostly sight.

Then to the Chief of Mistassinni a wounded warrior ran, and cried: "On the far right a warrior risen out of grave is driving all before him. Come and help." And to the Esquimaux there came a runner, running as for life, and said: "Come to the other end of battle, for out of death has come a chief of ancient days who driveth all before him." And thus the two old chiefs, who long had waited for this day of vengeance, came hurrying toward each other, and, midway between the scattered wings, met face to face, at last!

So did the two old apparitions stand midway betwixt the lines, grim, silent, glaring at each other, gathering strength for battle unto death. And all the war grew silent as the two, and stood at rest, waiting to see the awful fight begin.

(To be continued.)

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